

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1858.



HORATIO GATES.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.—N^o IX.

HORATIO GATES was born in England in 1729. His father was a captain in the British army. Horatio is said to have derived his Christian name from the celebrated Horace Walpole, who was his godfather, and who speaks of him in his letters. He received a liberal education, and entered the army at an early age. Before he was twenty-one we find him serving as a volunteer under General Edward Cornwallis, governor of Halifax. He was afterward captain of a New York independent company, which marched with the army of Braddock. He fought with Washington in the bloody battle of Monongahela, and was severely wounded,

receiving a shot through the body. For two or three years subsequent to that event he served with his company in the western part of the province of New York, holding the appointment of brigade-major. He served in the West Indies under General Monckton as his aide-de-camp, and gained considerable credit at the capture of Martinico. Dispatched to London with tidings of the victory, he was rewarded with the appointment of major to a regiment of foot; he afterward, as a special mark of kingly favor, received a majority in the royal Americans. He was not satisfied with his promotion, so, being married, he sold out on half-pay and be-

came an applicant for some profitable post under government. He was backed by General Monckton and a batch of aristocratic friends, but without success. In this unprofitable employment he passed several years, now living with his family in retirement in the country, and now hanging about London and paying assiduous attention to men in power.

About the same time his afterward friend and neighbor, Charles Lee, was undergoing a similar experience; but it is doubtful whether Lee persisted in it for any length of time. His fiery temperament, and his tendency to letter-writing, unfitted him for the atmosphere of governmental favors; for, whatever else might have bound him, red tape was powerless to hold his proud spirit in check. Gates, however, was more patient. He persisted till 1772, when, finding that there was no likelihood of success, he sold his commission and half-pay, and emigrated to Virginia, where he purchased an estate. He induced Lee to buy another in his neighborhood, as I have mentioned in the sketch of that general's life, and the pair of worthies, espousing the cause of Independence, were soon constant visitors at Mount Vernon. It was while Gates was Washington's guest that the latter received intelligence of the battle of Lexington. He immediately set out for Philadelphia as a delegate to the second Congress. Chosen by that body to the command of the American army at Cambridge, it was by his express request that Gates was appointed adjutant general, with the rank of brigadier.

He followed Washington to Cambridge, and was doubtless of considerable service to him in organizing the army; he seems, however, not to have seen active service himself until the summer of 1776, when he was nominated to the command of the forces in Canada. The nature and extent of his commission not being as distinctly marked out by Congress as they should have been, a difference arose between him and General Schuyler, who considered the army (which by this time had retreated into New York) as under *his* orders, and not those of Gates. The settlement of the question was left to Congress, the two generals in the mean time acting in concert. It is unnecessary here to go into a minute account of this affair; suffice it to say, that Gates in the

end was confirmed in his command. His conduct throughout impresses me very unfavorably; it seems to have been characterized by a mean personal ambition, and a kind of insincerity toward his simpler and more warm-hearted competitor. I doubt, indeed, whether Gates ever did, or could, rejoice at the success of another; his nature had too many little traits for that. Such men are living witnesses of the bitter maxim of Rochefoucauld: "There is something not unpleasing to us in the misfortunes of our best friends."

The invasion of Burgoyne was one of the most important events of the war. It was his intention to cut the country in two, as it were, by stretching a line of fortresses from the British provinces to New York. His army was large, consisting of seven thousand veteran troops, and three thousand Canadians, with forty pieces of cannon. They drove everything before them, (Crown Point, and Ticonderoga, and Forts Anne and Edward, falling one after one into their hands,) and were almost within striking distance of Albany. By the time, however, that they had crossed the eighteen miles of forest between Lake George and the Hudson a vast army met their gaze. The delay that was necessary for the transportation of their baggage, stores, and artillery, had given the militia time to arm themselves. The victory of Stark at Bennington had emboldened Vermont and New Hampshire to throw a strong force in Burgoyne's rear. He would gladly have fallen back to Fort Edward, where his communication would have been secure; but his orders being positive to join Sir William Howe, he had no alternative but to push on and cut his way through the American force. In numbers it was about equal to his own. The dense forests which covered the country concealed the movements of the two armies, and as Gates threw out no harassing parties, he was not very well posted as to the intentions of his adversary. Burgoyne collected all his forces from Skenesborough, Fort Anne, and Fort George, and having completed a bridge, by which he intended to cross the Hudson, he resolved to push his way to Albany. On the 11th of September, 1777, intelligence of his movements reached the American camp, and Gates sent General Arnold and Kosciuszko to reconnoiter the neighborhood for a

good camping ground. They fixed on a ridge of hills called Bemis's Heights, which Kosciusko proceeded to fortify. On the 13th and 14th Burgoyne's troops crossed the Hudson, passing over a bridge of boats, and encamped near Fish Creek. They were watched by a party of Americans dispatched by Gates for that purpose; the British portion of the army crossed first, leaving the Hessians behind on the eastern side of the river. On the 15th, however, both forces struck their tents, and loaded their baggage wagons. The American spies neglected to notice the route taken by the Hessians, so completely were they absorbed by the movements of the British on the western side of the river. They made their way slowly along a wretched road, intersected by brooks and rivulets, repairing as they went the bridges which Schuyler had broken down. It was a silent, dogged march; neither their drums beat, nor their trumpets sounded. Intelligence of their movements having reached Gates on the following morning, the American army was immediately under arms; the enemy, however, remained encamped, occasionally sending guard boats down the river to reconnoiter. Kosciusko continued his operations, fortifying the American camp with entrenchments three quarters of a mile in extent; his redoubts and batteries commanded the valley on the western side, and even the hills on the opposite bank, so narrow was the Hudson at this point. From the foot of the height an entrenchment extended to the river, ending with a battery on the water's edge, commanding a floating bridge. The right wing of the army, commanded by Gates, and composed of Glover's, Nixon's, and Patterson's brigades, occupied the brow of the hill nearest the river, and the flats below. The left wing, commanded by Arnold, was on the side of the camp further from the river. It was composed of the New Hampshire brigade under General Poor, two regiments of New York militia, another from Connecticut, and Morgan's riflemen and Dearborn's infantry.

Burgoyne gradually drew nearer to the American camp, but his advance was disputed at every step by Arnold, who put himself at the head of fifteen hundred men, and skirmished bravely with the superior force of the enemy. "We had to do him the honor," says a Hessian officer who

was with Burgoyne, "of sending out whole regiments to protect our workmen."

On the morning of the 19th Gates received intelligence that the enemy were advancing on his left. His left wing, the reader will remember, was commanded by Arnold, who now found himself opposed by the right wing of the British, commanded by Burgoyne himself. It was the intention of Burgoyne to engage the American left with his right, while his left should advance along the road and meadows by the river side, and making a circuit in the rear of the Americans, should fall upon them in conjunction with a detachment which he sent for that purpose from his right. By this plan, if it were successful, they would have to defend their front and rear at the same time. The American pickets stationed along Mill Creek, a ravine between the opposing forces, sent repeated accounts of his movements to Gates, but he remained quiet in camp, apparently awaiting an attack. It was not until he was repeatedly urged by his officers and Arnold that he would permit the latter to use Dearborn's infantry and Morgan's riflemen to check the enemy's advance. This was about noon. The spirited riflemen of Morgan soon dispersed the Canadians and Indians, but being too eager in pursuit, were obliged to give way in turn before a strong reinforcement of royalists. While the contending parties were thus engaged other detachments from the American camp, led on by Arnold, attacked the party which Burgoyne had sent to make a circuit around the American left and attack their rear. Finding the position of the party, which was commanded by General Fraser, too strong to be attacked, he sent to Gates for reinforcements, but they were refused him. Gates declared that no more should go; "he would not suffer his camp to be exposed." Arnold now made a rapid counter-march, and attempted to turn Fraser's left. This brought him in contact with the British line, upon which he threw himself with an impetuosity that threatened to break it and separate the wings of the army. The British grenadiers and riflemen hurried to Fraser's relief, supported by four pieces of artillery and the heavy dragoons of Riedesel. Reinforcements came to the assistance of Arnold, and for four hours, almost hand to hand, he engaged the whole right wing of the British

army. Part of the time he fought under the cover of a wood. Burgoyne ordered it to be cleared by the bayonet. His columns rushed forward with loud hurrahs, but were repeatedly repulsed by the Americans, who prudently kept within their intrenchments: if they ventured beyond them into the open field they were repulsed in turn. Night alone put an end to the fighting. The Americans lost between three and four hundred men, the British upward of five hundred. Arnold was indignant at Gates for withholding the reinforcements which he had required in the heat of the action; he said, what was probably the truth, that had they been furnished, he might have severed the line of the enemy and gained a complete victory. He urged Gates to resume the action on the following morning, but he declined; his reason, he afterward stated, was a deficiency of powder and balls, which he was desirous of keeping a secret until more could arrive from Albany. This reason may have existed, but it is pretty certain that he was influenced by another equally strong, namely, a mean, but characteristic jealousy of Arnold.

Burgoyne strengthened his position with intrenchments and batteries; the Americans likewise extended and strengthened their line of breastworks on the left of the camp; their right was already unassailable.

The feud between Gates and Arnold deepened from day to day. Gates was excited at finding that the whole credit of the affair had been given by the army to Arnold, so he made his wounded vanity the *amende honorable* by not mentioning his brave companion in his dispatches to government. He also withdrew from him the brave fellows of Morgan and Dearborn, and made them subject to no orders but his own. Arnold waited upon him on the evening of the 22d to remonstrate, and high words passed between them. He told Arnold that he did not consider him a major-general; that he had never given him the command of any division of the army; and that as General Lincoln would soon arrive he would have no further occasion for him, but would give him a pass to go to Philadelphia whenever he chose. Arnold agreed to accept it, but his cooler good sense prevailing he changed his mind and determined to remain in camp.

It would occupy too much space to detail the squabble between them. It is

enough to say that whatever Arnold afterward became, on this occasion he did nothing that was unworthy a brave and good man. All this time the Americans were harassing the British camp with night alarms and attacks on its outposts and pickets. "From the 20th of September to the 7th of October," wrote Burgoyne, "the armies were so near that not a night passed without firing, and sometimes preconcerted attacks upon our advanced pickets. I do not believe either officer or soldier ever slept in that interval without his clothes; or that any general, officer, or commander of a regiment passed a single night without being upon his legs occasionally at different hours, and constantly an hour before daylight."

The battle was recommenced on the 7th of October. Burgoyne drew out his troops in battle array in front of the American army. His left, formed of grenadiers and artillery was stationed on a rising ground; next to them were the Hessians under Riedesel; a British corps formed the center; the extreme right was composed of light infantry under Lord Balcarra, having in the advance a detachment of five hundred picked men under General Fraser. He had scarce made these arrangements when he was confounded by the thundering of artillery on his right, and a sharp fire of rifles from the woody heights on his left. The American troops under General Poor advanced against his grenadiers and artillery, and receiving their fire, rushed upon them with great fury. The Hessian artillerists spoke afterward of the heedlessness with which the Americans rushed upon their cannon while they were discharging grape shot: nothing could stop them. The artillery was taken and retaken several times, at last it remained in the hands of the Americans, who turned it upon its former owners. The success of the Americans at this point was due to the presence and example of Arnold. Having no command assigned to him, he lingered in the camp till he could bear his inactivity no longer. The thunder of the guns roused his untameable spirit, and he started up and threw himself upon his horse. Gates saw him and endeavored to prevent him. "He'll do some rash thing," said he, and sent his aide-de-camp to call him back. But Arnold suspected his intention and led the aide-de-camp such a wild-goose chase that he finally gave up

the pursuit. He dashed into the action, and putting himself up at the head of the troops of Learned's division attacked the Hessians, and broke them with his desperate charges. He seemed for a time fairly beside himself. Wilkinson in his memoirs asserts that he was somewhat intoxicated, but as Wilkinson was one of Gates's sycophants, it is more than probable that this is a foul slander on Arnold's fame. Be this as it may he rode hither and thither, waving his sword and cheering on his men to the attack, carrying everything before him. In the meantime Morgan's riflemen were harassing the enemy's right with an incessant fire, and preventing it from sending any assistance to the center. General Fraser and his picked men rendered great protection to this wing, so much so that Morgan was under the necessity of ordering one of his crack marksmen to single out that gallant officer. He was shot from a tree, and borne to the British camp. His death disconcerted his corps, and the arrival on the field of a large re-enforcement of New-York troops completed the confusion. Burgoyne saw that the day was lost, and endeavored to save his camp. The troops nearest to the lines were ordered to retreat and throw themselves within them, while the Hessians under Riedesel, and the British under Phillips, covered the retreat of the main body now in imminent danger. The artillery was abandoned, all the horses and most of the men having been killed. Scarcely had the troops entered the camp when Arnold led on his brave followers and stormed it with inconceivable fury, rushing up to the lines under a severe discharge of grape shot and small arms. Lord Balcarras defended the entrenchments so bravely that, after vainly endeavoring to make his way into the camp in this quarter at the point of the bayonet, Arnold spurred his horse toward the right flank of the enemy, occupied by a German reserve, against which Lieutenant-colonel Brooke was making a general attack with a Massachusetts regiment. He forced his way into a sally-port, but a shot from a retreating Hessian killed his horse and wounded him on the same leg which had received a wound with Montgomery before Quebec. He was borne from the field, but the victory was complete; the Germans retreated from the works, leaving their commander on the field mortally wounded. Night closed in,

and the Americans were victors. They had routed the enemy, killed and wounded a great number, made many prisoners, taken their field artillery, and gained possession of a part of their works which laid open the right and rear of their camp. They lay on their arms all night. Early in the morning they took possession of the camp which Burgoyne had abandoned, and during the day a random fire of artillery and small arms was kept up on both sides. At nine the next night Burgoyne commenced his retreat. He left many of his tents standing, and lighted large fires to conceal the movement. He abandoned his hospital, in which were three hundred sick and wounded, and left several batteaux laden with baggage and provisions. The rain fell in torrents at the time, the roads were in wretched order, and the horses were weak and half-starved from want of forage. They halted at daybreak to refresh the troops, but soon moved on again, followed by an American reconnoitering party. It rained all the next day. They reached Saratoga on the evening of the 9th, but the Americans had arrived there before them, and were throwing up intrenchments on a commanding height at Fish Kill. They abandoned their works on the west side of the river, and crossed to the other side. The bridge at Fish Kill being destroyed, the British artillery could not cross until the ford was examined. The troops were so exhausted with fatigue and exposure that they had not strength to cut wood for the purpose of making a fire, so they threw themselves on the ground in their wet clothes, and slept in the still-falling rain. They attempted to cross on the morning of the 10th, but the American force on the eastern side opened upon them from a battery commanding the ford, and they were obliged to desist. Burgoyne fired the farm houses and buildings on the south side of Fish Kill, among others the noble estate of Schuyler, but to no purpose. The Americans were too strong for him. He now thought to retreat along the western side as far as Fort George on the way to Canada, and sent out workmen to repair the bridges and open the road toward Fort Edward, but the Americans under Gates appearing on the heights south of Fish Kill, the escort were recalled. The opposite shores of the Hudson were now lined with detachments, by whom his bateau of

provisions were repeatedly taken. He landed his stores from those which still remained in his possession under a heavy fire from their artillery. He called a council of war, in which it was resolved, since the bridges could not be repaired, to abandon the artillery and baggage, and push forward in the night across the fords at or near Fort Edward. Before the plan could be put in execution Burgoyne learned that the Americans were intrenched opposite those fords, and encamped with cannon between Fort George and Fort Edward. In fact he was by this time almost inclosed by his enemy; augmented by militia and volunteers from all quarters, they posted themselves on both sides of the Hudson, and extended around him at least three fourths of a circle. Day after day he was subjected to a galling fire from three directions: from the batteries on the opposite side of the Hudson, from Gates's batteries on the south of Fish Kill, and from Morgan's riflemen on the heights in his rear. His troops were obliged to lay on their arms. They were in want of water, but could not obtain it, though the river was near, for the Americans shot all who approached it. Another council of war was held, and all present concurred in the necessity of opening a treaty of surrender with Gates. While they were deliberating, an eighteen pound ball passed through the tent, sweeping across the table around which they were seated. Negotiations were opened on the 13th. The first proposition of Gates, that they should lay down their arms within the intrenchments and surrender themselves prisoners of war, was rejected. It was finally settled between the two commanders that the British troops should march out of their camp with artillery and all the honors of war, to a place designated, where they were to pile their arms at a word of command from their own officers. They were to be allowed a free passage to Europe on condition of not serving again during the war; the army was not to be separated; roll calling and other regular military duties were not to be suspended; the officers were to be on parole, and to wear their side arms; all private property was to be sacred; no baggage was to be searched; and finally, all persons appertaining to, or following the camp, whatever might be their country, were to be comprehended in these terms of capitulation.

When the British troops marched forth to deposit their arms not an American soldier was to be seen, Gates having ordered his troops to keep within their lines. A Hessian officer writes:

We passed through the American camp, in which all the regiments were drawn out beside the artillery and stood under arms. Not one of them was uniformly clad; each had on the clothes which he wore in the fields, the church, or the tavern. They stood, however, like soldiers, well arranged, and with a military air, in which there was but little to find fault with. All the muskets had bayonets, and the sharpshooters had rifles. The men all stood so still that we were filled with wonder. Not one of them made a single motion as if he would speak with his neighbor. Nay, more, all of them that stood there in rank and file, kind nature had formed so trim, so slender, so nervous, that it was a pleasure to look at them, and we were all surprised at the sight of such a handsome, well formed race.

Gates and Burgoyne met at the head of the American camp, attended by their staffs and other general officers. Burgoyne was in a rich royal uniform, Gates in a plain blue frock. They reined up their steeds and halted. Burgoyne raised his hat gracefully and said: "The fortunes of war, General Gates, have made me your prisoner!" Gates returned his salute, and replied: "I shall always be ready to testify that it was not through any fault of your excellency." So ended the first interview between the victor and the vanquished.

By the capitulation of Burgoyne the Americans gained a fine train of artillery, seven thousand stand of arms, and a great quantity of clothing, tents, and military stores of all kinds.

The measure of Gates's vanity was now full, so full, indeed, that he forgot that he had a commander-in-chief to whom he was accountable. He neglected to send Washington any dispatch on the subject of Burgoyne's surrender, contenting himself with sending one to Congress. It was only through general rumor that Washington learned of the affair; his first authentic intelligence was a copy of the capitulation in a letter from General Putnam.

The nation rang with the praises of Gates, who was now looked upon by the unthinking as the saviour of his country. A little reflection might have shown them, what was really the truth, that the greater part of the credit belonged to Arnold, who had won, almost in despite of Gates, the

second battle of Bemis's Heights, the key and sure forerunner of the victory of Saratoga. But that many-headed, long-eared monster, the public, seldom takes time to think. It catches up the first cry, and glorifies the hero of the hour, no matter at whose expense. If the American people thought Gates a great man on such a slight evidence, he was surely justified in thinking himself one. He threw himself heart and soul into the intrigues of the day against Washington, aiming, no doubt, to eclipse him, and become commander-in-chief in his stead. The particulars of the Conway cabal, that disgraceful episode in our history, are too well known to need any further allusion to them: It is enough to say that they were unsuccessful, thanks to the integrity and good sense of Washington. Gates's share in that affair was known to him, but he magnanimously forgave it.

The capture of General Lincoln at Charleston leaving the Southern department without a commander, Congress precipitately bestowed that post upon Gates, to the disappointment of Washington, who had intended to recommend Greene to that appointment. This was in June, 1780. Gates, who was at that time on his estate in Virginia, accepted the post with avidity, dreaming of new triumphs. His old associate and neighbor, Charles Lee, who was then living in retirement, ruined by his equivocal part in the battle of Monmouth, gave him an ominous caution at parting: "Beware that your Northern laurels do not change to Southern willows." But he heeded it not.

He arrived at Deep River, the camp of De Kalb, on the 25th of July, 1780, and took command of the American forces. They were at that time in sad straits for want of provisions, not having a day's store in advance. Notwithstanding this, and the sterile country through which they would have to march, Gates determined to lead them at once to Camden, where Lord Rawdon was posted with the British army. Colonel Williams, the adjutant of De Kalb, recommended a more circuitous route than the one he had resolved to take, but to no purpose. He was fixed in his first determination. True, the troops were without provisions, but then his wagons, laden with supplies, would soon overtake them. He hurried them

on, not even giving them time to rest; for several days in succession they were without meat, bread, or flour, living entirely on green apples, corn, and whatever vegetables they could lay hands on. They crossed the Pedee River on the 3d of August, and were joined by a handful of Virginia regulars, who had been wandering about the country since the disaster at Charleston, and on the 7th their numbers were increased by a juncture with the North Carolina militia. They encamped on the 13th at Rugeley's Mills, or Clermont, about twelve miles from Camden, and on the following day were reinforced by a brigade of seven hundred Virginia militia. The forces under Gates amounted in all to three thousand and fifty-two; more than two thirds of them, however, were militia. On the approach of the Americans Lord Rawdon concentrated his forces at Camden; on the 13th he was joined by Lord Cornwallis, who had hastened thither from Charleston. The number of British, before the arrival of Cornwallis, was something more than two thousand, including officers. About five hundred of these were militia, and Tory refugees from North Carolina. A little inferior to the Americans in point of numbers, the British force was superior from its having a greater proportion of regular soldiers. On the evening of the 14th Gates moved with his main body to take post at a deep stream about seven miles from Camden, intending to attack Rawdon or his redoubts should he march out to repel General Sumter, who, after harassing the enemy at several points, was now endeavoring to cut off their supplies from Charleston. By a singular coincidence Lord Cornwallis, of whose arrival, by the way, Gates seems to have known nothing, so remiss was he in collecting information, sallied forth from Camden to attack the American camp at Clermont. The two armies blundered upon each other at two o'clock at night; a skirmish took place in the dark, and a few prisoners were taken on both sides. From these the respective commanders learned the nature of the forces they had stumbled upon. They halted, formed their troops for action, and waited for daylight before renewing hostilities. Gates was astounded when he learned that he was opposed by Cornwallis and three thousand men; but there was no help for

it; for, as one of his officers said at the council of war: "It was too late *then* to do anything but fight."

The enemy advanced in column at day-break on the morning of the 16th. The deputy adjutant general ordered the artillery to open a fire upon them, and rode to Gates, who was in the rear of the line, to inform him of the cause of the firing. Gates ordered a brigade of Virginia militia to attack them while in the act of displaying; they attempted to do so, but discovered that the right wing of the enemy was already in line. A few sharp shooters ran forward to post themselves behind some trees within forty or fifty yards of the British, and draw their fire from the militia, but the expedient failed. The enemy came on shouting and firing; the militia threw down their muskets and fled. The panic spread to the North Carolina militia in the center of the American line, and they soon followed. Gates and his officers made several attempts to rally them, but the tide of flight swept them back with the fugitives. The day was hazy, and there being no wind to carry off the smoke nothing could be distinctly seen; so, supposing that the regular troops were likewise dispersed, Gates gave up all for lost, and ordered a retreat from the field. The regulars, however, kept the field gallantly; repeatedly broken, they as often rallied, and braved even the point of the bayonet. They were at last thrown into confusion by the cavalry of Tarleton, and driven into the woods and swamps. Their commander, Baron De Kalb, was taken prisoner, after receiving eleven bayonet wounds, and in the course of a few days died. Gates hoped to rally a sufficient force at Clermont to cover the retreat of the regulars, but the further the militia fled the more they were dispersed, until at last the generals were abandoned by all but their aids. To add to his mortification, he learned that while he had been retreating Sumter had been completely successful in his expedition, having reduced the enemy's redoubt on the Wateree, and captured one hundred prisoners and forty loaded wagons. As Gates had no means of co-operating with him, he sent orders to him to retire in the best manner that he could, while he himself proceeded to the village of Charlotte, about sixty miles distant.

Thus the conqueror of Saratoga lost the

battle of Camden. The caution of the cynical Lee had not been in vain. "His Northern laurels *had* turned to Southern willows."

From Charlottesville he proceeded to Hillsborough, one hundred and eighty miles from Camden, where he made a stand, and rallied his scattered forces. About this time he received intelligence of the death of his only son, and shortly after official dispatches informing him that he was superseded in command. Washington wrote him a sympathizing letter, condoling with him in his domestic misfortune, and adverting with great delicacy to his reverses in battle, assured him of his confidence in his zeal and capacity, and of his readiness to give him the command of the left wing of the army as soon as he could make it convenient to join him. This touching consideration from the man that he had endeavored to injure in the Conway cabal, overpowered him. He walked about his room in the greatest agitation, pressing the letter to his lips, and breaking forth into exclamations of gratitude and admiration. He declared that its sympathy and delicacy conveyed more consolation and delight to his heart than he had believed it possible ever to have felt again. There was something manly in the old fellow after all, when he once got below his vanity and ambition.

He was superseded by General Greene on the 2d of December. Congress had ordered a court of inquiry on his conduct, but Greene and his officers determined that there was not a sufficient number of general officers in camp to sit upon it; urging that the recent death of his son unfitted him from entering upon the task of his defense, and that it would be indelicate in the extreme to press on him an investigation which his honor could not permit him to defer. When Gates was informed of the order of Congress he was urged to have the court of inquiry convened, but was at length brought to acquiesce in the decision of the council of war for the postponement. He declared, however, that he could not think of serving until the matter should have been investigated, so he resolved to pass the interim on his estate. The conduct of Greene in the whole business was as considerate as that of Washington, and it completely subdued the heart of the now humbled Gates. He retired to Berkley, where he remained

till 1782. His command was then restored to him, but the war was virtually over. He resided on his estate in Virginia till 1790, when he removed to New York, and was elected a member of the Legislature. He died on the 10th of April, 1806, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

BRAZIL, with five other Spanish republics, own in the valley of the Amazon more than two million square miles of land, intersected in every direction by many thousand miles of what might be called canal navigation. Large ships may reach the falls of the gigantic rivers in this country.

The lands are of unrivaled fertility from their formation and geographical position, and produce almost everything necessary to the support and comfort of man. Upon the top and eastern slope of the Andes lie concealed incalculable mines of silver, iron, coal, copper, and quicksilver, and waiting only for science and human industry to develop their extent and importance. Many of the streams, as they dash from the lofty Cordilleras, wash gold from their sides, depositing the precious ore in the hollows as they roll on. Barley, quincea, and potatoes grow in the colder regions, while wheat, rye, maize, clover, and tobacco, the products of the temperate zone, deck the mountain side and beautify the valleys. Upon the wide and elevated plains immense herds of sheep, alpacas, llamas, and vicunas pasture, yielding wool of the finest and longest staple.

Still farther toward the ocean, but only for a few miles, the eye of the traveler sees for the first time the beautiful coffee bush, with its dark green leaves, pure white blossoms, and gay red fruit; the delicious plantain, its large waving fan-shaped leaf and immense branches of golden fruit. Here, too, the sugar cane grows in rich luxuriance along with the gay yellow blossoms and snow-white cotton bolls, and oranges, lemons, bananas, pine apples, and melons, all luscious fruits of the torrid zone. The climate is pleasant and healthy, free from flies and mosquitoes, which infest the lower part of the tributaries and nearly the whole course of the Amazon. There is much rain from March

to August, and this is a peculiarity of the country everywhere at the eastern foot of the Andes mountains.

Next you reach the climate for rice, India rubber, sarsaparilla, gum-copal, cocoa, Brazilian nutmeg, tonka beans, ginger, arrow-root, black pepper, tapioca, indigo, arrotte, valuable dyes and drugs, and cabinet woods of the finest grain and polish. Here dwell the wild cow, ant-eater, the beautiful black tiger, the curious electric eel, the anaconda, boa-constrictor, the alligator, monkeys in great variety, with birds of the most brilliant plumage, and insects of the gayest colors and strangest forms. Here human life may be sustained with scarcely any labor.

Up the tributaries of the Amazon, and midway between their source and mouth, on each side, stretch wide savannas, where herds of cattle wander and supply the immense traffic in hides. At the sources of the southern branches are the ranges of mountains which produce vast treasures of diamonds and other precious stones.

It is a melancholy reflection to think that, with the exception of the savage tribes, this fine country is almost a wilderness, and has not more than *one* inhabitant for every *ten* square miles of land! a country, too, capable of yielding support and luxury to many millions of civilized people! It is now in the hands of Brazil, and she is not Protestant and strong enough for the great work of civilization in these vast and bountiful regions. Freely admit the Yankees here, with our steamers, plows, axes, and hammers, and this wilderness, with these solitary places, in the beautiful imagery of Scripture, would literally bud and blossom as the rose.

Nothing will benefit the commerce of the wide world more than the free navigation of the Amazon and other South American rivers. Their capacity for trade is inconceivably great; and only introduce Christian settlements, cultivation, and steam, the magnificent Amazon would exhibit life, power, and progress next to our own boasted Mississippi. The wide valley of the Amazon would become one of the most enchanting regions on the face of the earth.

The Madeira River flows through the empire of Brazil, keeping a northerly course; at its head are a number of islands, and here is the outlet of streams flow-



DESCENDING RIBEIRAO FALLS, MADEIRA RIVER.

ing from the Andes and Brazils, which, collected together, form the Madeira. Its first falls are three quarters of a mile long, shelving, and the whole bed of the river is a mixture of rough rocks in all positions on a solid foundation of granite. The next falls are two miles long, and boats, in descending, are launched down one shoot of twenty feet, nearly perpendicular, by means of ropes in the bow and stern.

Four miles farther down are the Periquitos Rapids, taking their name from the number of parrots in the adjacent woods. These birds are green, scarlet, and yellow, with long tails; they fly in pairs, and make loud cries when alarmed. The falls or cataracts continue not less than seventeen miles, and at the foot of some, soundings were made with five hundred and ten feet and no bottom. Twelve days are consumed by boats in descending these rapids, and five months have been spent in ascending the same distance with a cargo in small boats.

Brazilians visit the Madeira River to gather turtle's eggs, from which they manufacture oil. The animal deposits its eggs in the sand at the beginning of the dry season, July and August, in holes four feet deep, when the heat of the sun hatches the young. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred eggs are depos-

ited in a nest, but laid at two different times; but such is the wonderful instinct of the turtle as to calculate exactly the proper depth of the sand and power of the sun to hatch all the eggs at the same time. The youngest rises from the bottom of its birth-place to join the one hatched at the surface, and both together crawl off to the river's edge, for swimming, and to meet the floods coming down from the distant Andes soon after they are hatched.

The oil men dig up the eggs, while fresh, exposing them like potato-diggers, while others gather them in baskets. Then they are deposited in a canoe and thoroughly broken with forked sticks, and water poured upon them; the oil rising on the surface is skimmed off and boiled. Filled in large earthen jars of four or five gallons, the oil finds markets on the Amazon. While it is *manteca*, or butter, and fresh, it is used for cooking, but is generally consumed in lamps.

Turtles are said to be scarce. The Brazilians call this species *Tortawaga Grande*; but there are others of a less valuable description. Huts are built in the sand for the accommodation of the hunters against the powerful heat of the sun and the rains, and their life is a hard one, being exposed to fevers, want of provisions, and bad water. The Madeira

is by far the largest tributary of the Amazon. Once past its cascades, about four hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, it becomes navigable for large vessels by Beni and Marmore, two great tributaries, into the heart of Bolivia; and through Guapore or Itenes, the same important stream also opens the way to the rich Brazilian provinces. The Portuguese astronomers, whose duty was to examine the frontiers, estimated that the Madeira drained a surface of forty-four thousand square leagues.

A beautiful apple-shaped island, with deep green foliage and sandy beach, lies

at the mouth of the great serpentine Madeira, where it empties into the Amazon. Its mouth opens from two channels, which are also divided by a small island. Its western stream is three quarters of a mile wide and from seventy to eighty feet deep; the banks are high and well wooded, but bear no marks of civilization. The eastern mouth is a mile and a quarter wide. From the foot of the "falls" to the termination of the Madeira is five hundred miles by the river, and vessels of six feet draft may navigate the whole distance the year round. With a free navigation, a cargo from the United



CROSSING THE MOUTH OF THE MADEIRA RIVER.

States could reach these rapids in thirty days; then by a mule road through Brazil the goods could pass from the lower to the upper falls in less than seven, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. From this point they would be landed, by steamers on the river Marmore, at Vinchuta, five hundred miles, in four days, and in ten days more conveyed to the base of the Andes, making fifty-two in the passage from New York to Cochabamba, or sixty to La Paz, the commercial emporium of Bolivia, where cargoes now arrive from Baltimore in one hundred and eighteen days *via*, Cape Horn. Goods by this

Madeira route could reach the Pacific coast, across the Cordilleras, a month sooner than a ship would deliver them from Europe.

The Amazon is the monarch of rivers, rising among the Andes mountains in Peru, not far from the Pacific Ocean. Running eastward at least three thousand miles, and in its long journey receiving two hundred tributaries, some of which equal the Nile and the Danube, at last it mingles with the Atlantic directly under the equator. Some of its tributaries have a course of five or six hundred leagues. What a noble and magnificent stream! In its immense journey, at one

place, the Amazon suddenly extends itself into a vast bay or estuary, one hundred and fifty miles across, which might be called the "Bay of the Thousand Islands," for the channels are here innumerable. The large island of Marajó, containing ten thousand square miles, here occupies the center of the river, dividing the stream into two immense branches. One of these is the main channel of the Amazon, the other becomes the Para. We know no chart which gives anything like a correct notion of this bay. A French brig of war, some years since, passed up the main channel, and down the Para, to make a survey, but she had only time to explore those through which she passed, leaving innumerable others unexplored. Lieutenant Herndon, in his trip, estimated that it would consume a season of uninterrupted labor to make a tolerably correct view of this estuary.

Upon the innumerable streams of this region is the India rubber country. The shores are low, and the trees generally stand in the water. The season to gather the rubber, or *seringa*, extends from January to July; the tree yields its milk at all times, but the business cannot be carried on when the river is full and the whole country under water. A longitudinal cut is made in the bark with a narrow hatchet or tomahawk, a wedge of wood is then inserted to keep the passage open, and a small clay vessel receives the liquid. These vessels may be stuck as close together as possible around the tree, and in four or five hours each incision will yield from three to five table-spoonfuls of the milk, and then stop running. The "rubber man," collecting it in an earthen vessel, now commences forming the shapes; and this must be done forthwith, as the liquid soon coagulates.

The palm-tree nuts on the spot afford fuel for a fire, and an earthen pot, with the bottom knocked out, is placed over the flames, like a chimney, through which a strong pungent odor issues. Now the workman takes his last for shoes, or a mold, which is fastened to the ends of a stick. He pours the milk over it from a cup, slowly passing the whole through the smoke until each coating becomes properly dried. These molds are made either from wood or clay, and when the rubber has attained the required thickness, the molds are cut or washed out. Smoking

changes the color of the rubber, which is white, very little. It darkens from age.

From twenty to forty coats make a pair of shoes, the soles and heels requiring more, of course. The rude figures often seen on them are traced, while soft, with a coarse needle or wire, and are made the third day after coating, which last operation occupies only twenty minutes. An industrious hand will make sixteen pounds of India rubber a day; still the average is not more than three or four.

The most common form of the article for commerce is that of a thick bottle, and it is often made in large sheets by pouring the milk into a wooden mold, shaped like a spade. Tapioca and sand are often added to the rubber to increase its weight, but adulterating the quality. Unless care is taken in the manufacture it will have many air and water cells. Water generally exudes when the substance is cut, which is always done for the purpose of examination before purchase.

The *seringa* is a tall, straight, and smooth-bark tree, some eighteen or more inches in diameter. Every incision leaves a rough wound, which, although it does not kill the tree, renders it useless, because a smooth place is necessary to secure the milk vessels. This substance is tasteless and white, and may be taken into the stomach without injury. At times the *singeros*, or workmen, have to erect their shanties upon piles in the water. Here they temporarily live, near the scene of their labors, and in their shops may be seen flour barrels marked "Richmond," and cottons "Lowell" and "Saco," with English calicos, pewter, ear and finger-rings, combs, cheese, small guitars, and gin. These articles of civilization may be found in this wild and secluded spot. The importance of free trade with these distant, and but little known regions of South America, is plainly seen from the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury. In 1856 Mr. Guthrie states that our imports of India rubber for the year amounted in value to the large sum of one million forty-five thousand five hundred and seventy-six dollars! Our exports in shoes and other rubber articles for the same period were four hundred and twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-six.

Sarsaparilla, the vine so well known, is found on most of the tributary banks of

the Amazon. The plant shoots up fifteen or twenty feet without support, and then, clinging to the trees, spreads a great distance. Its main root sends out many tendrils, about two inches in diameter and five feet long, which are gathered in large bundles, weighing an *arroba*, or thirty-two pounds. The digging the small roots from the marshy soil is laborious and unhealthy. The main branch of them should not be disturbed, but the Indians of the country care very little for such a precaution.

Electrical eels are found in great numbers among the creeks and ditches, the largest measuring five feet in length and four inches in diameter. Animals appear to be more affected by their shock than men, and Baron Humboldt gives a very interesting account of taking these eels by means of horses. He found it very difficult to catch the gymnati with nets, on account of their extreme agility; they also buried themselves in the mud like serpents. Procuring some thirty horses and mules from the Indians, they were forced to enter the pond, when the extraordinary noise caused by their hoofs made the fish issue from the mud, and excited them to combat, defending themselves by repeated discharges of their electric batteries. For a long time they seemed victorious, and several horses sank beneath the violence of the invisible shocks on all sides and in organs the most essential to life. In less than five minutes two horses were drowned.

The eel, pressing itself against the belly of the horse, makes a discharge along the whole extent of the electric organ. It attacks at once the breast, the intestines, and the abdominal nerves. The baron had very little doubt that all the animals would have been destroyed successively, but by degrees the impetuosity of the unequal contest diminished, and the wearied gymnati dispersed. They require long rest and great nourishment to repair the galvanic force they have lost. By this time the mules and horses were less frightened; their manes no longer bristled, and their eyes expressed less dread. The eels now approached timidly the edge of the marsh, when they were taken by small harpoons on long cords. The Indians felt no shock in raising the fish into the air, and in a few minutes the great naturalist had five large eels, the most of which were only slightly wounded.

Many tribes of Indians inhabit the banks of the Amazon, differing in character as much as its climate. Some are very savage, living in wild and out of the way places; such are the *Caripunas*. When Lieutenant Herndon visited their settlement, one of them, stepping up, put his hand into the officer's pocket and took out all the fish hooks he had deposited there, and then coolly asked if he had a knife to give him? Their children are remarkable for large stomachs, caused, it is said, by eating earth. The men wear their hair long, and cut square off in front, and carry pieces of bone or wood by holes in their ears, and so a quill is pushed through the nose, and its cavity filled with colored feathers. Seated in bark or cloth straps, which are slung over the opposite shoulder, the women carry their infants under the arm. Bows and arrows are their arms, and are home-made. The Catholic priests, it is said, have visited this savage people, but found no encouragement to continue their pious labors among them.

Near the town of Trinidad are the *Mojos* Indians, and far more civilized than most other Amazon tribes. They dress alike in white cotton frocks, and some can be seen digging out their canoes with chisels made in New England, but they have no idea where the tools came from. In the department of Beni there are not less than thirty thousand of these friendly Indians and Creoles, who pay a tax of thirteen thousand four hundred and sixty-four dollars to the government of Bolivia in cotton, table cloths, sheets, towels, ponchos, manufactured by their own hands. A table cloth is worth three dollars, a towel two dollars, a pair of sheets five dollars and fifty cents. Dry hides are valued at twelve and a half cents, tiger skins two dollars, straw hats from fifty cents to a dollar. These articles find a market from the bottom of the Madeira Plate up the sides of the Andes, against stream. Still vessels have reached here from the Atlantic Ocean with the very articles they climb the Andes to obtain; still the people prefer going up stream and hill and over the Andes for Yankee tools, which they prefer. The Creoles declare that when commerce flows through the Madeira and Amazon their present prosperity will be destroyed! The *Mojos* Indians are grave, sedate, and thoughtful, fond of cultivating the soil, and drive an ox-team well. They

have laid aside the arrow and the bow, and now handle the lasso skillfully; but know nothing of fire-arms, and use, when required, the war club. The aptness of these people in learning is not behind some of the Indian tribes among the Andes, and they cultivate the sugar-cane with as much success as others do barley. They exhibit some musical talent, and play the guitar, violin, and flute, and all take part in Church music, while in the mountains a choir is employed. Whenever these Indians are performing religious services the women unplat their hair, and let it hang gracefully and loose over their shoulders and white *camecitos*, (dresses.) In their public processions three thousand of the red race may at times be seen dressed in white, and following their priests, chanting sacred music.

The town of Trinidad is the largest in Mojos, having a population of more than three thousand, few of whom are Creoles. External wars have not interfered with the Mojos. Before the break of day the whole population, except Creoles, are up, and as the day dawns drummers, fifers, and fiddlers assemble at the church to beat the reveille, and as the early bell rings the Indians hasten to morning prayers. This is done the year round, as originally introduced by the Jesuits, and while the morning sun casts his earliest beams upon the city, prayer and the songs of praise are heard from the church. In the evening the same service is observed as the descending orb of day goes down over the lofty Andes. On clear nights the Indian boys kneel at the large wooden cross, in the center of the plaza, to sing a vesper hymn before the inhabitants retire, a band of music accompanying their voices. A beautiful custom! The Indians of Mojos, in their hearts, do not like the Spanish, but seem to love the influences and ceremonies which their religion has introduced among them.

Such are some of the regions and people which occupy the magnificent valley and river of the Amazon, and whose destiny and resources are in the hands of Brazil. We should invite the world to these broad lands, and homes of beauty and richest fertility. Only introduce the plow, anvil, and steamboat, the schoolmaster and the Bible, then might Brazil, pointing to the blossoming wilderness around her, the cultivated farms, the magnificent cities,

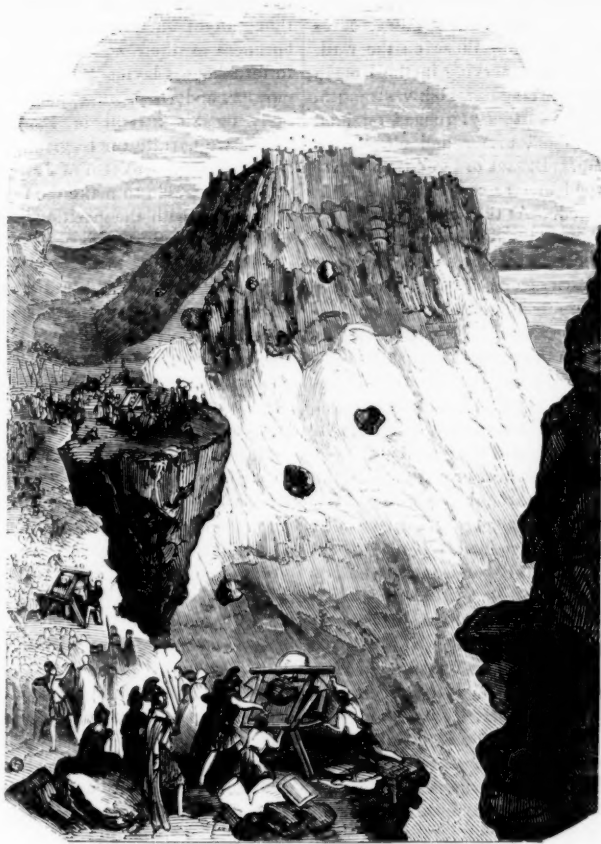
and the myriads of industrious, happy citizens, claim, with just pride, that she had done her share in the great work to advance the happiness of the human family—and not till then.

MASADA AND ITS TRAGEDY.

THE fall of Jerusalem, in which city all the prowess of the Hebrew nation had been collected for the last desperate struggle, sounded the death-knell of its political existence. Nearly all the lingering wrecks of Jewish liberty perished with the conflagration of their doomed temple. Three strongholds alone were daring or rash enough to prolong the contest with the world's victors and spoliators. Of these, Herodium—a famous city, strongly fortified and embellished by Herod the Great, and where his interment took place, situated some miles to the south-east of Jerusalem*—shortly afterwards capitulated, on the approach of Lucilius Bassus, who had succeeded Titus in the command of the Roman forces. The other two fortresses, however, relying on their impregnable position, resolved to defy to the last extremity all the power of the enemy. The exasperated legions directed their march in the first instance against Machærus.

This asylum of despairing Jewish warriors stood on the eastern side of the Jordan. Its gigantic battlements surrounded the summit of a lofty crag, protected on all sides by ravines of such frightful depth, that, we are told by the Jewish historian, the eye could not penetrate to the bottom of their abysses. Those chasms could neither be crossed nor filled up by the assailants of the citadel. One of these ravines, on the western side, it is asserted, ran down to the Dead Sea—a distance of nearly eight miles. The town and citadel had been originally constructed by Alexander Jannæus, during the patriotic struggles of the Maccabæans, as a check upon the incursions of the Arabian freebooters.

* The position of this superb assemblage of palaces, fortresses, and tombs, has been of late years identified by Dr. Robinson and Mr. Wolcott with a remarkable hill, now known by the designation of the Frank Mountain. Ancient vaults, passages, and vestiges of the "ascent," consisting of two hundred polished stones, described by Josephus, have been discovered, while the whole site is strewn with Roman ruins.



THE FORTRESS.

Demolished by one of the Roman generals, the fortress was afterward restored and greatly beautified and strengthened by Herod, who, with his wonted magnificence, adorned it with noble palaces, and amply supplied it with water and the munitions of war, so as to enable it to withstand the most protracted siege. To gain possession of this place was the task now imposed upon the subjugators of Palestine. The following account, condensed by Mr. Milman from the narrative of Josephus, graphically describes the means by which the capture was effected :

Bassus, the general in command, "determined to form the siege on the eastern side ; the garrison took possession of the citadel, and forced the strangers, who had taken refuge there from all quarters, to defend the lower town. Many fierce con-

flicts took place under the walls ; the garrison sometimes surprising the enemy by the rapidity of their sallies ; sometimes, when the Romans were prepared for them, being repulsed with great loss." These desultory conflicts, however, it appears, had in themselves little influence upon the fate of the fortress. Its eventual surrender arose out of a singular and affecting incident connected with one of these sallies. "There happened to be among the besieged a young man, named Eleazar, of remarkable activity and valor, who greatly distinguished himself in these attacks, being always the first to charge and the last to retreat ; often by his single arm arresting the progress of the enemy, and allowing his routed compatriots time to make good their retreat. One day, after the battle was over, proudly confident in

his prowess, and the terror of his arms, he remained alone without the gates, carelessly conversing with those on the wall. Rufus, an Egyptian serving in the Roman army, a man of singular bodily strength, watched the opportunity, rushed on him, and bore him off, armor and all, to the Roman camp. Bassus ordered the captive to be stripped and scourged in the sight of the besieged. At the sufferings of their brave champion, the whole city set up a wild wailing. Bassus, when he saw the effect of his barbarous measure, ordered a cross to be erected, as if for the execution of the gallant youth. The lamentations in the city became more loud and general. Eleazar's family was powerful and numerous. Through their influence it was agreed to surrender the citadel, on condition that Eleazar's life should be spared. The strangers in the lower town attempted to cut their way through the posts of the besiegers; a few of the bravest succeeded; but of those who remained, 1,700 perished. The treaty with the garrison was honorably observed."

Thus fell the last refuge but one in which the forlorn remnant of a proud and indomitable nation had sought shelter from their exterminating foes. Having dismantled the stronghold, Bassus proceeded to surround the forest of Jarden, where a large number of homeless fugitives from Jerusalem and Machærus had collected. He invested the unhappy outcasts with his cavalry; and on their attempting to break through and escape, they were repulsed, and three thousand put to the sword. During the course of these military operations, Bassus died, and Flavius Silva assumed the command of the Roman forces in Palestine—which now lay utterly desolate, while Cæsar had actually issued his imperial orders that Judea should be exposed for sale. Alas! for the "delight-some land."

But Masada still stood in sublime isolation, and frowned defiance upon the irresistible masters of the world. It was held by a brave and desperate band, who, though they had heard in their eyrie the resounding fall of fortress after fortress, and the crash of city after city, as they crumbled beneath the engines of their assailants, were unappalled by the impending perils of their solitary position. Though their compatriots had all failed, and hundreds of thousands of their countrymen

had perished in the unequal strife, no thoughts of surrender relaxed the stubbornness of their courage. Against this forlorn hope Flavius Silva, the new procurator, undertook an expedition immediately on his arrival in Palestine. But before we narrate the tragical incidents of this expiring paroxysm of Jewish valor, it will be desirable to make the reader better acquainted with the position, the history, and the character of this celebrated stronghold.

It will be recollected by those who, in a former volume, followed us in our excursion round the shores of the Dead Sea, that on the western coast, toward the southern extremity of the lake, and facing the peninsula, our attention was directed to a remarkable mountain, standing out in stern and rugged grandeur from the range of hills to which it belongs. There is no longer any reasonable ground of doubt that this enormous rock is the true site of the ancient Masada. The history of its recent discovery and identification will be related in a subsequent part of this paper. Meanwhile, we proceed to furnish such particulars concerning the fortress as have been preserved in the writings of Josephus. How far these seemingly romantic descriptions have been authenticated by modern investigations will be afterward seen.

Military genius never, perhaps, selected a more fitting position for safety and defense, and for hurling defiance at a foe, than Masada. The lofty rock itself, the upper surface of which comprised a considerable area, was surrounded on all sides by chasms and defiles of such depth that the sun had never reached the bottom. So fearfully precipitous were the sides, that even the wild goats could scarcely find a footing. The summit was accessible only by two narrow and perilous paths, from the east and from the west. That on the eastern face of the hill, leading up from the shore of the Dead Sea, was little more than a broken ledge, called, from the winding and circuitous course which it pursued, the *Serpent*. This dangerous path ran along the verge of frightful precipices, which made the head giddy to look down, and struck terror into the boldest heart. To avoid destruction, it was necessary to climb cautiously step by step; for if the foot slipped, instant death was inevitable. After winding in this manner nearly four miles, the *Serpent* lands the

adventurous climber upon an esplanade, which, in its days of celebrity, was remarkable for its cultivated fertility and beauty. The mode of ascent, on the western side, was some what more practicable.

So invulnerable a position was sure to be seized upon and turned to advantage in a land subject to perpetual tumults and invasions. Accordingly, we find that during the successful struggles of the nation against their Syro-Grecian oppressors, a citadel was built by Jonathan, the last of the Maccabæan brothers, on the brow of the rock. In times of political commotion and violence, when the king of to-day was often a disrowned fugitive on the morrow, it was wise in the season of power to provide an asylum for the hour of adversity. Thus Masada was designed as a repository for treasure, and a sanctuary for the women, during the hazards and storms of war, as well as a last resting-place where the dead might repose inviolate.

For a century and half after this period, history is silent respecting this fortress. At length it fell into the hands of the ambitious Idumean, during whose long reign the kingdom of Israel witnessed a transient revival of the splendors of its earlier history. By Herod the Great formidable additions were made to its fortifications. His keen eye at once detected its importance as a rampart on the south-eastern boundary of his dominions.

The first work of this monarch was to enclose the summit, which was nearly a mile in circuit, within a massive wall of polished stone, twenty-two feet high and fourteen broad. The wall was flanked by thirty-seven towers, eighty-seven feet high, which communicated with buildings resting on and continued along the line of the interior wall. The area thus enclosed contained a soil, it is said, more productive than any in the vicinity. This space was chiefly appropriated by Herod to purposes of culture, so that, should provisions be no longer procurable in the time of siege from extraneous sources, the garrison might have independent resources that would save them from the horrors of famine.

In addition to other constructions, the prodigal king built a strong and magnificent palace within the fortifications, on the

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HEROD THE GREAT.

western cliff, protected at each of its four angles by a lofty tower. This princely edifice was connected, by means of an underground passage, with the citadel. Within it were contained many spacious apartments, porticoes, and baths, supported by columns formed from a single block of marble. The pavements and the walls of the chambers were inlaid with mosaics. In every habitation, on the esplanade, around the palace, and before the walls, were immense cisterns, excavated in the rock and lined with coarse marble, where copious supplies of water were preserved almost as effectually as if they had been natural springs on the spot.

As regards the interior resources of the place, there abundance was even more surprising. Corn was stored up in granaries in vast quantities. These secret magazines contained also provision of wine, oil, vegetable seeds, and dates, equally ample. According to the singular account of Josephus, the air of Masada was of such a temperature that, although some of these fruits had been laid up for nearly a century since the time of Herod, they were found to be still sound and fresh at the time when Eleazar and his freebooting companions obtained possession of the fortress. Even when the Romans themselves at length became masters of the place, they are said to have found the remains of these supplies, which were still unimpaired by

lapse of time. This extraordinary preservation of food is probably attributable to the extreme purity of the atmosphere, arising from the elevation of the fortress, which lifted everything exposed to the action of the air far above the deleterious vapors that hovered over the plains.

With the view of rendering this extraordinary stronghold perfectly unapproachable, Herod reared a strong tower in a very narrow defile on the western and least secure side of the mountain, which commanded the only available pathway in that direction. This tower was distant from the citadel about five hundred and eighty yards. Thus military ingenuity, by supplementing the natural advantages of the position, appeared to have rendered the fortress secure against every hostile demonstration.

No very lengthened period elapsed after Herod's appointment to the government of Galilee, before he was compelled to avail himself of the friendly shelter of Masada. During the invasion of the Parthians, Herod received a warning from his brother Phasaël, who ruled in Jerusalem, that a conspiracy had been entered into by his enemies to seize and put him to death. Alarmed for his safety, he hastily collected a band of faithful adherents, and taking with him the female part of his family, made good his retreat to Masada. The journey was an extremely hazardous one; and although his forces daily augmented, he was so harassed by the foe, that on one occasion, in a paroxysm of despair, he was almost tempted to commit suicide. On approaching the fortress he was met by his brother Joseph, from Idumea, who urged him to dismiss the bulk of his army, consisting now of nine thousand men, and whom it would be very burdensome to accommodate and support in Masada. He complied with this judicious advice; and selecting eight hundred of his staunchest followers, he entrusted to them, under the command of his brother, the defense of his stronghold and the protection of his female relatives, together with the beautiful but unfortunate Mariamne, whom he had betrothed, while he himself proceeded first to Arabia and afterwards to Rome in quest of succor and support.

During the absence of Herod at the imperial court, where he was most flatteringly received, Masada was vigorously besieged by Antigonus. The garrison was actually

on the point of surrendering, from the sufferings they endured through the want of water caused by the long drought, when, singularly enough, on the very night which had been fixed upon for their retreat, there was a copious fall of rain, by which the reservoirs were replenished. Thus refreshed and re-inspired, the garrison made frequent sallies, and slew many of the besiegers.

After an absence of scarcely three months, Herod returned to his country, having received from Cæsar the crown of Judea. On landing at Ptolemais his first object was to raise the siege of Masada, and release his destined bride, his mother, and his sister, from captivity. This he speedily accomplished, and then undertook the conquest of Judea and the reduction of its capital. His head-quarters meanwhile were fixed at Samaria.

Masada figures upon the pages of the Jewish annalist at the outbreak of the last struggle against Roman supremacy. At some previous unrecorded date, the imperial troops had, by some unknown means, secured possession of the fortress. This important post, however, they were destined not to hold long; for just as the first hoarse mutterings of the storm of ruin began to be heard over the devoted land, some zealous and intrepid champions of the war party contrived, either by stratagem or treachery, to obtain admission within its walls, whereupon they put the Roman garrison to the sword, and openly unfurled the banner of revolt. From this moment the post continued to play an important part in the history of the war.

The next thing we hear of Masada and its inmates is, that the latter, taking advantage of the disorganized state of the surrounding country, committed terrible depredations upon the neighboring population. According to Josephus, until the fate of the nation approached its final catastrophe the Sicarri, or assassins, as they are opprobriously called by him, had been content to gather from the region around them the means of subsistence; fear, it is alleged, restraining them from depredations of a more serious and exasperating character. On hearing, however, at length, that the invading army of the Romans had gone into quarters for rest, and that the Jews of the metropolis were divided by sedition, and driven to despair by the intolerable oppression of their rob-

ber-masters, they sallied out by night and committed the most frightful excesses. On the day of the feast of the Passover they fell suddenly upon the small city of Engedi, situated a few miles distant on the same sea-coast. The inhabitants, taken by surprise, and having no time to prepare for defense, were dispersed and driven out of town. All who were unable to make good their escape, men, women, and children, numbering above seven hundred, were put to the sword. After having plundered the houses and ravaged the gardens full of ripe fruit, they hastened back with their spoils to their stronghold. From that time, it appears, they continued to devastate the neighboring districts, augmenting their ranks daily from the numerous predatory bands who, in consequence of the disorder of the times, had no other means of life.

About this time a fearful spectacle might have been, and probably was, gazed upon from the walls and towers of Masada by the garrison. Looking down from their elevated position upon the deep-lying lake, they would perceive hundreds of corpses of their fellow-countrymen floating ghastly on its sullen surface. These putrefying relics of brave men and delicate women were a portion of the multitudinous victims of Roman vengeance, who had just been driven into the swollen current of the Jordan when attempting to make their escape from the legions, and had been borne down by the rapid flood into the wide expanse of the Dead Sea.

For a season it would seem that Eleazer was not without a powerful rival to his authority. This competitor for power was the fierce and turbulent Simon, who subsequently became so notorious and infamous as the chief of one of the three factions that cursed Jerusalem in its last struggle for liberty, and who, after its fall, was transported to Rome, and figured in the triumph of Titus. Troops having been sent against him, to punish him for the cruelties perpetrated in the toparchy of Acabantene, he sought an asylum with the possessors of Masada. They at first suspected him, and confined his residence to the lower town, where he established himself with his followers. Soon, however, the zeal that Simon displayed in their expeditions won their confidence, though they still refused to co-operate with him in his ambitious projects. After

a while, impatient of all restraint, he enrolled an army of his own; and then, separating from his former associates in Masada, he commenced a career of atrocious depredation and pillage throughout Judea and Idumea. Groaning under the tyranny of the leaders of the factions, Eleazer and John of Gischala, the inhabitants of Jerusalem invited Simon to enter with his wild Idumean horde. This, after much fierce conflict and carnage, was effected; but, alas! it was a step that only led to a tenfold aggravation of their woes. There were now three hostile camps within the city walls instead of two; and more perished by fratricidal hands than by the weapons and missiles of the common foe, who, taking advantage of those deadly feuds, day by day drew more closely around this doomed people the fatal coils of destruction.

At length it is all over. The sanctuary is consumed; the beautiful city is in ruins; and the people have perished by famine, by fire, by sword, by sorrow, by agony, by woe, to the extent of more than a million souls. The residue have been led away to grace the victor's triumphal procession, or have been sold as slaves. The land is desolate and silent. Herodium has capitulated; and Machærus, held by a band of dauntless men, has been taken by stratagem, where force had failed. Nothing, from Dan to Beersheba, resists or defies the imperial arms, except one solitary fortress on the Idumean coast. How that last focus of insurrection was crushed; how that final convulsive struggle with Rome was conducted, it is for us now to inquire.

As already intimated, the destruction of this last nest of Jewish rebellion was undertaken by Flavius Silva, the newly appointed procurator of the country. For the stirring details of the siege we are indebted to Josephus, whose narrative we shall follow. The Roman general, then, having seized upon the surrounding country, established garrisons in every convenient post, and encircled the fortress with a wall for the purpose of precluding the possibility of escape on the part of the besieged, at the same time distributing detachments to watch them closely. He selected for his encamping ground the most commanding point in the immediate vicinity of the fortress; but in other respects it was extremely difficult for him,

in such a position, to provide himself with the necessary supplies. Not only were the ordinary articles of subsistence brought from a great distance, and with enormous difficulty, by the Jews who had undertaken to furnish provisions for the army, but even the water had to be conveyed to the camp, as no spring was to be found in the neighborhood.

Having made his preliminary dispositions, Silva began the siege with skill and immense labor, necessitated by the position and strength of the fortress. His first efforts were directed against the only point which seemed to admit of successful assault. Beyond the tower, before referred to, which closed the western path leading toward the palace and the summit of the fortress, there stood a rocky eminence of great extent, but lower than Masada by more than five hundred feet. This elevated platform was known as Leuke, or the White Promontory. As soon as the Roman commander had reached this post he began to construct thereon a huge earthen mound. By the persevering labor of his soldiers the level was raised about three hundred and fifty feet; but the ground was not yet solid enough, nor was the height sufficient to enable him to work the battering engines. Above this mound, accordingly, he built another platform, composed of huge rocks, and measuring more than eighty feet in length and breadth. Here he planted some of those terrible engines which had already wrought so much havoc and spread so much dismay during the military operations before Jerusalem. And in addition to these formidable preparations, a lofty tower, completely encased in iron, was erected, from the top of which the Romans, by means of slings and cross-bows, drove the defenders from the walls, and suffered not a man to show his head.

Erecting at the same time an enormous battering-ram, Silva began to assail the wall without intermission, and succeeded in beating down a considerable portion so as to open a breach. The garrison, however, had not meanwhile been idle; for while the tremendous blows were falling upon the trembling defense, they had been laboring hard to raise an interior rampart which might not, like the outer one, be so readily damaged by the action of the engines. To render this second wall soft, in order to deaden the violence of the

blows, it was constructed in the following manner. Long beams were placed end to end, and laid in two parallel rows, distant from each other the intended breadth or thickness of the wall. The interval between was filled with earth; and to prevent the earth from bursting out, transverse beams were added to strengthen those which were connected lengthwise. Thus the construction of this rampart resembled a solid edifice; while the blows of the engines, falling on a yielding surface, lost their power; indeed, the repeated shocks helped to combine the materials more strongly together, and give additional compactness to the entire fabric. When the disconcerted commander discovered this, he instructed his soldiers to hurl against this new obstacle a quantity of lighted brands. The wall, abounding with wood, now caught fire, and, burning from one end to the other, projected a tremendous flame. At first the wind, blowing from the north, carried the flame directly toward the position of the besiegers, and threatened the destruction of their own engines. But suddenly shifting round to the south, as if by divine direction, the flames were hurled back again, and consumed the bulwark of the garrison from top to bottom, until the whole became a mass of smoldering ashes. The Romans, thus apparently favored by Providence, retired to their camp with joyful elation, with the fixed intention of advancing to the assault on the following morning; adopting the precaution, meanwhile, of stationing strong and vigilant outposts to prevent the flight of the garrison.

But during that night such a deed of desperate self-sacrifice and horrible heroism was to be consummated beneath the Syrian stars as has few parallels in human history, and which will render that night memorable to the end of time. We shall describe it in our next.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—A little Swedish girl, absorbed in gazing at the starry skies, being asked of what she was thinking, said: "I was thinking, if the *wrong side* of heaven is so glorious, what must the *right side* be!" Of course the *wrong side*, with her, was that which looked on our world. Surely the *right side*, that looks toward the throne of God and the Lamb, must be glorious indeed.



LADURLAD AND HIS DAUGHTER.

BEHOLD them wandering on their hopeless way,
 Unknowing where they stray;
 Yet sure where'er they stop to find no rest.
 The evening gale is blowing,
 It plays among the trees;
 Like plumes upon a warrior's crest,
 They see yon cocoas tossing to the breeze;
 Ladurlad views them with impatient mind;
 Impatiently he hears
 The gale of evening blowing,
 The sound of waters flowing,
 As if all sights and sounds combined
 To mock his irremediable woe;
 For not for him the blessed waters flow,
 For not for him the gales of evening blow;
 A fire is in his heart and brain,
 And nature hath no healing for his pain.

The Moon is up, still pale
 Amid the lingering light;
 A cloud ascending in the eastern sky
 Sails slowly o'er the vale,
 And darkens round and closes in the night.
 No hospitable house is nigh;
 No traveler's home the wanderers to invite;
 Forlorn, and with long watching overworn,
 The wretched father and the wretched child
 Lie down amid the wild.

Before them, full in sight,
 A white flag flapping to the winds of night
 Marks where the tiger seized a human prey.

Far, far away, with natural dread,
 Shunning the perilous spot,
 At other times abhorrent had they fled;
 But now they heed it not.
 Nothing they care; the boding death-flag now
 In vain for them may gleam and flutter there.
 Despair and agony in him
 Prevent all other thought;
 And Kailyal hath no heart or sense for aught
 Save her dear father's strange and miserable lot.

There in the woodland shade,
 Upon the lap of that unhappy maid,
 His head Ladurlad laid,
 And never word he spake,
 Nor heaved he one complaining sigh,
 Nor groaned he with his misery;
 But silently, for her dear sake,
 Endured the raging pain.
 And now the moon was hid on high,
 No stars were glimmering in the sky;
 She could not see her father's eye
 How red with burning agony.
 Perhaps he may be cooler now,
 She hoped, and longed to touch his brow
 With gentle hand, yet did not dare
 To lay the painful pressure there.
 Now forward from the tree she bent,
 And anxiously her head she leant,
 And listened to his breath.
 Ladurlad's breath was short and quick,
 Yet regular it came,

And like the slumber of the sick,
In pantings still the same.
O, if he sleeps! Her lips unclose,
Intently listening to the sound,
That equal sound so like repose,
Still quietly the sufferer lies,
Bearing his torment now with resolute will;
He neither moves, nor groans, nor sighs,
Doth satiate cruelty bestow
This little respite to his woe,
She thought; or are there Gods who look
below?

Perchance, thought Kailyal, willingly deceived,
Our Marriataly hath his pain relieved,
And she hath bade the blessed sleep assuage
His agony, despite the Rajah's rage!
That was a hope which filled her gushing eyes,
And bade her heart in silent yearnings rise
To bless the power divine, in thankfulness;
And, yielding to that joyful thought her mind,
Backward the maid her aching head reclined
Against the tree, and to her father's breath
In fear she hearken'd, still with earnest ear.
But soon forgetful fits the effort broke,
In starts of recollection then she woke;
Till now benignant Nature overcame
The virgin's weary and exhausted frame;
Nor able more her painful watch to keep,
She closed her heavy lids, and sank to sleep.

NIGHTINGALES AND THEIR NESTS.

FROM the middle of April to near the end of June the nightingale may be heard in his haunts in different parts of England. His song is so superior to that of all other singing-birds, and in fact so remarkable, that even from those the least open to the influences of the beautiful phenomena of nature an involuntary exclamation, "What was that?" is extorted when the outburst of one of his glorious notes is heard for the first time. The notes of the nightingale are, indeed, unlike those of all other birds both in tone and metre; and they have found poets in all ages to weave the recollection of their beauties into verse; fabulists to surround them with extraordinary circumstances, and unite them to the narrative portions of national mythologies; and rustic populations to associate them with omens and superstitions. The simple truth has long been so interwoven with fable, that few, except professed naturalists, have any correct knowledge on the subject. Many people, for instance, believe that the nightingale only sings in the night; and that it never sleeps, which latter notion has given rise to the superstition that its heart and head, if placed under the pillow at night, constitute a charm which effectually prevents not only sleep, but even drowsiness;

others assert that it is the female bird that sings, and that *her* song is especially sad and melancholy; others, again, affirm that nightingales do not migrate to warm climates like many other birds, but bury themselves deep in the ground during the winter months, adducing as proof, that when they first appear they have a very decided smell of freshly-dug earth; and that, moreover, their feathers are so beautifully fresh and unruddied, that it is impossible that they should have performed a long migratory flight. All these suppositions and assertions, even including the last, are entirely untrue, and founded upon mere poetic fancies or ignorant superstitions. In disproving the fabulous portion of the story of the nightingale, it does not follow that we shall necessarily strip the subject of its poetry and true interest, but rather add to it. Buffon, who did so much to sift the solid fact from the alloy of fiction in the whole range of natural history, has yet added immeasurably to its attractions; for it may be truly said, that he found the science in the form of a dry catalogue of facts or falsehoods, and left it invested with all the interest of a romance.

In reference to the popular error respecting the melancholy character of the song of the nightingale, he describes the fine *bravura* style of the greater portion of the notes as consisting of "*des coups de gosier éclatants, des fusées de chant, où la netteté est égale à la volubilité; roulades précipitées, brillantes et rapides, articulés avec force, et même avec une certaine dureté de goût.*" In this brilliant piece of word-painting he has exactly described, as no other writer has ever done, the more striking portions of the song of the nightingale as they are poured forth with unrivalled richness, and flexible volubility, and power. Nor did the great naturalist overlook the softer portions, and occasional plaintive notes, which give contrast and variety to the song. He tells us also of those "*accents plaintifs, cadencés avec mollesse, sons filés sans art, mais enflés avec âme, sons enchanteurs et pénétrants, vrais soupirs d'amour et de volupté.*"

Buffon is, however, not always completely correct in what he says of this wonderful bird-music, as when he asserts that the nightingale never repeats himself, or that, if notes are repeated, it is with a new accent or fresh embellishments; the fact being, that the song consists of a certain



A NIGHTINGALE'S NEST.

number of notes which are invariably repeated in the same order of succession. The number is, however, so considerable, and the pauses between the notes sometimes so long, that few persons listen to the end of the performance so as to detect when the repetition begins, though when the song is completed, a long silence generally ensues. It has been suggested that the pauses between the notes are caused by the waiting of the songster for the response of some distant rival, which he hears distinctly, though too distant to be detected by the inferior powers of the human ear.

With regard to singing only at night, I can state from my own experience that the nightingale sings with the greatest power and brilliancy at about nine in the morning; but so many other birds are then joining in the woodland concert, that only experienced connoisseurs stay to distinguish the melody of the nightingale from the general buzz of song, though it is, in fact, distinct enough, rising above the accompanying chorus like the notes

of a *prima donna*, whose brilliant and passionate bursts of declamation ring out clear and distinct above all accompanying sounds of an orchestra. It is not, as Barrington ingeniously observes, that part of the charm of the song arises from being heard at night, when all other birds are silent, but that then it receives its chief attention from those who are ignorant of the fact that the night-song of the nightingale is not its only song, and, in fact, only a continuation of the one generally commenced shortly before twilight. Occasionally, in the warm, still, balmy evenings of high summer, the nightingale will burst into a new song after dark, which, however, seldom continues later than eleven o'clock, though on such evenings I have heard occasional brief outbursts till after midnight, when, on account of the general stillness, it is heard for a considerable distance; for the volume of sound, it has been calculated, fills something more than a mile in diameter, or quite as much as the human voice. That great surgeon, the celebrated William Hunter, and more

recently Dr. Troschel, in his essay on the muscles of the throat in singing birds, sought to account for this extraordinary vocal power in so small a bird by anatomical investigation, and found that the muscular tissues of the throat were much stronger in proportion to its size in the nightingale than in any other bird.

In its wild state the nightingale, in England, sings but for a short season, from about the middle of April to the middle of June; and in other countries the duration of the singing season is not longer. Aristotle, who appears to have been aware that the song of the nightingale was not confined to the night, states that in Greece this bird is in the full force of his song during fifteen days and nights without intermission, and that this occurs at the period when the trees are just developing their foliage; but, no doubt, even there the song continued, though no longer in its full force, till toward the end of June, or rather later. In Italy the nightingale first appears in May, and does not leave till November. In France he arrives about the same time, or rather earlier, and leaves in September. In Belgium, and the parts of England which he favors with his presence, he arrives in April, and leaves in August.

The modern idea that the song was that of the female no doubt has its remote origin in the Greek fable of Philomela, and has been maintained by rare and not well-authenticated phenomena, in which the female bird has been heard to sing. Buffon tells us that he himself heard a hen nightingale sing in a cage, and that she was kept for several years; adding, that she always ceased her song, and prepared for building, at the breeding-season, just at the time when the male birds are in full song. Aristotle also states, that in Greece the females occasionally sing, though very rarely; and it might as well be asserted, because, among barn-door fowls, hens have been occasionally known to crow, that it is the hen, and not the cock, to whom we are indebted for the cheerful sound that, according to the old hunting-song, "proclaims the morn." The song is, in fact, the instinctive rejoicing of the male bird during the incubation of the female. It is at once a love-song and a challenge; a declaration of his happiness and a defiance to others to intrude on his domain, which consists of a pretty wide expanse round

the nest, within which no rival ever intrudes with impunity. Daines Barrington argues that as the male nightingale sings better and longer when in a cage, it is clear that he does not sing to please the female; but it is well known that instincts of that kind may be perverted from their natural course; and it would be absurd to argue that, because bees are made to produce more honey by artificial management than in the wild state, they do not collect it to serve as the food of the larvæ, of which each cell is the cradle, or infant home.

According to connoisseurs, nightingales differ materially in the perfection of their song, which is generally judged by the full quality of the tone, the length of the notes, and the energy with which they are delivered. Some are not thought worth keeping in confinement, from the comparative poverty of their song, though composed of the same notes as those of the finest songsters. The difference is supposed to be caused by the opportunities, or otherwise, which the young birds have enjoyed in hearing the great masters of the art; those of the last broods, reared in a cage, and never having heard the song of the parents, singing a wild *ramage*, scarcely recognisable as the song of the nightingale.

The nightingale builds in the lowest branches of shrubs or brambles. The nest from which our illustration is drawn was constructed near the root of a stunted and late-flowering blackthorn. It is formed of very neatly interwoven twigs and dry bents of grass, with here and there a few dead leaves ingeniously interlaced. It is said that the nest is always made to slope slightly to the east, a fact which I have never observed; though a French author goes so far as to state that careful observation will show that it is so arranged as to receive both the earliest and latest rays of the sun, and to exclude those of the midday. The eggs are three or four in number, and of a rich, soft, olive tone, without speck or spot, their surface having a slight polish, like that of the most delicate porcelain. After the last brood has taken flight, the nightingale family almost immediately disappears; and it is now pretty clearly ascertained that he winters among the olive-groves of Syria, and the more sheltered portions of the north coast of Africa, especially about the Delta of Lower Egypt.

INFORMATION ABOUT TEA.

TEA, as a household beverage, is too well known and too extensively appreciated to require any commendation in the way of eulogium on its qualities. But, though everybody drinks tea, it may be presumed that everybody is not acquainted with the manner in which it is grown, or the methods by which it is prepared for use; and perhaps still fewer have any knowledge of the nature of its properties, how it acts on the human system, and to what extent it is consumed. Such being the case, it is thought that a little popular information on the subject may be acceptable to many of the readers of this journal; and accordingly, from Mr. Fortune's description of the tea countries, Professor Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life," and from other sources, we propose to draw a few particulars which may serve to satisfy the curiosity of inquirers, who have not access to more elaborate accounts.

Of the tea-plant there are several varieties, used more or less in different parts of the world; but those which are most extensively consumed are the teas of China, Paraguay, and a variety called coffee-tea. China tea is not only the most important of these beverages, but it forms the daily drink of a larger number of men than all the others put together. Among the three hundred millions of China, and among the inhabitants of Japan, Thibet, and Napaul, it is an article of consumption with all classes three or four times a-day. In Asiatic Russia, also, in a large portion of Europe, in North America, and in Australia, it is also in general use. Altogether it is computed that it is at present consumed by no less than five hundred millions of people, or one-half of the entire human race.

The plant is believed to be a native of China, and still grows wild among the hills both of that country and of Japan. It thrives best in the cooler parts of the tropical zone, but grows in the temperate zone as far north as the fortieth degree of latitude. The districts of China which supply the greater portion of the teas exported to Europe and America lie between the twenty-fifth and the thirty-first degree of north latitude; the districts between the twenty-seventh and thirty-first degrees being reckoned to produce the best des-

criptions. Though there are several varieties in the country, distinguished, by botanists under different names, they are now recognized as belonging to one single species; the differences of habit and appearance being attributable to cultivation, soil, and climate.

The tea-plants are raised from seed, which, to secure germination, is kept throughout the winter in moist earth, and sown in March. When a year old the young bushes are planted out, and then, by cropping the main shoots for the first year, they are kept down to the height of about three feet, and made to grow bushy. Being placed in rows three or four feet apart, they have some resemblance to a garden of gooseberry-bushes. The cropping of the leaves begins in the fourth and fifth years, and is seldom continued beyond the tenth or twelfth, when the bushes are dug up and renewed. The plant thrives best on dry sunny slopes, where occasional showers fall and springs appear, and where an open, somewhat stony, but rich soil, prevents the water from lingering about its roots.

The season for gathering the leaves varies in different districts; but the principal harvest ends in May or June. They are plucked by hand, and for the most part by women. They are generally gathered at three successive seasons. The young and earliest leaves are the most tender and delicate, and give the highest flavored tea. The second and third gatherings are more bitter and woody, and yield less soluble matter to water. The refuse and decayed leaves and twigs are pressed into moulds, and sold under the name of brick-tea. These bricks are often hardened by mixing the leaves with the serum of sheep and ox blood. This inferior variety is chiefly consumed in northern China and Thibet, whither it is carried by gangs of porters on their heads and shoulders.

When the leaves are freshly plucked, they possess nothing of either the odor or flavor observable in the dried commodity. The pleasant taste and delightful natural scent for which they are afterward so highly prized, are all developed by the roasting which they undergo in the process of drying. The details of this process are thus given by Mr. Fortune, the first part of his description referring to the preparation of green tea:

When the leaves are brought in from the plantations, they are spread out thinly on flat bamboo trays, in order to dry off any superfluous moisture. They remain for a short time exposed in this manner, generally from one to two hours; this, however, depends much upon the state of the weather. In the mean time the roasting-pans have been heated with a brisk wood fire. A portion of leaves is thrown into each pan, and rapidly moved about and shaken up with both hands. They are immediately affected by the heat, begin to make a crackling noise, and become quite moist and flaccid, while at the same time they give out a considerable portion of vapor. They remain in this state for four or five minutes, and are then drawn quickly out, and placed upon the rolling-table, and rolled with the hands. Having been thrown again into the pan, a slow and steady charcoal fire is maintained, and the leaves are kept in rapid motion by the hands of the workmen. Sometimes they are thrown upon the rattan-table, and rolled a second time. In about an hour, or an hour and a half, the leaves are well dried, and their color has become fixed—that is, there is no longer any danger of their becoming black. They are of a dullish green color, but become brighter afterward. The most particular part of the operation has now been finished, and the tea may be put aside until a larger quantity has been made. The second part of the process consists in winnowing and passing the tea through sieves of different sizes, in order to get rid of the dust and other impurities, and to divide the tea into different kinds, known as the *twankay*, *hyson-skin*, *hyson*, *young hyson*, *gun-powder*, etc. During this process it is re-fired, the coarse kinds once, and the three finer sorts three or four times. By this time the color has come out more fully, and the leaves of the finer kinds are of a dull bluish green.

The mode of preparing black tea is described as follows:

When the leaves are brought in from the plantation, they are spread out upon large bamboo mats or trays, and are allowed to lie in this state for a considerable time. If they are brought in at night they lie until next morning. The leaves are next gathered up by the workmen with both hands, thrown into the air, and allowed to separate and fall down again. They are tossed about in this manner, and slightly beat or patted with the hands, for a considerable space of time. At length, when they become soft and flaccid, they are thrown in heaps, and allowed to lie in this state for about an hour, or perhaps a little longer. When examined at the end of this time, they appear to have undergone a slight change in color, are soft and moist, and emit a fragrant smell. The rolling process now commences. Several men take their stations at the rolling-table, and divide the leaves among them. Each takes as many as he can press with his hands, and makes them up in the form of a ball. This is rolled upon the rattan-table, and greatly compressed, the object being to get rid of a portion of the sap and moisture, and at the same time to twist the leaves. These balls of leaves are

frequently shaken out, and passed from hand to hand until they reach the head workman, who examines them carefully to see if they have taken the requisite twist. When he is satisfied of this, the leaves are removed from the rolling-table, and shaken out upon the flat trays, until the remaining portions have undergone the same process. In no case are they allowed to lie long in this state; and sometimes they are taken at once to the roasting-pan. The next part of the process is exactly the same as in the manipulation of green tea. The leaves are thrown into an iron pan, where they are roasted for about five minutes, and then rolled upon the rattan-table. After being rolled, the leaves are shaken out, thinly, on sieves, and exposed to the air out of doors. . . . The leaves having now lost a large portion of their moisture, and having become considerably reduced in size, are removed into the factory. They are put a second time into the roasting-pan for three or four minutes, and taken out and rolled as before. The charcoal fires are now got ready. A tubular basket, narrow at the middle and wide at both ends, is placed over the fire. A sieve is dropped into this tube, and covered with leaves, which are shaken on it to about an inch in thickness. After five or six minutes, during which they are carefully watched, they are removed from the fire, and rolled a third time. As the balls of leaves come from the hands of the rollers, they are placed in a heap until the whole have been rolled. They are again shaken on the sieves as before, and set over the fire for a little while longer. When the whole have been gone over in this manner, they are placed thickly in the baskets, which are again set over the charcoal fire. The workman now makes a hole with his hand through the center of the leaves, to allow vent to any smoke or vapor which may rise from the charcoal, as well as to let up the heat, which has been greatly reduced by covering up the fires. The tea now remains over the slow charcoal fire, covered with a flat basket, until it is perfectly dry—carefully watched, however, by the manufacturer, who every now and then stirs it up with his hands, so that the whole may be equally heated. The black color is now fairly brought out, but afterward improves in appearance. The after processes, such as sifting, picking, and refining, are carried on at the convenience of the workmen.

It will thus be seen that the difference between green and black teas is occasioned by the different modes of preparation. The dark color and distinguishing flavor of black teas are the result of lengthened exposure to the air, in the process of drying, accompanied by slight heating and fermentation. The oxygen of the atmosphere acts rapidly upon the juices of the leaf during the exposure, and changes chemically the peculiar substances they contain, so as to impart to the entire leaf the dark hue it finally acquires. This action of the air, however, does not appear sensibly to affect the weight of the

tea obtained, as three pounds of the fresh leaves produce on an average about one pound of marketable tea of either kind. The teas intended for home consumption are not so highly dried as those which are prepared for exportation, a circumstance that must obviously affect the quality of the beverage produced.

The produce of different districts varies in quality and flavor with the climate, the soil, and the variety of the plant cultivated, as well with the period at which the leaves are gathered, and with the mode of drying them. The finest tea of China, as already intimated, grows between the twenty-seventh and thirty-first parallels of north latitude, on a low range of hills, which is an offshoot of the great chain of Pe-ling. The principal varieties of black tea are known by the name of Bohea, Congou, Campoi, Souchong, Caper, and Pekoe. Of these the Bohea grows in the province of Fo-kien. Pekoe, or Pak-ho, means "white down" in Chinese, and consists of the first downy sprouts or leaf-buds of three-year-old plants. A very costly tea of this kind, known as the "Tea of the Wells of the Dragon," is used only by persons of the highest rank in China, and is never brought to Europe. Caper is in hard grains, made up of the dust of the other varieties cemented together by means of gum. The green teas are known as Twankay, Hyson-skin, Hyson, Imperial, and Gunpowder. The price of teas varies, of course, with the variations in natural quality, being for some samples double and treble what is asked for others. But the average price at Canton is about seventeen cents a pound, so that the grower must sell it at ten or twelve cents.

Tea-leaves prepared as above described have been in use in China from very remote periods. Tradition speaks of it as early as the third century. The legend relates "that a pious hermit, who, in his watchings and prayers, had often been overtaken by sleep, so that his eye-lids closed, in holy wrath against the weakness of the flesh, cut them off and threw them on the ground. But a god caused a tea-shrub to spring out of them, the leaves of which exhibit the form of an eye-lid bordered with lashes, and possess the gift of hindering sleep." A similar story is related concerning the introduction of coffee into Arabia. Both legends were prob-

ably invented long after the qualities of tea and coffee were known.

It was about the year 600 that the use of tea became general in China, and early in the ninth century it was introduced into Japan. To Europe it was not brought till about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Hot infusions of leaves had been already long familiar as drinks in European countries. Dried sage-leaves were much in use in England, and are even said to have been carried as an article of trade to China by the Dutch, to be there exchanged for the Chinese leaf, which has since almost entirely superseded them. A Russian embassy to China also brought back to Moscow some carefully-packed green tea, which was received with great acceptance. And in the same century the English East India Company considered it as a rare gift to present the Queen of England with two pounds of tea!

The growth and consumption of tea are at present quite enormous. Mr. Ingham Travers estimates the total produce of the dried leaf in China alone at a million tons, or two thousand two hundred and forty million pounds. The quantity yielded by an acre of land is not stated by our authorities; but if it be stated at six hundred pounds, which Professor Johnston considers a full estimate, the extent of land devoted to its production in China alone must be nearly three and a half million acres. The consumption of tea in Great Britain in 1853, amounted to fifty-eight million pounds, (twenty-five thousand tons,) about one forty-fifth part of the estimated produce of China. This is at the rate of two pounds per head of the population, and the consumption is rapidly increasing. An old writer says:

Tea is of a cooling nature, and, if drunk too freely, will produce exhaustion and lassitude. Country people, before drinking it, add ginger and salt to counteract this cooling property. It is an exceedingly useful plant. Drink it, and the animal spirits will be lively and clear. The chief ruler esteems it; the lower people, the poor and beggarly will not be destitute of it. All use it daily, and like it.

Another ancient writer says:

Drinking it tends to clear away all impurities, drives off drowsiness, removes or prevents head-ache, and it is universally in high esteem.

The mode of using it in China, is to put the tea into a cup, to pour hot water upon it, and then to drink the infusion off the leaves, and without admixture. While

wandering over the tea districts of China, Mr. Fortune only once met with sugar and a teaspoon. The use of sugar and cream, or milk, which is universal among us, probably arose from tea having been introduced here as a beverage among grown-up people, whose tastes were already formed, and who required something to make the bitter infusion palatable. The practice thus begun has ever since continued, and, physiologically considered, Professor Johnston thinks it, on the whole, an improvement on the Eastern fashion.

The usual effects of tea are thus described by the same writer :

It exhilarates without sensibly intoxicating. It excites the brain to increased activity, and produces wakefulness. Hence its usefulness to hard students, to those who have vigils to keep, and to persons who labor much with the head. It soothes, on the contrary, and stills the vascular system, and hence its use in inflammatory diseases, and as a cure for head-ache. Green tea, when taken strong, acts very powerfully upon some constitutions, producing nervous tremblings and other distressing symptoms, acting as a narcotic, and in inferior animals even producing paralysis. Its exciting effect upon the nerves makes it useful in counteracting the effects of opium and of fermented liquors, and the stupor sometimes induced by fever.

There are three active chemical substances in manufactured tea which conjoin to produce the above effects. When commercial tea is distilled with water there passes over a small quantity of a *volatile oil*, which possesses the aroma and flavor of the tea in a high degree. A hundred pounds of tea yield about one pound of this oil, and to this minute quantity of its volatile ingredient the value of tea in general estimation is in a great measure due. Its special action upon the system has not yet, we believe, been scientifically investigated. But that it does exercise a powerful, and most likely a narcotic influence, is rendered probable by many known facts. Among these I mention the head-aches and giddiness to which tea-tasters are subject; the attacks of paralysis to which, after a few years, those who are employed in packing and unpacking chests of tea are found to be liable; and the circumstance, that in China tea is rarely used till it is a year old, because of the peculiar intoxicating property which new tea possesses. The effect of this keeping upon tea must be chiefly to allow a portion of the volatile ingredients of the leaf to escape. This

volatile ingredient does not exist in the natural leaf, but is produced during the process of drying and roasting already described.

A second element is a property called *Theine*. When dry finely-powdered tea leaves are put upon a watch-glass, covered over with a conical cap of paper, and then placed upon a hot plate, a white vapor gradually rises from the leaves, and condenses on the inner side of the paper in the form of minute colorless crystals. If, instead of the leaves, a dried watery extract of the leaves be employed, the crystals will be obtained in greater abundance. These crystals consist of the substance known to chemists by the name of *Theine* or *Caffeine*. The teas of commerce contain, on an average, about two per cent. of this substance; and in some instances a little more. Certain green teas contain as much as six pounds in every hundred pounds of the dried tea; but so large a proportion as this is very rare. *Theine* has no smell, and but slightly bitter taste. It has little to do, therefore, either with the taste or flavor of the tea from which it is extracted. It is remarkable, however, as containing a very large per centage of nitrogen—nearly three tenths of its entire weight; a proportion which exists in only a very small number of other known substances. It is further remarkable in being present not only in Chinese tea, but also in the teas of other countries far remote from China, as in *Maté* or Paraguay tea, in coffee, and in *guarana*—a substance prepared and used in Brazil in the same way as coffee. As observed by Professor Johnston, it is a very curious fact that, in countries so remote from each other, plants so very unlike as all these are, should have been, by a kind of instinct as it were, selected for the same purpose of yielding a slightly exciting, exhilarating, and refreshing beverage; and that these plants, when now examined by chemists, should all be found to contain the same remarkable compound body which we call *theine* or *caffeine*. The selection must have been made by the independent discovery, in each country and by each people, that these several plants were capable of gratifying a natural constitutional craving, or of supplying a want equally felt by all.

The observed effects of this substance, when introduced into the system, form a third peculiarity which is worthy of re-

mark in regard to it. Professor Johnston says :

It is known that the animal body, while living, undergoes constant decay and renovation. The labors of life waste it ; the food introduced into the stomach renews it. That which is wasted passes off through the lungs and the kidneys, or is in other ways rejected from the body of the animal. . . . Now, the introduction into the stomach of even a minute proportion of theine—three or four grains a day—has a remarkable effect of sensibly diminishing the absolute quantity of these substances voided in a day by a healthy man, living on the same kind of food, and engaged in the same occupation, under the same circumstances. This fact indicates that the waste of the body is lessened by the introduction of theine into the stomach—that is, by the use of tea. And if the waste be lessened, the necessity for food to repair it will be lessened in an equal proportion. In other words, by the consumption of a certain quantity of tea the health and strength of the body will be maintained in an equal degree upon a smaller supply of ordinary food. Tea, therefore, saves food—stands to a certain extent in the place of food ; while at the same time it soothes the body and enlivens the mind.

Professor Johnston goes on to say :

In the old and infirm it serves also another purpose. In the life of most persons a period arrives when the stomach no longer digests enough of the ordinary elements of food to make up for the natural daily waste of the bodily substance. The size and weight of the body, therefore, begin to diminish more or less perceptibly. At this period tea comes in, as a medicine, to arrest the waste ; to keep the body from falling away so fast ; and thus to enable the less energetic powers of digestion still to supply as much as is needed to repair the wear and tear of the solid tissues. No wonder, therefore, that tea should be a favorite—on the one hand, with the poor, whose supplies of substantial food are scanty ; and on the other, with the aged and infirm, especially of the feebler sex, whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substance have together begun to fail. Nor is it surprising that the aged woman, who has barely enough of weekly income to buy what are called the common necessities of life, should yet spend a portion of her small gains in purchasing her ounce of tea. She can live quite as well on less common food, when she takes her tea along with it ; while she feels lighter at the same time, more cheerful, and fitter for her work, because of the indulgence.

There are about three or four grains of theine in half an ounce of good tea ; and this may be taken in a day by most full-grown persons without unpleasant effects. But if twice this quantity be taken, the effects may be injurious ; the pulse becomes more rapid, the heart beats stronger, the imagination is excited, and there comes on a peculiar sort of intoxication. These symptoms are followed by, and usually

pass off in, a deep sleep ; the effects of strong tea, therefore—and especially of old teas, and such as are peculiarly rich in theine—are to be ascribed in great part to too much of this substance being introduced into the stomach.

Besides the volatile oil and theine, there is a third property in tea, called *tannin*, or tannic acid. According to the distinguished chemist already quoted,

If tea be infused in hot water, in the usual manner, and the infusion be poured into a solution of common green copperas, (sulphate of iron,) the mixture will become black ; or if it be poured into a solution of glue or isinglass, it will render the solution turbid, or muddy, and cause a grayish precipitate to fall. These appearances show that the tea contains an astringent substance, known to chemists by the name of tannin, or tannic acid. This substance is so called because it is the ingredient which, in oak bark, is so generally employed for the tanning of leather. To this tannic acid tea owes its astringent taste, its constipating effect upon the bowels, and its property of giving an *inky* infusion with water which contains iron. It forms from thirteen to eighteen per cent. on the whole weight of the dried tea-leaf, and is the more completely extracted the longer the tea is infused. . . . What is the full and precise action of this tannin upon the system, as we drink it in our tea, or whether it contributes in any degree to the exhilarating, satisfying, or narcotic action of tea, is not yet known. That it does aid even in the exhilarating effect which tea produces, is rendered very probable by the fact, that a species of tannin is the principal ingredient in the Indian betel-nut, which is so much chewed and prized in the East, and which is said to produce a kind of mild and agreeable intoxication.

The three substances already described may be considered as the really active constituents of the tea-leaf as it is usually employed ; but it is, further, an interesting fact, that the leaf contains a large proportion of that nutritive ingredient of plants, commonly called *gluten*. This substance forms as much as one fourth of the weight of the dry leaves ; so that if they were eaten in mass they would be as nutritive as beans or peas. Professor Johnston says :

Of this large per centage of gluten the water in which we usually infuse our tea extracts very little ; and hence we throw away, in the waste leaves, a large proportion of the common nutrition they contain. It has been recommended, therefore, as an improved method of infusing tea, that a pinch of soda should be put in the water along with it. The effect of this would be, that a portion at least of the gluten would be dissolved, and the beverage in consequence made more nutritious. The method of preparing the brick tea adopted among the Mongols

and other Tartar tribes is believed to extract the greater part of the nutriment from the leaf. They rub the tea to fine powder, boil it with the alkaline steppe-water, to which salt and fat have been added, and pour off the decoction from the sediment. Of this liquid they drink from twenty to forty cups a day, mixing it first with milk, butter, and a little roasted meal. But even without meal, and mixed only with a little milk, they can subsist upon it for weeks in succession. The effect of tea in this way of using it seems to be twofold; first, it directly nourishes by the gluten and milk or meal it contains; and second, it makes this food go farther, through the waste-retarding influence of the theine, which the boiling thoroughly extracts.

Though the four substances above-mentioned are the most important ingredients of the tea-leaf, it contains, besides, a large proportion of starch and gum, some of which will, of course, be extracted by boiling water, and give a certain nutritive value to the infusion. Tea, however, varies in composition with the mode of drying, with the age of the plant and of the leaf, with the season in which it is gathered, and even with the variety of shrub on which it is grown. Hence the proportion of the whole leaf which is extracted by boiling water varies much both in kind and quantity. It is customary to judge of the quality of a tea by its aroma, and by the flavor and color of the infusion it yields; and these, in the main, are said to be good guides; but chemistry indicates that some weight ought to be attached to the proportion of soluble ingredients it contains and yields to the application of boiling water.

It is necessary to mention that, in addition to the substances which tea naturally contains, others are sometimes added by way of adulteration. This is especially the case with the green teas, which are not all prepared by simply drying the leaf in the manner already described, but are often colored by the addition of blue, white, and yellow substances. Mr. Fortune, who saw the coloring performed in China, thus described the process:

The superintendent having taken a portion of Prussian blue, threw it into a porcelain bowl not unlike a mortar, and crushed it into a very fine powder. At the same time a quantity of gypsum was burned in the charcoal fire which was then roasting the tea. This gypsum having been taken out of the fire after a short time, readily crumbled down, and was reduced to powder in the mortar. The two substances thus prepared were then mixed together, in the proportion of four of gypsum to three of Prussian blue, and formed a light blue powder, which

was then ready for use. This coloring matter was applied to the teas during the last process of roasting. About five minutes before the tea was removed from the pans, the superintendent took a small porcelain spoon, and with it he scattered a portion of the coloring-matter over the leaves in each pan. The workmen then turned the leaves rapidly round with both hands, in order that the color might be equally diffused. To fourteen pounds of tea, about one ounce of coloring-matter was applied. During this part of the operation the hands of the workmen were quite blue. I could not help thinking that if any green tea drinkers had been present during the operation their taste would have been corrected and improved.

The Chinese themselves never drink this colored tea, and excuse the practice by saying that they resort to it solely because foreigners like to see their tea "look uniform and pretty;" and that, in consequence of the improved appearance, colored teas always fetch a higher price. Recently, it is said, indigo has been extensively substituted for Prussian blue, as being less injurious to the constitutions of consumers. The quantity of either substance employed, however, is so minute that, without justifying the adulteration, Professor Johnston thinks it unlikely that any serious consequences can have followed from it. In the case of Prussian blue, which is by far the worst, there is not above a third of a grain in an ounce of tea—a quantity so small as to be little dreaded. Nevertheless, the practice ought to be discouraged and abandoned; and people would act wisely in giving preference to teas that are uncolored.

The worst description of adulterated tea is one which is largely manufactured by the Chinese under the name of *Lie Tea*; consisting of the sweepings and dust of the tea-warehouses cemented together with rice-water and rolled into grains. This is made either black to imitate caper, or green to resemble gunpowder, and is manufactured for the express purpose of adulterating the best kinds of tea. While genuine tea yields only five or six per cent. of ash when burned, the *lie teas* leave from thirty-seven to forty-five per cent. of ash, consisting chiefly of sand and other impurities. These adulterated teas are imported into this country to the extent of half a million pounds' weight every year! The poorest classes, of course, from the necessity they are under of buying the cheapest teas, are the greatest sufferers by the fraud.

We have understood that tea is frequently adulterated in various ways after reaching England, but to what extent this is done we have no means of ascertaining. Our account has been confined to the growth and preparation of the article in China; and as Chinese tea is the only kind of tea with which we are practically concerned in England, and our space for treating of the subject is now run out, we shall not offer any information respecting the other varieties. Suffice it to say, that they are all greatly inferior in quality to the teas of China, and that they are used mainly in barbarous and imperfectly-civilized communities.

TENERIFFE—A SUMMER ABOVE THE CLOUDS.²

OF all places in the world to which an Englishman should wend his way for a summer holiday and an autumn residence, who ever would have thought of the Peak of Teyde for such an object? An enthusiastic young nobleman, it is true, chose a less lofty and more inhospitable rock for the goal of a voyage, driven by resolution, and something more, through savage ice-floes; and held himself rewarded when the snow-peak of Jan-Mayen revealed itself to him for an instant through a rifted world of clouds. But Lord Dufferin was a Sheridan no less than an Irishman, wherein psychologists and ethnologists may deem they see explanation enough of so strange a phenomenon. But the Englishman in whose company we would invite our readers to spend the next half hour, (Professor Smith,) is one well known to the astronomical world as a man of steady work, who has carried on sober converse with earth and stars in the southern as in the northern hemisphere.

More than one traveler has climbed the long slope that, rising from the sea, forms the island of Teneriffe. This gradual slope culminates in a large mural crater of several miles in diameter, and from the internal floor of this vast crater rises that central cone whose summit is hailed from far by the mariner as the Peak of Teyde.

So far from being an unattractive place, at least for a temporary visit, it has drawn forth the admiration of many a traveler.

² "Teneriffe: An Astronomer's Experiment,"
By Professor C. Plazzi Smith.

In Bishop Sprat's "History of the Royal Society" will be found an interesting account of an ascent of it. This account, indeed, is remarkably good, and though embellished with a few of those marvels which a first ascent to so great a height is likely to present to the excited fancy, the observations are minute, and the description of the scene is but echoed and re-echoed by subsequent visitors.

Among these latter, Captain George Glas must rank as perhaps the most important; for not only does he give an excellent account of his own experiences of the island, and of its ascent, made in September, 1761, but he also prefaces his work with a translation of a remarkable history of the early Guanche inhabitants of the island, and of the different masters before whose spirit of conquest and higher art of war they had to succumb.

At a later time Humboldt made the ascent, and others have since done so, but even Humboldt was not altogether beyond the reach of the deceptive influences of a new situation upon the fancy. For he described a strange oscillation of the stars, as seen by him from "the Ice-Cave," near the Peak, and left this new wonder to be explained by the science of a future day. It has been explained by Professor Smyth, who has shown it to have been caused by no abnormal atmospheric distortion, but by the simple fact that the great traveler was standing close to the spot from which hot vapors emerge, and whence they emerged at the period when the band of Englishmen made the ascent recorded by Sprat. Any one may reproduce Baron Humboldt's wonder by looking at a star or a distant cottage light over the surface of a heated lime-kiln.

All travelers have returned from the summit of Elbar (as the Moors named this pinnacle of the "Fortunate Islands,") with the same account of the view which it revealed to them. Humboldt has perhaps expressed its characters most completely by recording the high place he confesses it to have filled in his own memory. In his last retrospect of all the experiences of his mind—in those volumes which form, as it were, the index and table of contents to an encyclopedia which will be lost when his life ceases—he says that there were three scenes on which his thoughts would dwell with especial pleasure. A tropical shore, with a rippling sea,

on which the stars shone without tremor as he gazed at them, was one of those scenes. In another the deep valleys of the Cordilleras reposed between the lofty summits that enfolded them, and from those deep valley bottoms rose the loftiest palms in the world, lifting their slender stems above the denser tree tops; stems that bore aloft into the air a feathery canopy of graceful foliage, "a forest above a forest."

Do we wonder at a great human mind selecting such scenes of sublime silence as the most deeply impressive he had ever witnessed? Might we not perhaps have thought that one at least of his three memorial pictures would have been drawn in some teeming valley, not without natural beauties, with, it might be, a broad river fertilizing some expanse of corn-field and olive-garden, whose produce was borne upon that river's bosom; some vale of industry where man had made nature his true ally, and where a happy population tilled, and manufactured, and multiplied? But no such scene found its place in Humboldt's more vivid memories. So the third and most sublime of all those memories was that which revealed itself to him from the Peak of Teyde. This peak with its various names—the Elbar of the Moors, the Piton of the natives, Pan de Ajucar, or sugar-loaf, of the Spaniards, Pain de Sucre of the old geographers—rises into space a barren pinnacle of volcanic cinder. It incloses a small crater, and from the neighborhood of this crater puffs of steam and gas from time to time arise, whereby Desolation keeps on record, as it were, her right of tenure there, though her more terrible assertions and demonstrations of that right are now but rarely exhibited upon the scene. This peak forms, in fact, the most lofty of three prominences, which, uniting at their mid-height, form "a sort of molar tooth" that stands upon the floor of that vast crater before alluded to, and which Leopold von Buch, and following him, Professor Smyth, insist on calling a "crater of elevation." Of all the solitudes in Nature, it were hard to conceive one more abstract, more sublime than this weird summit. Overhead, the deep purple sky rears its dome through the summer months, almost unfiled by a cloud, by night as by day. But beneath that dome no smiling plain, with corn-fields and homes, no laughing sea—not even

cloud shadows—no sounds, no motion! You move, and the clink of a volcanic cinder rings in your ear, and links you for an instant to a world where sound is; but it has rolled to a place of rest, and you are again alone in frightful silence. Except for the hard reality of the tumbled masses of burnt rock, whose very wreck forms the ground you are standing upon, you might be in some fairy cloud-land, some "country of the Niebelungers," or some crater of the moon. For the mountain island, whose sides slope away from the ruin of the great crater to north, and west, and south, and which to the northeast alone is prolonged into something of a ridge, reveals to one standing on the peak but little of its contour; for the connection of that upper region with the lower world is quite cut off. It stands to all seeming not upon land, nor does it rise out of the sea, but rather appears based upon a vast platform of clouds, whose limit is the level circle of the horizon.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, it hangs like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.

And so long as the trade-winds blow does that interminable plain of dazzling cloud hang poised; a roof over land and sea, an immaterial base for that pinnacle of ashes and the wilderness that surrounds it to rise from. The cloud-plain is pierced to the northwest, perhaps by the summit of Palma, to the southwest by those of Gomera and Hierro, while to the southeast the Grand Canary just lifts its head into the solitude. Glas, indeed, affirms too that he saw the heights of Madeira far away to the north; but subsequent travelers do not confirm this belief by their own experience.

The great zone of cloud that thus girdles the highlands of the Canaries would seem to "lift" a little in the morning, and to sink again to its lower level in the night. It would appear, moreover, that the clouds which hug the highland-heights are distinct from, and do not actually mingle with, the great cloud-continent that enshrouds them. There are at times breaks between these opposing banks of vapor, and at such moments the glimpse obtained of the world below must be one fraught with strange contrast and with a poetic interest. Humboldt witnessed such a scene. As he looked down on the gleaming cloud-floor, its woof was torn, and through the rent

formed by the receding of the cloud-bank from the northern slope of the island, his eye traveled down from volcanic desolation to scenes of plenty and of life. What a strange view of one's fellow-men, and fraught with what strange contrasts of circumstance! Miles below one, a long day's journey down beneath one's feet, in clear morning light, but minute indeed at that long distance, lies a zone of cultivated territory. A little bit of sparkling ocean gleams there; sea it is not, for its ripples, that seem from that distance but

Mildly dimpling ocean's cheek,

are truly great undulations, vast Atlantic rollers, unceasingly regular, and of undiminished grandeur so long as the unflagging trades drive onward from north and west. That bit of ocean is fringed by a fragment of a pleasant land, a land of orange gardens and banana groves, where grow too those weird dragon trees; a land of teeming plenty, and densely peopled in its frequent hamlets. Its slopes are crowned with villas, and conspicuous among the clustered habitations reposes the port-town of Orotava. From this fringe of happy shore rises the island ever higher; rises indeed till at twelve thousand two hundred feet of altitude it culminates in the peak. When Humboldt looked on Orotava its slopes were vineyards; the cochineal cactus has now replaced the vines, which have shared the fate of their kindred in Madeira. But above the vineyards rose then, as rise now, those successive zones of varied vegetation which strikes so forcibly the minds of all who for the first time ascend a lofty mountain. Thus, as the traveler looks from that immediate foreground of slag and ash, and over the great crater with its precipitous wall, he sees the down-sloping middle distance, at first scantily, and then more densely clothed with bushes of the retama, (a plant of the broom class, peculiar to the island), and here and there with masses of the almost extinct pine of Teneriffe. The eye may not trace the further gradations in the mountain-flora, for the spectator stands at a vast distance from the zone of heaths that girdles the base of the retama-zone, and mingles with the ferns and grasses that follow next in the descent, enjoying the humid neighborhood of the cloud region. Lower still, laurels, and the less monotonous herbage of a warm temperate climate, herald the region of

semi-tropic vegetation, where euphorbiaceous plants abound, and where cactuses and fig-trees, and a thousand fruits, with palms and dragon-trees, pay their tribute to their half-Spanish, half-aboriginal Guanche cultivators. Such is Teneriffe as it reveals itself to the traveler in his descent from its pinnacle to its base.

The one who has not visited a volcanic region, who is not familiar with the great scenes of desolation such a region exhibits, its masses of lava lying in huge irregular rocks on the lines of the *coulès*, so huge in scale as only to be fully comprehended when seen from some distant point by a man who has "an eye for a country"—to such a one it would be a very difficult effort to realize to his own mind from mere description the scenery of Teneriffe, but especially difficult must it be to appreciate the scale on which that scenery is developed.

The great object of the novel expedition of Professor Smyth was to ascertain how far the revelations of the telescope in celestial space might be extended by selecting for the site of observation a point sufficiently elevated into the atmosphere to be above the lower, and therefore the denser and less pure, portions of the aerial envelope of our globe.

The astronomer has learned too well by experience how few nights, nay, how few hours, in the year are fit for observation of the stars or planets where minute records of their physiognomy are required. A hundred hours of good observation is a satisfactory retrospect for an astronomer at the end of a year. The remaining eight thousand six hundred and sixty hours have been marred; one half by the gay beams of gladsome day, and the rest by the malignant influences in the atmosphere, cloud-born, or of a more earthly parentage, as dust-haze or mist. A transit circle at Greenwich a few years back had to be erected with a telescope of large aperture to meet the increasing opacity and obstruction of the smoke-laden atmosphere of London. That the tops of mountains of considerable altitude rise above the region of ordinary cloud, and soar into one of the extremest dryness, was no new theory requiring an expedition to prove its truth. But the question of how far the powers of the telescope would be extended in that rarer medium by the removal of one third of the atmosphere from between its object-

glass and a star, and in what proportion the hours of such advantageous observation might be extended beyond those enjoyed at lower levels, involved hopes for the future of astronomy, and deserved experimental answer.

Professor Smyth has answered both questions, and favorably. In fact, whosoever would now carry forward astronomical inquiry by close observation of the physiognomy of planets, stars, or nebulae, would seem to economise both in his hours and in the size of the instrument requisite, by pitching his observatory on the summit, or as near to the summit of the Peak of Teyde, as he can find firm footing for his instruments. Other mountains may doubtless be found well adapted for such a purpose; but this particular mountain would seem especially well selected for the experiment, not only from its magnificent position in latitude for viewing all the important stars and asterisms, but for other reasons not less cogent. Thus, independently of its great height and its position in the neighborhood to the tropic, where the line of perpetual snow rises considerably above even its elevated summit, it enjoys an immunity from causes of atmospheric disturbance peculiarly its own. This immunity is secured by the circumstance before alluded to, of the Canaries lying in the region of the trade winds. From the equator to the poles a constant stream of warm moist air sets in from spring to autumn, through the higher regions of the atmosphere; while a return current of cold polar air sweeps along the surface of the globe from the poles to the Equator. The actual direction which these currents take is not due north and south; for the Boreal current starts with a southern direction and a certain given velocity. But as it proceeds down the latitudes, it traverses the surface of a spheroidal world which whirls, in proportion as you approach the Equator, more and more swiftly from west to east; and thus one standing on the globe near the northern tropic is borne rapidly athwart the down-sweeping trade wind, and not only is sensible of its northerly direction, but is conscious also of the resistance which it opposes to objects moving eastward with the earth, and so projected laterally, as it were, against the trade wind. Hence the direction of this wind, as felt at Teneriffe, is not from due north, which is its true bearing, but from

northeast, which is the resultant direction compounded of its own north-to-south movement, and the west-to-east rotation of the *sarant* who adjusts his spectacles on the sea shore of the Fortunate Isles. Of course the upper current reverses the conditions of the problem. It starts with the great velocity eastward due to its equatorial origin. It is a hot air, and therefore mounts, from its lightness, into the higher regions of the atmosphere. Its course is to the pole, to replace the cold air forming the north-to-south current. Naturally, therefore, it is a southwest wind; and few there are who do not know whether on any given morning the battles of the winds have left the country open to the desolate blasts of the cold polar northeast, or have left the victory in the hands of the "southwest wind rushing warm," and saturated with the vapors of the Atlantic.

The summit of Teneriffe pierces into a region of the air where a comparative calm is prevalent. Too high for the influence of the northeast trade, too low for the full current of its southwest counterpart, the Peak of Teneriffe continues, for all the months these trades are blowing, a point on the globe enjoying singular immunity from change in its atmospheric conditions. Dhwalagiri rears its unapproachable head among eternal snows, and the serene summit of Chimborazo is not less absolutely inaccessible. Europe and Africa offer no known mountain-tops where clear skies are so permanent, or where snows do not form the floor, and which are in any sense as accessible to them that go down to the sea in ships, from whatsoever nation, as is the case with the famous peak. The region of the air into which it rises is peculiar in every way. The hot air from the tropics, expanding in that high region from the removal from it of so much atmospheric pressure, has lost thereby much of its "sensible" heat, now become latent; while the moisture it deposited in the change has been left behind by it ere it left the "region of calms." The upper trade wind blows therefore cool and dry, its elastic substance having been expanded and become rarified by the diminution of the atmospheric column pressing on it; and having on that account less disturbing influence as a refracting medium upon the light of the heavenly bodies—a condition of high importance to the astronomer.

The mountain selected, there remained the important question of how to get there, and how to carry up to so great an altitude in a Spanish colony—which being Spanish, of course had no roads properly carried through the island—the weights involved in the transportation of astronomical telescopes and their mountings. Mr. Robert Stephenson, ever ready to assist in forwarding science, ordered the master of his beautiful yacht *Titania* to be in attendance on the astronomer, to bear him and his instruments to Teneriffe and back, to wait on him there, and to lend all aid that her crew might be able to give to him. And good service did each sturdy man of that crew render in the sequel.

The gallant yacht soon conveyed her scientific freight in safety to Santa Cruz, on the north part of the eastern shore of the island; and from thence our astronomer went round to Orotava, the port on the north, whence the ascent is always made to the summit of the peak.

The island of Teneriffe—Achineeche it was called by its aboriginal Guanche inhabitants—named Tonerifis in the history of Bethencourt's expedition for its conquest, called, probably by erroneous repetition of this name, the Isle de l'Infer, not to be confounded with Hierra, rises, as has been observed, with a gentle slope from the ocean. It runs out in the form of a triangle, with a base running from northwest to southeast, the bearing of the other sides being to a point some sixty miles from this base in a northwest direction; its shape being precisely that of a shoulder of mutton.

The "peak" is elevated on a lofty and broad crater, standing directly over the center of the "blade-bone." A deep chasm running toward Orotava on the north-west cuts through the wall of this large crater. It is the "Gate of Taoro," the name and seat of one of the little kingdoms of aboriginal Teneriffe. Elsewhere, this vast "mixing bowl" of the lavas, whose diameter is some eight miles, is pretty uniformly, except where it is partially obliterated by lava streams, enclosed by a mighty wall of perhaps one thousand feet in height. The sides of the crater, whose rim is formed by the summit of the rocks that thus plunge abruptly on the inner side down to its level, slope away from that rim on its outer edge by a gentle average inclination of 12° . This

slope of furrowed and torn mountain side, with its lava streams and ravines, falls away till, at the depth of about eight thousand feet, it meets the sea, beneath which it is unquestionably continued to a much further depth. The crater plain itself, if such a region can be called a plain, is a tumbled, rugged country of vast rocks, the crests of lava waves, and the crusted forms of the "foam" and wreathed flakes of once molten and now adamantine rock-streams. In such a scene one, indeed, may feel how tiny a thing is man in any single theater of nature's operation.

From out of this crater floor, but with a bearing in a line, which, passing through the chasm before alluded to as the Gate of Taoro, would also run nearly parallel to the shortest diameter of the mountain, the Peak of Teyde towers in slaggly majesty above the whole. From its summit, then, one looks down first into its own little crater cone; and next on to the shoulder of Rambleta, another of its whilom orifices, and then on to the Malpays, or masses of tumbled volcanic lava-slag that build up the whole. Chajorra lies to the southwest, a twin peak of smaller altitude, itself a volcano; while to the east the view is interrupted by a third volcanic mass, the Montana Blanco. In other directions the eye ranges over the vast panorama before described. An horizon of dazzling cloud-land, the large crater extending from the base of the peaks, its rim rising abruptly to the height of perhaps one thousand feet, at an average distance of four or five miles from where you stand, except in the chasm of the Taoro, and where lava streams have surged over it to the west. Beyond, the island slopes away, as has been observed, at an easy angle of some 12° till it is lost in the land clouds that, hanging to its sides, seem to hold at bay that great sea-born bank of clouds which is always watching, as it were, to advance on them from every side. Such are the general form and characteristics of the island of Teneriffe. The port of Orotava lies in the line of the chasm of the pass of the Taoro, which thus forms the natural approach to the summit of the peak, and facilitates the line of communication between the north and south of the island.

From Orotava, therefore, the expedition started. How it climbed the mountain, and how rude walls were raised for protec-

tion, a telescope mounted, and observations made; how an intrepid wife was content to dwell on a mountain top for all the months the reader must read to learn. Enough that we inform him that two spots were occupied; the first a tentative one, called Guajara, on the edge of the great crater; and after it was found that a "dust-haze," even at that elevation, interfered with observation, and that there was no fear of hot vapors or gaseous emanations communicating tremor or vacillation to the steady glances of the stars by removal to the peak itself; the point of Alta Vista, a position situate on an eastern buttress of the peak, was chosen for the final stand. It was late in the period of the trade-winds that the Pattinson Equatorial was mounted on this lofty spot. But Professor Piazzi Smyth had the delight of gazing through less of atmospheric medium than astronomers ever gazed through before, at stars that glared steadily as planets, at planets that seemed nearer than planets ever yet seemed; while the bands of cloud that so swiftly spin on the axis of Jupiter during that vast orb's short day, revealed the whorls and "cumulous" character of thin vaporous material which the very largest instruments only have detected from our lower world. Any one whose eye has been held by the magic spell of Saturn's wonders revealed by a large telescope, will feel disappointment in reading that the ringed planet was in so low a position in ascension during the night hours, as to have revealed no new feature to the astronomer of Teneriffe. One cannot help reverting to the idea of the strange combination of celestial and terrestrial things that must have been operating on the mind of any one but "a philosopher" in such a position. In that high isolation, "alone with the stars," the very earth and its habitations, its associations with human feelings, with love, with sorrow, with impulse, and with crime, all cut off from one not only by distance, but by a diaphragm of cloud as real and yet as unreal as the very veil itself that separates the corporeal and the spiritual, how solemn should be the thoughts of a man so alone in the universe.

One might expect that one schooled in the sublime lessons of such a mountain summit might come back to our world with his countenance shining, or with his

eye lit by an unearthly light, as those of the ancient mariner, and that he would have some stern teaching to impart to us. Our author's face, and eyes, and hands, are seen to have caught a ruddy hue from the influence of the dry air; but the teaching he has to impart to us is, although novel, no way extraordinary. He tells how he looked into the sky, and how, in scrutinizing the clearly funnelled cones standing on level ringed and rimmed discs, and the long radiating bands and broken-down mountain walls upon the moon, he might read as by literal translation from one language into another, the history of our old companion in space. The still volcanoes and broken crater rims, and long lines of lava *coulés* that they scanned upon her surface, were but miniature pictures of realities on a far vaster scale, whose counterpart they saw in the craters, and lava streams, and ravines that lay silent around and beneath them. And as if to confound still more the strange identity of forms the crater floor of Teneriffe afforded to lunar crater floors, one might scan upon the crater of Teneriffe little lines of rock which, when looked on from above, were so similar to the bright summits and their dark shadows that rag the edge of a young crescent moon, that the only name for them that seemed to define their nature, was that of the "lunar rocks."

Nor did this strange confusion of heaven and earth end here. The cloudy belts of Jupiter have been before alluded to. We look on these, not as we look on the clouds of our own earth, with the sun illuminating them from the other side, but we see them from above, from the same side as that on which the sun is gleaming, and where should we find the counterpart to such a scene, save on some point of elevation above sublunary things, from which man may gaze on the cloud-glories of his own planet, as the stars look on them; where, in short, but from the Peak of Teyde? And so from the Peak of Teyde the eye alternately scrutinized the cloudy belts that bar the latitudes on the sphere of Jupiter on both sides of his equator, and the band of clouds that spanned the space from horizon to horizon in the latitudes of the Canaries. And men might "look at each other with a dim surmise," and guess that perhaps Jupiter has his trade-winds too! And

one may ask, what do those clouds hide? Do living souls barter the good for the bad behind them, as beneath earthly clouds? Do those trade-winds bear commerce over tidal seas? Inscrutable questions! We may dismiss them from our thoughts unanswered. We dare not ridicule them.

The physical experiment made by Professor Smyth was of great interest, though its result will be more satisfactory when confirmed by future experiment. The question, Does the moon absorb all the sun's heat radiated to her, or does she reflect with the light she transmits to us the little quota of heat as well? is one to which no answer confirming the actual transmission of heat had ever yet been given. The experiment was made by the beautiful form of instrument adopted by Melloni for his exquisite experiments on what we may call the *heat-colors* of different substances. It consists in a little series of antimony and bismuth bars, minute as little threads, and soldered together in couplets, each composed of a bar of either metal. The whole are united in a bundle and connected together, and brought into metallic contact with each other at the ends in successive series. One copper wire starts from the last bismuth, and another from the first antimony bar of the little fagot of couplets. Now, wonderful to relate, any change in temperature in one end of a pair of bismuth and antimony bars so united induces an electric tension, and, *vice versa*, an electric current passed through them induces a change of temperature in the different ends of the bars.

Such a fagot as has been described gives the result of the change of temperature in a single couple, multiplied as many times in amount as there are couples, and therefore, to get the maximum amount of this extraordinary creation of electric force we have to make the bars as small as possible, in order that they may be as numerous as possible at the little sensitive square space where their ends form a surface on which the heat may fall and be measured. This measure of the heat is effected by the wires being made to convey the electricity produced by the heating of the ends of the metallic fagot. In order to do this they are coiled in such a manner round a magnetized needle as to take advantage of the law that an electric

current traversing a wire makes a magnet tend to point athwart the direction of the wire. The instrument embodying this principle is the galvanometer. Thus the fagot described, which is the "thermo-electric pile" of Nobili, becomes the most delicate conceivable meter of changes of temperature by reason of the electric current which is induced in it as it becomes hotter or colder, and which is measured by the deflections of the sensitive needle of the galvanometer.

Professor Smyth calculated the influence of the heat of the moon's rays to be less than half that of a candle placed at a distance of fifteen feet from him. Such a measurement of temperature is no doubt perfectly a possible one to effect. It will be satisfactory, however, that it should some day be confirmed by further observation.

Such were the general results achieved by the expedition to the Peak. We shall not follow the professor down again on board the *Titania*, nor linger with him among the pleasant gardens of Orotava with the pickers of cochineal, or with the little half-Spanish vagrants who traduce the Euphorbiaceæ; nor will we wander with him as pilgrims to the venerable Dragon-tree. But we must remonstrate with the cavalier manner in which he handles grave questions of volcanic geology, and, from the pinnacle of the Fortunate Isles, looks down with little reverence on views which the first geological philosopher of our time, not to speak of him merely as a philosophic geologist, has so ably urged on the attention of such as are interested in the subject. To respect a theory does not necessarily mean to accept it; but before speaking lightly of its positions it were well to study it; at any rate an off-hand condemnation of it savors somewhat of having prejudged it. Authority in matters of opinion in science is of no value in the absence of facts; but where two theories stand front to front, each supported by high authority, it argues at least irreverence to attack, with no new facts in one's armory, and with no arguments drawn from long study of the subject, the principles involved in either one theory or the other.

There are questions that are soluble and there are those those that are not. To solve by any but the vague argument of analogy and sympathy, and therefore

to arrive at any sure conclusion upon the plurality of worlds, none out of the vortex of the controversy can hope for or believe possible. The cosmogenic questions battled by Huttonians and Wernerians, by Plutonists and Neptunists, by the all-water or all-fire theories of old philosophy, involved, if you will, in the still older balance of fears to the human race between our being swallowed up by a deluge, or the elements being melted in a fervent heat, and the worlds shriveling like a scroll in the fire; these will perhaps be questions still as long as the rainbow glows against the summer-cloud, though very much of the difficulty that is contained in them, and many of the problems they involve, are being clearly stated and gradually answered by the advance of physical and chemical geology.

But it is hardly to be considered a hopeless task when the geologist addresses himself to the explanation of the conditions under which the volcanic masses on the earth's surface have been raised. The internal forces that upheave the earth or pour forth volcanic matter, are as yet unknown to us; but the mechanical conditions under which they operate need only careful observation and persevering induction.

Two views are in the field claiming the solution of this problem; but as in many other cases in science the assaults of each upon the other expose the weakness involved in the positions of each, and, as in the "contact" and "chemical" theories of electric causation, the two theories are becoming more or less convergent to the same point. That theory will have less to alter in its original positions which has involved the least of gratuitous hypothesis, just as in the great contest of the undulatory and emission theories of light, the former has held its ground so persistently, while the latter has had ever to assume new conditions with every new assault made upon it by its antagonist. As with the historian, so is it with the geologist, for geology is a department of history. There are historians who dwell on the great crises of the human world to explain the order of procession of human action; and there are historians who look on such crises as but the crests of the waves of historic circumstance; the tide will rise though each wave retreat, and those waves are the culminating result of long-gather-

ing causes, the accumulated integral of human action, whose differential composing units are to be sought in the history of each unit man, and by scrutinizing the characteristics of the human heart in its daily experiences. The thunderstorm is the catastrophe following the accumulation of electric tensions in each and every particle of vapor that has played its part in the motions of the air over a large area, and that have been gathering through a length of time. It is not a new force that leaps from the thundercloud, as the meteoric may fall from space.

Even so the geologist may interpret the past by the present, or may seek to explain the changes that have transformed the surface of the globe by calling to his aid crises, catastrophes and agencies, in short, to which man has not been a witness. It has been the view of the school of philosophy to which Sir Charles Lyell had been the geological interpreter, and in which he has been one of the most distinguished teachers, that the phenomena with which geology deals are the results of actions which we have but to consider attentively in order to recognize them as operative agencies in the actual world we live on. The one school looks on the past as a period of catastrophes and violent operations of nature, all incomparable to and inconsistent with the apparent constancy and permanence of the existing order of things. The other school interprets the long series of geological changes by referring them to the continued action of those very forces which a closer inspection shows us to be constantly and permanently operating on every point of the globe's surface, on the granite substance of the eternal hills, on the shifting sands of a sea-shore, or the tranquil deposit of the mud of a river-bed.

The strife between the rival views that contend for the explanation of the operative causes that raise a volcano comes to an issue upon one question: Has the volcanic matter been invariably piled up, as it were, by successive eruptions layer on layer, and so a mountain formed by ash and lava hurled up through the volcanic orifice, and falling down to be deposited around it, or flowing over in a liquid state, and so producing an elevation of a conical form? or has another cause been also at work in sudden and prodigious upheaving forces lifting

the volcano as in a moment, like some huge bubble on a seething caldron of viscous fluid, and leaving it a cracked and fissured protuberance on the surface of the globe?

Sir Charles Lyell maintains that no known volcano needs the latter explanation; that no example of such a sudden upheaval has been witnessed in historic times, and that if we can explain volcanic facts by the processes we do see in action, those processes are the only causes which we can philosophically assign in explanation of the facts. His opponents take the opposite ground, maintaining that "eruption" is not a sufficient explanation of all the facts brought to light regarding the structure of volcanoes, and that some supplementary explanation, such as the sudden upheaval into a mountain of an area previously level and quiescent, is necessary to the clearing up of the difficulties of the problem. The chief argument of the upholders of the latter view rests upon the mechanical structure of some of the rocks composing volcanic mountain masses, on the laws which are supposed to regulate the flow and consolidation of floods of molten stone, and on the necessity which is forced on the geologist of acknowledging that the rock material of many volcanic summits must have been deposited beneath the sea; an acknowledgment entailing enormous upheavals as the only explanation of the elevation of the compact lava to so great a height. Shells, too, are shown gathered high up on volcanic slopes, and are pressed into the arguments as proof of such upheavals.

Their antagonists join a general issue to these assertions. The sudden upheaval of a small area into a volcano is not, say they, to be confounded with those gradual elevations or depressions of vast regions of the surface of the globe to which geology bears testimony in every sea-shell and every pebble that is broken from its parent rock. What are mountain-tops now, were, in a thousand cases, sea-bottoms at a former time. There are even denuded volcanic cones that bear their evidence to this almost universal law. But shells on volcanic cones can also be traced to another origin, to the breaking up, namely, and to the hurling into the air of the first broken fragments of the strata through which the first volcanic burst has torn its way; and this is the only satisfactory ex-

planation of their presence under the circumstances in which they have yet been found among the actual material of any volcano. But that a volcano should have emerged from the sea necessitates no violent upheaval of its mass as an isolated protuberance, and the "upheaval theory" would gain no particle of support for its principle by the proof that a gradual elevation of a wide sea bottom had raised the group of the Canaries from shallows into dry land, and had lifted the old crater of Teneriffe from below the sea to above the clouds, at a period prior to that at which the peak was formed. The assertion of the submarine origin of this volcano is as yet without any proof. Were it proved it would still need the further steps in the argument that should establish its organization having occurred by the sudden projection upward of an island composed of ancient sea bottom, and not by the deposit beneath the sea of volcanic ashes and outpoured lava streams, under the ordinary conditions of volcanic eruption to which Sir Charles Lyell contends that all such volcanic phenomena may be referred.

But one asks for a shell from the crater walls of Guajara, and one asks in vain; Professor Jukes sought for but found them not, and our astronomer gives a sneer only for a reply. "Good geologists," says he, "have not yet looked in the right place," or else this "cruel dig" at the hypothesis he maintains would be of no point! The production of one little shell would have been a more comely argument, better in its silent testimony than the curt phraseology of the astronomer.

Another argument for the submarine origin of Teneriffe is drawn from the character of its lavas and dykes, and the comparatively high angle at which these flank its sides. But here again one asks for a proof that tabular stony lavas cannot possibly be deposited except under the sea, nor at a higher angle than 50° or 60° , and cannot therefore be formed at the gentle slope of Teneriffe of 12° . There is on the other hand little doubt; nay, recent research has given indubitable proof, that such lavas can be produced at far higher inclinations than these.

Finally, one is told that subsidence necessarily involves upheaval, and that subsidence is necessary as an explanation of sunken precipices in the Gate of Taoro

and elsewhere. But subsidence is equally explained by the undermining action of eruption: for whether the matter has been pushed up *en masse* or ejected in detail, it must come from somewhere, and when the gaseous forces ejecting or erupting it have spent themselves, a void may as readily be conceived to remain by the one theory as by the other.

One may also allow, for the sake of argument, that the ice cavern on Teneriffe, like some of the small mounds on the surface of the Vesuvian crater, may be the result of an upheaval, a sort of blistered bubble on a lava torrent; but it were a strange argument to draw from this avowal that the mighty island mountain of Teneriffe is such a bubble on the face of the globe, and is in this respect only one among ten thousand other mountains of similar construction.

The neither impossible nor improbable view of the submarine formation of Teneriffe is not yet proved. Far less can the cautious reasoner take the further step of declaring that the mass of the mountain has not been formed by and is not composed of erupted matter, but has been pushed up by some Titanic heave of the earth, not applied under a wide sea-bottom, but confined to the isolated region whose limits are the iron-bound shores of the queen of the Canaries.

But leaving the geological flights of the astronomer, we come home with him to a subject all his own, and bid adieu to his little volume with admiration for the beautiful application of a well-known principle for which astronomy and navigation will perhaps have hereafter to remember his trip to Teneriffe with grateful recognition. Few people looked on Foucault's pendulum experiments to prove the rotation of the earth, and the wonderful toy called the Gyroscope that illustrates their principle, as other than a philosophical conceit, pretty in its conception, but valueless in its result. But science works in faith, and, content with the addition of a new stone in the building up of the aspiring column of human knowledge, she little cares to speculate on the weight or the ornament it may be the lot of that stone at another time to carry. The permanency of its direction in space which a rotating body seeks to maintain has been employed by Professor Smyth to take observations at sea by giving a telescope a

position which for a short time shall be fixed and independent of the motion of the ship that carries it. A table whirling with enormous velocity, and mounted on gimbals, is the simple instrument by which he has shown the practicability of achieving this most important result.

SIRENS OF A CERTAIN AGE.

READING, in a late number of the "Virginians," sundry love-passages between a lady of a certain age and a youth of somewhat uncertain wisdom, we were painfully stricken by the unchivalrous manner in which our knight of the pen wielded that formidable weapon. The masculine party in said love-passages is let off with some humiliating pity; while Lady Maria, aged forty-one, with false teeth and deranged digestive organs, is first stripped of all her miserable little vanities sartorian and cosmetic, then pilloried unblushing in default of rouge, and finally flayed scientifically and deliberately. Apollo operated not more skillfully on Marsyas; James, Duke of York, did not watch writhings of *booted* Scotchmen with a more pleasant complacency. Is this quite fair, Mr. Thackeray? There being two parties to the love-passages, shall one—and she the weakest and most pitiable—bear all the blame? Supposing that Lady Maria had been just twenty years younger, would not that "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" have come to us as the sweetest of Idyls! Alas! that twenty years of sorrow, and weariness, and disappointment should make a poor woman deserving of pasquinades in place of love-sonnets, of puncturation by thorns instead of embosomment in roses. Alas! that, of conventional necessity, the young Lydias are to be sighed to, the old Lydias are to sigh!

In days of chivalry, it was instituted that women were to be honored above all, and sheltered from every slightest breath of slander, "because from them, after God, comes all the honor that men can acquire." We will not ask too particularly whether loss of teeth in an aging Dulcinea had, in those times, any appreciable effect on the quantity and quality of knightly admiration. False teeth were not invented, and their lack would doubtless be painfully obtrusive when Dulcinea was eating from Quixote's plate, as was

the wont of gallantry. Those suits of armor had a man inside them possessed of eyes and ears, and other sensual organs, and perhaps practice did not quite equal theory. Still the theory existed, and was good. Next to God was woman honored; not her beauty, nor her youth, but her sex: honored as being in all things the weaker, and so the crowning and completing correlative of the otherwise incomplete strength of man.

Chivalry is not altogether extinct in this nineteenth century, say what they will. Blooming maidens have yet their disinterested knights and Minne-singers, who neither send round the helmet nor get up subscription-lists; they have still their reverent worshippers, who kneel, but do not presume to bid for them; though Ethel Newcomes are sometimes profanely "sold!" On the whole, blooming maidens cannot complain; they receive much incense and many hecatombs, prayers and adjurations without number. Goddesses, they accept such pious offerings, and like them; but blooming maidens (heaven-born though they be) have some sweet touch of humanity in them; and so spring blossoms into summer, and summer trembles upon autumn. They have still a liking for incense and for sacrifice; in some cases cannot bear to give them up; starve without them in meagre famine. What shall be done? Worshippers daily desert their shrine; less and less honey of Mount Hybla, fewer and more withered chaplets. Shall we blame, if the Pentelic image resort to extraordinary means? if even it descend from its pedestal like Hermione? if, like Pygmalion's statue, it flush into a rosy smile, or flash liquid fire from living eyes, or stretch to lingering votary a pulsing hand of more than mortal beauty? Winking Madonnas have remade their fame ere now. What shall our "siren of a certain age" do, when her old songs lure no more jolly young mariners? what, but strive to voice a more dulcet, soul-enthraling melody?

It is true enough that increasing age should bring with it appropriate change of some sort. The child lays aside its toys; youth its toys of other kind; maturity its toys, too; and so senility, till life itself lays aside all such toys forevermore. But what particular epoch shall mark the end of the old, the beginning of the new stage? Some people are never, others always,

children; some are drunk from the cup of Hebe, and so have perennial youth. We find senility under love-locks, and babyhood under gray hairs. Age is only relative. Though the body must submit to temporal laws, the soul is free of them. Even the body sometimes holds such laws at bay. Ninon de l'Enclos *must* be mentioned in an essay like the present—let her be mentioned here. On what precise day of her life does our blooming maiden begin to be of a certain age? in what year, in what luster, at which climacteric? When does she begin to confess to herself, "I am getting old?" The looking-glass, that daily companion and private friend, tells flattering tales. Hair grows gray *gradually*; roses and lilies fade, and wrinkles deepen *inappreciably*. Even while the finger of scorn is already pointed, while worship is changing fast into mockery, she is wholly unconscious that her divinity hath departed from her. The people of Veii dreamed not that Juno Regina had left them—were sacrificing to her when Camillus burst into the citadel. Not Anthony, but his sentinels, heard the solemn music, to sound of which "the god Hercules" passed away from him. Even when her eyes are opened, she thinks it is her own secret. What others have been cackling at for long, she at length awakes to, and says she will keep the secret. Our poor goddess has still her little vanities, her liking for Sabeian odors and sacrificial cates. She begins to see that a time may come when she shall lose these, when she must starve on the bitter refuse of former feasts—a lonely, unshrined goddess, weather-beaten, and worn, and unlovely, scoffed at by pilgrims who pass on to other altars. Such a time *may* come. The thought is very sad: shall she not make the most of the present?

Sympathy is all on the side of the "young Harry Warringtons." We confess that we are of the opposition: we have a certain tender pity for the "Lady Marias." Love-passages require two performers: both may be active, or one passive; they may be dupe and duped, buyer and seller, or what not; either sex may play either part. Women have their weaknesses and vices in these matters, as well as men. Coquetry comes by nature, and takes its various forms according to circumstance, coarser or finer, as it is manifested in a soubrette or her mistress,

in a Charmian or a Cleopatra. It is but the *desire of pleasing* in a particular phase; not a vice of itself, certainly. But the end which it often aids as a means is an indubitable vice. It, like all other natural gifts—a musical ear, a sweet voice, a graceful form—is cultivated and used artistically; is brought into the market as a commercial instrument; has its recognized value; helps to sell its possessor for so much more, being not merely a pretty piece of red cloth, innocently dazzling the eyes of silly fishes, but a piece of red cloth with a hook behind it. Here is a crying sin, which might be justly called by very hard names indeed.

If, then, our "siren of a certain age" have not put off this desire of pleasing together with her youthful bloom, we will not harshly blame. Even if there be a degree of desperateness in her manifestations, it is only natural. She finds it more and more difficult to please; and shall she not exert greater and greater efforts? She has been habituated to sympathy and admiration for long years; habit is second nature; this sympathy and admiration have become a necessity. The little weaknesses which we forgive, nay, commend, in our blooming maiden, must be forgiven also to our maiden who has lost her bloom. The bit of red cloth, though somewhat faded, shall be suffered to charm the eyes of such odd fishes as are thereby charmable; and if we laugh at its laborious attempts to look very red, let it be a kind laugh, sympathetic with human weakness and human sorrow. But if there be the hook behind, we will not forgive. If Lady Maria use her antiquated charms with intent to captivate, not Harry Warrington, but Harry Warrington's Virginian estates, then shall Lady Maria be held up to scorn and derision—derision, not of her forty-one years, nor of her pseudo-fascinations, but because she constitutes herself a marketable article. Lovely Ethel or unlovely Maria, what does it matter? The crime is absolute, not of degrees; or, if degrees are to be admitted, she who sells her hand to a Marquis of Farintosh while she gives her heart to a Clive Newcome, is more blameable than the other who has no Clive. Not human weakness this, but a horrible stifling of human nature!

These, our sirens, are popularly looked upon as cunning schemers, cold-blooded, literally partaking of the fishy nature,

marble-hearted vampires who, having but apparent vitality themselves, pitilessly suck with icy lips the warm throbbing vitality of youth. The jolly young mariners who did not stop their ears with wax or tie their bodies to the mast, have no end of dirges sung over their siren-picked bones! People like to make monsters, to realize sick dreams, and to attach serpent-tails or harpy-wings to human forms. Yet it seems to us that our sirens are equally as human as are the mariners; weaker than they bodily and mentally, having less knowledge, less cunning, equal trustfulness. If the mariners hear not the quaver of age in the song, nor see the leanness of the beckoning arms, nor mark the foggy obscuration of the starry eyes, but steer their bark straight to the perilous shore, it seems to us to be the fault of none but themselves. Nay, sometimes it happens that even when the voice is silent, and the eyes closed in sad sleep, a young helmsman, fancying a beauty in the quiet form, will turn his prow that way, and so awaken the lonely sleeper from weary dreams to sweet reality. It is never very evident to bystanders which of the two parties concerned is the first to begin love-passages. At all events, Harry Warrington was no innocent baby, to be utterly at the mercy of a "designing woman." He had seen a good deal of what is called life in Virginia, and was able to defend himself tolerably against the sharp practice of his English kinsfolk masculine. If her ladyship had her antecedents, so had he his. He did not stake quite a fresh heart against her faded one. We firmly believe that those organs had their tremors and palpitations on both sides, and that, when the rupture came, the elder of them suffered sore pains. Shall we pity the deserter, and ridicule the deserted?

Such unequal love-passages, and further, marriages thus unequal, are not very infrequent. No one doubts that it is better for ages to be reasonably proportional, better on many considerations; but that such unequal passions are mere insanities, and that if encouraged they necessarily produce miseries and hatreds, there are sufficient facts to disprove. As Coleridge and others have before observed, the men who are bewitched by women of very ordinary attractions are generally men of a peculiar mental temperament, namely,

those in whom the imaginative faculty predominates over the sensuous. Such enthrallment is no index of blindness and fatuity, but may be philosophically explained. Those who penetrate a little more deeply than mankind at large into the mysteries of existence, arrive at a conviction that body and time, and all other forms and modes of this world, are the mere *appearances*, in which the only real *essence* (the spirit) is here manifested. This conviction tinges their appreciation of all things. It seems but natural that a man who looks upon time as an unreality, should not be startled by the forty-one years of his mistress; that one who believes all shapes to be mere illusions, should consider rather her inner than her outer form. The sympathy or love which he feels within will be to him the reality, and so the only measure of fitness. Such non-material views, variously modified, must spring up in earnest and powerful minds. Men of this stamp are mentally out of the range of conventionality, seeing with their own eyes and judging with their own judgments.

Accordingly we find that many of our great men have married women much older than themselves. Let us consider, for example, our heroes, as set forth by Mr. Carlyle: Mohammed and his Kadijah, Shakspeare and his Anne Hathaway, Johnson and his Widow Porter, Napoleon and his Josephine. We are glad that our sirens of a certain age have types so glorified. The married lives of these, we take it, were not unhappy. Mark Mohammed's answer to his young and beautiful wife Ayesha, asking if she is not better than was the dead Kadijah—"No, by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the world I had but one friend, and she was that." Think of Johnson's unchanging admiration and love for that vain and vulgar "Tetty!" If we smile at accounts of his elephantine love-gambols, seen through key-holes by curious boys, it is no smile of scorn. He believed that very ordinary person to be a personification of beauty and of grace, and of delicate wit. In his own dim eyes was the beauty which he saw in her. We bring our ideas of things with us—do not receive them from the things. No one will deny that their domestic life was happy. Again, Napoleon and Josephine: as far as he could love anything, he loved

her. She had all the external advantages, it is true; and we are scarcely accustomed to consider this as a marriage unequal in point of age, though such it was, as dates prove. Did Marie Louise ever take the place of Josephine? Anne Hathaway reversed the classic legend: Orpheus with his divine music had silenced and conquered the sirens; but this siren conquered Orpheus. They say that Shakspeare's domestic life was unhappy; that in a well-known passage of "Twelfth Night" he makes warning allusion to such marriages as his own. Coleridge was always very strong upon this point. It may be; but what do we know about Shakspeare? There are none but the most chaotic scraps of information regarding him. If we are to judge that love in this case turned to indifference, we find more than this cause of disparity for the fact. Shakspeare's life, they tell us, was not immaculate; and there are stories about his wife. The passage in "Twelfth Night" gives wise warning, but does not at all prove that bitter experience gave rise to it. No sane man, discussing the subject generally, would speak otherwise. In lack of clearer knowledge, we prefer to think that Shakspeare lived happily with his Anne Hathaway. He bequeathed to her "his second-best bed." Herein lies, to us, a meaning very opposite to that which old commentators gave to it.

To descend from heroes to people whom we all know, were not Esmond and his wife happy?

Much has been written about love, and many elaborate theories enunciated thereon. It is a great mystery. It seemingly pervades all existence. Human love is but a phase, one might say—a mere symbol of the universal power. Yet this human phase is what we call love, and consider it whole and complete in itself. In Plato's Symposium a facetious hypothesis is started—that on a time the human race, through anger of the gods, were all bisected vertically. Henceforth each half hungers after its other half, and has no rest until it find it. All the craving for sympathy, for praise, for admiration, for love, is the effort of the incomplete being to find that which shall complete it. Children, as soon as they are out of leading-strings, set forth on this search. They often are deceived, and are inclined to take to themselves moieties that belong to

others; sometimes, it would seem, they do not discover their error until too late, and so two halves, which are not homogeneous, are joined together and never form a whole: sometimes, again, they go searching all their days, and die incomplete at last. It is not easy for others to decide what moieties are homogeneous: it is likely that the half which seeks should be best able to judge of its kindred half. Altogether there is mystery about it. If our sirens of a certain age discover their veritable moieties in mariners much younger than themselves, so let it be. If they wrongly fancy such discovery, and the mistake is detected in due time, we will have pity for their disappointment. If the detection be not made till too late, let both try to assimilate the unlike halves as much as possible. Lastly, to such sirens as are doomed to die incomplete, we will give heartfelt and chivalrous sympathy. Perhaps, after all, they are the happiest—complete in themselves—exceptions which prove the general rule of vertical bisection. The crescent-moon is still a sphere, though purblindness cannot perceive that same.

A PEEP AT THE FAR WEST.

BY AN ENGLISHER.

NO sameness is so wearisome as that encountered at sea. I will not, in consequence, inflict *ennui* upon the reader by a recapitulation of our no-doings on board ship in a trans-Atlantic voyage to Boston. The commander of the vessel in which I made the passage was a kind, attentive, open-hearted, and obliging seaman, resident in the port to which I was bound. We had what was called a "fair" run, though to me "fair" was "foul," for no funeral procession could exceed in sluggishness the "pleasant and speedy passage" we made, adopting the captain's phraseology. The animal yclept the sloth, which takes a week to climb a tree, was in motion swift as "greased lightning" to that of the vessel, judging by my feelings, and using the Yankee term so expressive for the occasion, if not implying the most elegant of comparisons.

Boston Bay is pretty, studded with green islands. The entrance to the harbor is narrow, and, in appearance, strongly defended; they told me, with a hundred

and fifty mounted guns. I was surprised at the form of quarantine being gone through, though it would appear only as a matter of form. Several Bostonians came on board, and were not merely civil but really polite. They had been boating, and proffered me some of the fruit they had taken with them for use during their excursion. We were tugged up to our anchorage off the far-famed Bunker's Hill, so renowned in the War of Independence.

I was struck with the clearness of the atmosphere around me, so different from that of the "Old Country," as some of the Boston Americans still call England. They informed me that anthracite coal alone was burned in the city, but that could hardly have been the cause, though it gives out but little smoke. The heat was excessive, the thermometer standing at ninety-eight degrees, and yet there was no appearance of haze in the horizon; a thing I could not comprehend.

The city, regularly built, though the streets are rather narrow, was completely old English in aspect; that is, it bore a resemblance to some of our older towns, in which the aspect of half a century ago is unmasked by newer edifices. It is much of it substantially erected of the granite found in the vicinity, whence it bears, in its native nomenclature, the name of the "granite city." The suburbs, to which passengers and goods are conveyed by steam-ferries, are remarkably still and free of bustle. There the houses, generally built of wood, are painted of a light color, and the windows have all green Venetian blinds, looking clean and airy. In the city, the market-place of bluish granite, and the Custom-house, supported by columns of the same material, each of a single stone, struck me as the most remarkable edifices. Referring to the last-mentioned establishment, I found its officers very civil, doing the duty without annoyance beyond what was necessary. I was told they were very highly paid compared to our own, and that one there did the duty of half a dozen in England.

It was a pleasing source of reflection, so far from home, to find myself apparently among English people, to hear my native tongue spoken by all around me, and to find so little difference in manners, and in the aspect of the streets and shops. Still, the latter were but second-rate to those at home, and drapery goods dear. The

difference in the dialect here did not equal that between a town-bred Londoner and one bred in some of the English counties. To reflective persons this must be a source of honest pride. The language of our island must soon rule from the Arctic to the Darien isthmus, in America, among a population of hundreds of millions, and in like manner will it soon prevail over the vast shores of Australia.

A street called Eleventh-street was one of the handsomest I saw in the city. I visited what is called "the Common," a sort of park for promenade, having an undulating surface, tastefully planted. There is a noted willow-tree here, looked upon as a relic, and fenced round, remarkable for having sprung up from a gentleman's walking-stick. There was a museum, which I did not visit, and a theater near it. I found the acting poor, and the audience scanty, owing, perhaps, to the great heat of the weather—greater than had been felt for years—and barely sustainable in such a place among a closely-packed audience, even by the natives of an American climate.

The gentlemen appeared to me much more English than those of New-York, or any of the country whom I had met in England. There was more mildness of manner, and even gentleness, particularly in the presence of the other sex. Slenderer in frame than the men of this country, as well as the women, they were urbane and even polite in manner. I have to express my full sense of their kindness and hospitality.

The New-Englanders are among the best specimens I have seen of their country. Very far above the usual mark of English tradesmen in appearance, manner, and modes of thinking, they may be said to hold a place between the tradesman and the gentleman at home. As to manner, they were neither rude nor servile. The American ladies did not strike me so highly. Two or three beautiful young faces I certainly encountered, but the generality were thin, and pallid of complexion. Of the two or three sweet faces I met among the young, their mode of dressing did not set them off to advantage. In a general way, the fair sex does not inspire the stranger with those favorable ideas which in some other countries they seldom fail to produce. Their pale, marble features and complexion, with their fragile

forms, are not met by those artificial means which tend to obviate such disadvantages even among the more juvenile. Those near middle life seem to fade prematurely at a period when in Europe beauty is often in its ripeness of bloom. That the American ladies are by no means as attentive as they might be to gracefulness in their attire must be fully admitted. In their morning habiliments they often look slovenly, in place of wearing them gracefully loose and easy. Here and there in the streets, though but rarely, did I see a female elegantly or even well dressed. The majority were in appearance such as, coming into one of our cities from the rural districts, are often called "country cuts." They seemed much less refined than the same class in Europe. Their voices were loud, and struck me as being greatly disproportionate to their light bodily frames.

I cannot, before I leave this city, omit to mention that the high temperature of the day was moderated at sundown by the most delicious freshness of the atmosphere. All appeared to be new born at sunset; nor did I suffer from the intense heat so much as I expected. Weak brandy-and-water was represented as the best beverage to keep up the perspiration, the existence of which here is so necessary to health. Day after day the temperature has been nearer 100 deg. than 90 deg. of Fahrenheit. Despite the extremes of heat and cold, I should consider Boston and its society one of the pleasantest residences for an Englishman, out of the "Old Country," in which his native tongue is spoken. I should prefer it to any of our colonies, in which there are always too many classes full of silly pretension.

I took leave of one or two American acquaintances with regret. Genuine hospitality was displayed to me on every side, though I scarcely possessed a single introduction. I took a place on the Boston and Worcester Railway to Albany by express. The country through which I passed agreeably disappointed me. It was in most places densely wooded, and the green color of the surface fresh and deep as at home. Some parts through which we passed so much resembled Derbyshire and the west of Yorkshire, I could scarcely believe I was not in my own dear island. Wooden houses, which here and there appeared, tended to weaken the il-

lusion that I was not in Old place of New-England. Huge granite blocks in some places seemed as if rained over the ground; they were apparently from twelve to eighteen feet square. Streams amid dark forests, and the gorgeous appearance of some wild flowers, and azalias in profusion, I could notice in my rapid transit. I left Boston at one o'clock, and reached Albany at half past eleven; a fine town, constructed for the most part of red brick, the shops much finer than in Boston; indeed, equal in some respects to those in Oxford-street at home.

At Albany I took up my quarters at a boarding-house in one of the principal streets. The best are Broadway and State-street. The prices of manufactured goods I found high here compared to England, but groceries and spirits cheap. I left Albany for Buffalo, a place of great traffic, and populous but straggling. It has a novel air in everything, and seemed to have sprung up mushroom fashion, nothing appearing to be the result of design, but all as if the inhabitants had set out their dwellings originally by accident, and afterward had attempted to make a uniform town upon an accidental arrangement of the houses.

I inspected Niagara, which has been described to satiety. It lies but a short distance from this busy, bustling, and outlandish place, which bids fair to be one day, from its position, a first-rate town of the Union, if it is not so at present.

My intention when I first set out was to visit the Lakes as far as Michigan, and then cross the Mississippi into Iowa, for I determined to penetrate into the far West, so as to obtain some idea of nature in her wildest mood. The business which brought me to America I concluded in the few days I spent at Boston, and nothing remained to prevent an overland journey to California, if I felt inclined to return home by Cape Horn or Panama. I therefore proceeded to Toledo by railway, along the shore of Lake Erie, toward the west. The shores of the Lakes are generally flat and uninteresting. The railroad passes through primeval forests, and in many places intercepts the view of the great inland seas over which no opposing shore is perceptible. Toledo appeared to be one of those ephemeral places of which so many are scattered all over the States; infant towns which in time grow into popu-

lous cities, where, as here, a busy trade by the Lake shipping is carried on. The railway enters Toledo upon piles driven into the soil beneath the bed of a river, the rails being laid on cross timbers upon their tops. The heat was intolerable, and the dust added to the suffering. The carriages, too, of which one class was lined with Utrecht velvet, added to the high temperature, increased the inconvenience, and made me get into the second-class carriages, which were without linings. These long carriages are more convenient than ours. They hold eighty persons, who sit facing the engine. Each seat will contain two persons, and between the seats there is a walk down the middle. Thus four sit in a line, two on each side of the walk or passage, which runs from end to end. The seats turn over, so that a party of four friends may, if required, sit facing each other. The first-class carriages are generally preferred for sleeping in when traveling at night. The price is the same for both kinds. There were no blinds to keep out the dust, which came in to an extent almost suffocating. The railway engines were not of Stephenson's pattern, appearing far more complicated. A deep-toned bell sounded on leaving the stations or while stopping. This can be heard at a considerable distance by any other engine that may chance to be approaching, and is an excellent safeguard.

The country seen from the rail being generally forest, possessed little interest. I arrived at the station at Chicago after an uninterrupted ride of a thousand miles, as I should judge. Not cheered by the aspect of one of the worst places I had ever seen in the Union, I began to look about me for quarters. They told me the upper part of the town was better than the vicinity of the station, and there was need enough of it. Low, villainous boarding-houses lay thickly scattered there. One of these I entered. A due sense of the necessity of a night's rest after traveling so long by rail could not but be felt. I took the word of a porter, who happened to be standing there, in the way of "recommendation;" a word never to be taken in Yankeeland upon any consideration, as I found from experience, if a wearied traveler has a regard for the commonest comfort. The hotel-keepers engross all the cars, I believe keep them, to secure the passengers. Therefore walk up the

nearest street, (if you are a stranger such is my advice,) until you see a tolerably decent house; that is, if you can find what I never could yet discover in this part of America without great pains. I found a place in this way, called the "New-England Boarding-house," but had the mortification to be told they had retired for the night. It was about half past ten, P. M. "And I guess you want supper, but we never cook for anybody whatever after that hour." Nothing would they give me in their pride of independence but a glass of lemonade. I was then shown into a dusty, dirty room, with no traces of furniture save two stump beds, having patchwork quilts. On asking for a washstand, they said such things were never brought up stairs—everybody washed below at the *tap*! Jaded, hungry, and forlorn, I saw there was no help for the misery, and prepared to get into bed, when an alarm of fire was raised. The flames appeared close by, and I observed that the houses were of wood. I was much alarmed, and my alarm did not diminish when a well-meaning Irish servant assured me there was no occasion for it, as there was "a fire in Chicago almost every night." The next day I was told that nearly a whole street had been consumed, but that it was nothing; fires and robberies were the commonest of all things in the western locations. They might have added, and swarms of those insects, too, which so honor the houses in our own British metropolis. They certainly must have exceeded in number, in this paradise of the West, any that tormented the Egyptian Pharaoh in the days of old. The Irish servant the next morning consoled me by saying, "And is it not true that nobody can answer for what may be found in his house in this place? it's different in old Ireland, you know; and don't I wish I was back there again—and I do."

Chicago is one of those American towns which has arisen with astonishing rapidity. The place stands on the south end of Lake Michigan, on the west shore. The ground is level, and it lies on both sides of a river of the same name. The houses, run up within a few years, of all shapes and materials, are said to contain fifty thousand inhabitants, a medley of all characters and breeds, with a great external show of business and professions of religion. I should imagine it to be a place

in which the presiding deity is Mammon, the mode of worship not at all scrupulous about its genuflections and orisons. I had expected to see in America a greater devotion to agricultural pursuits; and the vast range of land, which for many ages cannot be cultivated for want of hands, as the access of population must continue thus long before the States can be moderately peopled, seemed to point to the peaceful labor of the husbandman as that which would be most followed. But rivers and lakes are not merely the highways for the conveyance of produce from off the land—they are so many roads for foreign traffic. Few comparatively are attached to the soil, so as not to look beyond home for their livelihood. There seem to be no great number of middlemen, who collect and make the exchange of one product for another. The sale of his produce in the West is generally carried on to the last by the owner. The grower of pigs will travel with his hams a thousand miles to dispose of them, purchase what he wants, and return home to repeat the labors of his avocation. He follows out his goods to the end, and knows how to strike a hard bargain as well as any trader upon the eastern coast.

I left Chicago for Iowa, crossed the Mississippi at Rock Island in a steamboat, and thought I was near the termination of my wanderings to the westward. A couple of stout, low horses, or mules, for my luggage, one for my own riding, a rifle of the most approved make, a species of holster before me to carry the means of destruction and of life, in other words, a revolver, and something to refresh the inner man, and I should find myself ready for a start to any distance. There had been three or four Europeans with me in the train, one of whom was from the "Old Country," a Dorsetshire man, who was bent upon making his way to California, without any other idea of the distance or direction than that it lay far to the west, and "it was easy to get all the information necessary on the subject as he got along." The rest of the party were "rig'lar Yankees," as might be known by their conversation through the nose, and the continual repetition of the words by which in England we are prone to describe our trans-Atlantic brethren. Another of our party I could not fathom. Secluded, taciturn, replies in monosyllables, and an

evident desire to be uninterrupted, as if to brood over something evil or good, as the case might be, caused me to imagine he had left home for no good cause, and was pleased to keep moving; the sure mode in this vast continent to escape recognition. I hope I did him wrong, but his extraordinary reserve must bear the blame if I did, since the lines rushed upon my mind irresistibly:

Nature made man's breast no windores
To publish what he did within doors,
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.

Our taciturn fellow-traveler who dealt in monosyllables, and had such a "great taste for silence," as the Frenchman said, having found no letters for him at Iowa, complained of the irregularity of the post in America. "I guess you are very particular," observed one of our Yankee companions; "we go along pretty well, howsoever. When I was upon Red River I got a letter once in eight months, and thought I was well enough off. When one don't hear, one don't trouble oneself about other people, who know how to take care of themselves. There's a place down west where a post-office was never heard of, and the folk did not know what a letter was. Why, master, what is a letter? Is it anything in the truck line?" "No," says I, "it concerns the paper trade." "O," says he, "I guess it will be some time before it's worth while to open shop for such articles here, where yet we deals only in logs and lumber betwixt and between ourselves."

Iowa is the name of a district or territory, about six hundred miles long by two hundred and fifty broad. It is a country with an undulating surface, and, though larger than England, has not a population of more than a hundred and fifty thousand. The city of Iowa stands upon one of those plateau by the river-side running in the same direction, which mark a higher water level than that of the present river of the same name, and there is another plateau above that, and a third higher still. The impression is, that the land has risen above the early river level, or the river receded, which is scarcely possible. I observed in several instances on the banks of American rivers the same apparent subsidence of the stream, the banks taking the form of steps. I believe geologists have before noticed this terrace-like appearance.

There was nothing inviting in Iowa, which appeared to be the germ only of the metropolis of a state which time alone can populate. Yet one of its inhabitants vaunted of the Capitol, or public hall, and wanted us to see "a really fine thing." It is a square, good-sized building, perhaps twice the size of one of our new London churches, having a cupola, too small in proportion. Two or three of my companions, I found, were Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, who were proceeding to what they called their camping-ground, some little way beyond Iowa. We crossed the river of that name on a floating bridge, having several wagons in company. By camping-ground was intended a temporary establishment of the brethren who were going westward over the prairies, and had encamped in tents upon that spot in order to purchase oxen, wagons, mules, or horses, to carry them on their journey to the Great Salt Lake city. I agreed to accompany them to their camping-ground, at a distance from the city. Here I found a motley assemblage of men, women, and children, the larger part from England. There were a few covered wagons used at night for sleeping in. These were all that had yet been procured, but the majority of the assemblage, not less than eight hundred or a thousand in all, were in tents, which, during the day were intensely warm, so much more so than I ever felt it in England, that I went into the woods and lay in the shade during the hours when the sun had the greatest power. I rose at half past four, A.M., and retired to rest at twelve. Thus sleeping in the heat of the day in the shade, I contrived to pass the time without the inconvenience that many sustained. To my regret and astonishment, I found my countrymen so utterly impracticable, as to move about with the thermometer at 100 deg. in the shade, and the women positively frying pancakes when the sun's rays could not have given a heat of less than 120 deg. Nothing would make them alter their mode of action in a climate so different from their own. One or two, they told me, had died of sunstroke, but no warning was taken from their fate, and several were laid down with bilious fever.

I found no confusion, but good order among the brethren, who were civil, and indeed kind, to the poor "Gentile" who had ventured among them. To give the

managers their due, they seemed to possess extraordinary influence, and to use it beneficially. Nor did their authority appear to be a sinecure, for the flock of self-named saints they were leading to the promised land did not yield obedience in all cases as they should have done. It was evident they were grossly ignorant, the larger number; and the impression upon my mind was that the certainty of getting the ownership of a little land for their families, of which they could never have the least hope at home, the chance, in short, of obtaining property by labor, was a strong bait to embrace the most extraordinary, because the most absurd imposture that has ever been promulgated among the thousand-and-one religions which have appeared in the world. I do not mean as to doctrine, but in the lame story of the gold plates, translated by inspiration out of a language that never had an existence, by a man who knew none but his own. After the revelation was promulgated, Smith seems to have felt that he had no chance of becoming a great man by the invention of a new revelation, if he had not kept up a strict morality of life; it was his only chance of success to act up to his profession. He insisted that his disciples should preserve the marriage tie sacred—one wife and one husband—and when Brigham Young and other sensualists proposed polygamy, under various pretences, he would not hear of it. The conduct of those who persecuted and murdered Smith fixed the creed of the Latter-Day Saints; borne out in all its atrocity by the United States government, who suffered his murderers to go free and pocket the plunder of his followers with perfect impunity. In vain did they petition for redress. Young saw his time, and, full of ambition to be a leader, pretended to all sorts of revelations that suited his purpose, aspired to be both a spiritual and temporal ruler of Smith's flock, led them where he could manage them uncontrolled, and by getting a tenth part of their labor or its product, sent out elders, as they were styled, into the States and into Europe to obtain an accession of strength, and raise himself to that consequence to which he aspired. It was he who declared he had a revelation to practice polygamy, which Smith had opposed. His followers from Europe were of the lowest and most ignorant class, their state of

poverty naturally leading the larger number to consult their imaginary temporal benefit under the cloak of becoming followers of the new creed. Many educated persons, who are forever seeking novelties in faith, and who cannot imagine a religion without a deep mystery, joined and became elders. Young, uniting the temporal and spiritual rule, and leading the plundered people to the Rocky Mountains, established his authority there. A strong party of his envoys, sent to Europe, converted many, in the hope of bettering their circumstances. Thus he got them to look up to him as the Jews did to Moses. Emigrants went to America in flocks, as in the present instance, increasing the number of his followers so greatly, that he has at length set his country's rulers at defiance, and is said to be in open rebellion. To put him down there would have been no necessity; he would never have arisen had the murderers and robbers of the Latter-Day Saints in the bandit state of Missouri been promptly punished, as they would have been in any European nation. Yet the United States boasts of toleration, and violates it in practice. The consequence has been, the government will have to put down a rebellion at an enormous cost of money and life, which an honest adherence to their own laws, and to the laws of common civilization all over the world, would have rendered unnecessary.

After these remarks, which seem demanded by the references which may arise in the sequel, it is needless to state, for the reader will presume as much, that the party into which I had fallen near Iowa consisted of an emigration of these people, the greater part English and Scotch, who had been led to abandon their own shores in the hope of peace, plenty, and an interest in the soil of America—a fee-simple interest. The adherence to a particular faith from worldly motives prevails in all religions—in some more than others—and therefore the Latter-Day Saints did not stand alone in the practice. How the contest will terminate cannot yet be seen. If Young is only as successful as he is cunning—if it be only for a time—he will tell his followers that Heaven fights on their side. If he is beaten, it will still not diminish the followers of Smith's doctrines, for it will be regarded as a war of persecution, after the unredressed murders

and robberies practiced upon these people when living on their own lands upon the Mississippi—crimes, the perpetration of which drove them from their homes to the mountains.

There appeared to be an excellent organization in the camp. The elders, or leaders, had to provide for the multitude—a multitude consisting of men, women, and children, always apt to grumble upon the slightest ground; but the interference of the majority siding with the leaders, had uniformly restored harmony. The elders mounted guard in the camp at night, and did not seem to spare themselves, for they were compelled to show the people how to harness their bullocks and to load their teams, and harassed enough they were. How they preserved order was to me wonderful. At all hours of the day and night one might walk among their tents in peace. Not an oath or curse was heard, and everything was conducted with decency and order. I saw no trace of immorality, and there was a great cheerfulness notwithstanding. To myself, a Gentile, they were civil and kind in the fullest degree. It was evident that the mass were under the impression of a religious sentiment, and where that is the case, let the creed be what it may, if it is to be a creed of serious morality, the impression will rule the mass and overawe those who are only nominal believers in it. I was so pleased with what I saw, that I asked my fellow-travelers whether I might be admitted to accompany the cavalcade some part of the way. I thought of proceeding across the Missouri with them, and then returning by way of St. Louis, and so up the Ohio to Pittsburgh. The reply I received was a hearty welcome. There were more than a score persons in the camp who were going all through with the brethren. It was only necessary to conform to the rules observed for the general advantage, in resting, and in the order of march. I confess this kind of camping had a charm for me. I felt a sort of freedom and hilarity in the open air which made me anxious to enjoy more of it; perhaps it was the internal spirit of freedom, which slumbers in the inhabitant of cities, but carries its full energy in the savage of the wild—the man of nature.

I now secured a couple of mules, an Indian pony, a buffalo-skin to sleep on, and a species of umbrella tent, very light. I

have before alluded to the necessary ap-purtenances, but I also engaged a youth, one of the brethren, to take care of my luggage, which was light, and consisted principally of articles absolutely necessary for refreshment and subsistence. Altogether my mules had not to carry more than two hundred and fifty pounds' weight between them.

The camp was divided into tens. Six of these composed a band. The vehicles were for the most part wagons, drawn by two, four, and six oxen each, according to their load, oftentimes too wild for the yoke. The wagons were some of them divided into sleeping and traveling apartments. The leaders of these people were certainly endued with wonderful patience—a patience, I should have thought, incompatible with their ignorance and prejudices as to creed. Under the blazing sun I saw the leader of a band of sixty wagons toil up and down his train six or seven times in an hour or two to keep them together, help on the drivers unaccustomed to their work, and themselves whipping up the half-broke cattle. Several of them rode mules, it is true, but an equal number proceeded on foot, "learning to endure," as they phrased it. I wondered how they stood it, and they had no wagon to rest in at night. The west of America must be a healthy country, except where the land is low or near sluggish mud-banked rivers, for there intermittent fevers prevail as well as elsewhere. There seemed in the midst of the excessive heat a power of exertion, a springiness not at all like the faint, relaxing sensation of a very hot English summer's day. I speak of the dry prairies of the west. The air was always clear, dry, and exhilarating beyond idea.

On one tolerably high spot where we once rested, and felt weariness out of the question, in the bosom of nature's own wildness, the scenery noble yet scarcely picturesque, I stood on a steep bank and saw the great river, the broad Missouri, sweeping majestically along until it was lost in the distance—that prodigious stream, at such a vast distance from the ocean!—now lost for a moment, then bending and sweeping onward until it disappeared in the bosom of the hills, or "bluffs" as they call them, that bounded the horizon. Among the hills on the northern shore of that mighty stream there were only seen a few wooden houses. We reached the

post village of the Florence of America—a Florence only in America. What can possess the Yankees to misname their villages and towns in this way? What recollections of the Italian Florence can be connected with a few log huts and fields filled with tree stumps two or three feet out of the ground? How much finer, because more consistent, an Indian name—something new—would be! At Florence, too, reposed the bones of the ancestors of the Indian chief Black Hawk, and here he resided until 1832.

The mode in which the brethren travel to their Paradise Regained is slow and tedious, but has its advantages, for it admits of the traveler getting out and walking whenever he pleases; and if he has a saddle-horse, mule, or Indian pony in addition, nothing better could be desired by the lover of nature in her wild mountain or prairie attire, where the pure air is the elixir of life. In low grounds, and on the banks of sluggish streams, the mosquitoes are a torment, but they are little felt on what are called the high prairies, those interminable wastes. There is dust, it is true, quite enough, but on horseback the effect of the wheels and feet of the oxen in this regard are avoided. There is a feeling of freedom in scouring those vast plains on horseback which I never felt before, a species of soul intoxication which came upon me, and has increased since I left Iowa about two hundred and sixty miles behind. The scenery before that was tame, but grew finer every day afterward.

Thus I jogged on with these strange religionists to Council Bluffs. I found them pleasant people enough, both men and women, orderly, decent in conduct, and strict in their ideas of devotion. They had early prayer when they rose. I do not think the worse of them for that. They are poor; that they cannot help; but they *can* help their ignorance. They often sang hymns, the poetry of which was not much better than Sternhold and Hopkins, or Tate and Brady, but the tunes old and familiar, and the notes, borne on the gentlest of breezes, came home to the heart, for they were those we recognize in church and chapel at home. Coming sweetly upon the ear, for they were sung correctly—sounds being much more easy to impress inerasably upon uncultivated ears than sense upon untaught minds—I was

borne back upon the wings of memory to the shores of old England. A sensation of melancholy passed like a cloud across my soul, but was dissipated by the cry, "There are the Bluffs!" in other words, the hills coming down to the Missouri, which formed the termination of one of the early expeditions from the United States, and where a council was held by the party to palaver the poor Indians. Since then those Bluffs are become but the frontier to the "Far West." There is now an improving village at this remote spot. I found one or two persons suffering from intermittent fever, and ventured to prescribe for them with complete success. I wonder there was not more of this among them before leaving the lower country. Now, or shortly after, on the high prairies there could be no fear of such attacks. On the whole, I am persuaded that with a little care on the higher ground, that is, at one or two hundred feet above the river, the west country here is healthier than the eastern part of the continent to the north of 40 deg. or 42 deg.

It was now the moment when it was needful I should return to Iowa. Once across the Missouri, and on the high prairies, the emigrant party had a journey of a thousand miles before them. I had already seen more of the west country than most Englishmen who visit America. I was pleased with the wild gipsy kind of life I had led thus far, though only making distances of a dozen miles a day. In ninety days I might visit the head-quarters of the Latter-Day Saints, a thousand miles from the Bluffs. Should I proceed, free from ties as I happened to be both at home and in America? It was necessary I should determine promptly. One of the brethren decided me, by saying I might enjoy the chase of the wild buffalo on my way, get a shot now and then at a prairie wolf, and, perchance, fall in with a tribe or two of Indians, and see mankind much in the state of our first parents. There was nothing better in the way of food than the grilled marrow-bones of a buffalo, and I should find, notwithstanding the sameness of the scenery, both an increase of health and of amusement if I proceeded. If I reached the Salt Lake Valley I should find the brethren kindly, as I was a sober man and neither cursed nor swore, as the people from the East

did, and that made a great difference; that though a "Gentile," I should be brought to confess that their religious friends were not such a set of mad fools and enthusiasts as their enemies would fain make them out to be. "We have been driven so far away by the persecution we suffered in the west, for no reason but that we would not join in the drunkenness, rioting, and swearing of those around us; that we had morning prayer every day, and worked hard for our bread, set our faces against slavery, (a crime in Missouri, that worst of all the states,) and interpreted the Scriptures in our own way." Not a word did this man say of the Book of Mormon, of which I am told their leaders are getting shy, as the trick by which it was produced was too glaring for any but the most ignorant to swallow. Their first rough-hewn creed will, I believe, be smoothed and polished in time, like many others, to suit existing habits by pruning early extravagances. I hesitated, resolved, hesitated, and then determined to pay a visit to this singular valley, I confess more for the pleasure of the journey than any I expected to derive from the sight of the settlement itself.

My resolution fixed, Council Bluffs was the place where necessities were generally stored up for the journey. I purchased a wagon and a couple of oxen to carry the burden before borne by my mules, one of which, for the lad I have before spoken of, I retained, as well as my pony. In the wagon I placed my tent, ammunition, and stores of tea, coffee, sugar, bacon, hard biscuit, flour, and similar articles, and having secured one of "the brethren" as a driver, upon very reasonable terms, I joined the cavalcade. After crossing the Missouri, with the thermometer at 100°, and getting clear of the muddy river and its bluffs, we were soon upon the vast undulating plains watered by the river Platte. Our course lay on the north side of that river, which flows into the Missouri; but in place of being a turbid, unhealthy stream, like that great river, it is broad and clear, with a fine sandy or gravelly bottom, very shallow, and here and there disclosing sandbanks. On the right or north side there was, at no great distance, a succession of steep sandy hills, and on the south the same kind of soil, mostly destitute of verdure, except patches of grass here and

there coming down to the river; in fact, for some miles, it was nearly all sand and sky.

One particular spot—I speak only of a few miles of the way with this aspect—was remarkable for the murder of a person named Babbet and his party by Chienne Indians. He had been foolhardy enough—having five wagons laden with merchandise, which had been attacked before he himself reached Fort Kearney, and two of his men killed—on finding them at the fort, to start them off afresh, and to follow them alone. The spot was a wild hollow between the sand-hills, which seemed as if made for the scene of death which followed. It was twilight when we reached the place, and found the wheels of the unfortunate man's carriage, with part of the wooden axles; the rest was consumed. An Indian arrow, stained with blood, was picked up by one of the party, and some hair, supposed to be from the scalp of the man himself. A piece of a newspaper was also found with a part of Palmer's trial upon it, also part of a writing-desk, which had been shivered to pieces. There were traces of a camp fire, as if the murdered man had halted there for the night. The shin-bone, supposed of a female, and some light hair, evidently that of a woman, were picked up. The murdered man having had no female with him, it was supposed she belonged to the two men killed before, from whom she was taken captive, and murdered afterward with an infant she had in her arms.

There was something striking in the desolation around the scene of this murder; it told its own tale in its wildness. We halted some way further on, as if, though night was coming in fast, the instinctive horror of the spot had pervaded all. Fires were lit of buffalo dung, called among the travelers across the high prairies "buffalo chips." Fires thus made are equal to wood, and give out fully as much heat. Here I got water quickly heated for me by some of the sisters, who were very kind, and insisted on cooking a ham for me, as I was not yet a proficient in the culinary art in the open camp. I was sorry I could make them no adequate return.

The scene was now quite new. Interminable plains day after day, with here and there a molecule like a flattened British barrow, alone met the eye. The heat of noon raised the mirage, and the whole

surface of the ground seemed, during the noontide hours, to be undulating water. The mornings and evenings were refreshingly cool. To-morrow, as there will be a halt for a couple of days, I promise myself a turn at buffalo hunting with a stalwart West of England man and a capital rifle shot from the state of Ohio, and on another occasion I shall write a description of it.

DREAMLAND: A MIDSUMMER DAY'S MEDLEY.

SNEER not, man of steam-engines and specific gravities, at the above impractical heading; sigh not, earnest disciple of Thomas Carlyle and Charles Kingsley, at the apparent waste of energy, in thy opinion, necessarily involved in the very harmless word "dreamland;" for thou mayest prejudge me, and be thyself in error. It is possible to be both a dreamer and worker; I have been one, and am both to-day. For who is not, or has not been, a pilgrim into dreamland at some time or other? I speak, please to remember, *not* of the dreamland of *sleep*, when the eyes are closed, the head on pillow, and the weary limbs at rest; but of the dreamland of the man *awake*, "being in a trance, yet having his eyes open," even as Peter, when he "saw, as it were, a sheet let down from heaven." Who among us (always excepting the hard, gold-grasping acolyte of the "Grad-grind" school) has not had some such blessed intervals of still, half-conscious self-commune, dear to the weary-hearted worldling as must be desert-oasis and well to the tired traveler over the Great Sahara; and who, that has once been a dreamer in this wise, even though Reality's rude awakening brought him sighs and sorrow, would not willingly wander back again into his dreamland home to dream his little dream once more? And so I shame not to own that I am a foolish dreamer still. Bear with me a while, then; let me prattle to you of my dreamer's paradise; for I can thus talk to you more easily by the way, while once more a pilgrim thither, than I could in any cut-and-dried narrative of things past and present. And what am I about to tell you? In truth, at present I know not what; in the words of Burns,

How the subject-theme may gang,
Let chance and time determine,
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

And yet I think it will be neither; though the quotation might warrant both. And first let me speak of dreamland in its divers phases; for, though one country, it has many different points of view to the different visitors.

Mrs. Browning's idea of that land she gives in those beautiful lines beginning:

I would make a cloudy house
For my thoughts to live in,
When for earth too fancy-loose,
And too low for heaven.

That is the dreamland of one poetess; but in dreamland, even as in a more enduring habitation, "are many mansions." Then there is the child's dreamland; and who is a more ecstatic dreamer than a child, especially if clever and large-hearted? And the child's fanciful Elysium is purer than that known to him in after years; for his thoughts wander thither in young simplicity, without any stain of care and coarser earthliness upon their newly spread wings. Who cannot remember (if he ever were a child such as I would fain describe) a by-gone time when he used to sit alone and dream long sunny hours away in blissful fancies? What those fancies were, the *man* in after years can never rightly recall; they were too ethereal to be long retained, too delicate to be remelted over and over again in memory's crucible at will. But we do know this much of them: that earth in those dreamy hours, even without any tangible pleasure, seemed an Eden. It has been beautifully said that angels talk with children at such times. That may be a poet's fancy. Metaphysicians have often tried to account for the innate beauty of some children's thoughts, (children who by no possibility could have lived long enough in the world to have received such thoughts as impressions from third parties,) by imagining that as, on Plato's theory, "knowledge is but recollection," so there must have been some other life for all of us before this present life—"ante-natal life" is the correct term. Who will not here recall Wordsworth's beautiful lines, which our forgetfulness may possibly be misquoting?

"The soul that riseth with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
Nor yet in utter nakedness,
But, trailing clouds of glory, do we come,
From God who is our home!"

And certainly some children's thoughts are so purely beautiful in their fanciful freshness, as to suggest other notions as to their origin than their doting mammas would supply.

Then there is the dreamland of boyhood, still fresh, but with the freshness slightly stained by a few additional years' sojourn in this "working-day world" of ours; a fanciful land of pure, ardent aspirations, and golden, glorious hopes—the one too soon to die a natural death, stifled by the hot, evil breath of the world without, and the other to lead us on, on, ever onwards, till the bubble breaks, and our foolish hearts lie bleeding!

Then there is the dreamland of manhood, of man in the pride of his first young strength, ere "desire hath failed," ere the eyes have waxed dim and the limbs feeble, and the heart has lost its quick, fiery pulses. And in that dreamland the man, who has learned to smile over the ruin of his boyish hopes, still looks to a better future of real, tangible good—honor, fame, pecuniary advancement, the comforts of a home with a wife at his side and little ones playing at his knee; and he smiles complacently to himself as he remembers, half in scorn, half in pity, what he terms the delusions, the air-built castles of his boyhood, quite forgetting all the while that he is just as much a dreamer now as ever; though his dreams have in them more of worldly wisdom and far more selfishness. We will suppose such a man to love; we will suppose his dreams of his beloved to color his existence with "celestial rosy red, love's proper hue," in Miltonic phrase; we will imagine his dreamland filled with pleasant foreshadowings of future years of happiness, "till death us do part," etc., and then—change the dream—let other shapes pass before our dreamer. His ambitious hopes are hurled to the ground by the accident of an hour, perhaps; the beloved one is either false to him, thereby leading his heart by her individual falsehood to scorn and doubt of the whole sex, which is a greater curse than the mere pang of parting from a dear delusion; or, perhaps, the Chloe becomes the bride, and the bride passes out of the honeymoon into the wife, and what a change is there! Perhaps these two loved not wisely; perhaps they expected too much from each other at starting; and we all know Dean Swift's bitter benediction, "Blessed are

they also who expect nothing; for they shall not be disappointed." Perhaps he fancied her a goddess, and then grieved to find her a woman; a very ordinary woman too, whose mind runs upon crinoline, and whose milliner's bills are readily contracted and difficultly paid. But though thus driven out bodily from his love's early dreamland, and bitter though his memory of it now, as must have been the fallen Adam's recollections of Eden, the man is a pilgrim into another side of dreamland still!

He either has, or hopes to have, children; and in these he sees a new and better life for himself. And the children become boys and girls, as their father's hair grows more gray, and contract debt or matrimony—*hinc illa lacryma!* Matilda seems selfish and affected; for, dwelling in her own peculiar corner of dreamland, she seldom takes the trouble to come out of it to pay a visit to her father's section of that blissful country; the son, who, his father quite forgets, is some quarter of a century apart from himself in years and feelings, has his own side of dreamland, and keeps there too. And the father shifts his tent and wanders further, but is a sojourner in dreamland still.

Then, it may be, the dreamland becomes merely a mammon field; the man will take refuge in avarice, adding house to house, and bullion to bullion; or he may become a dreamer, looking solely back into the past, and so forget the ills of the present, and also, perhaps, its duties—for dreamers are all apt to do that kind of thing sometimes.

In youth men dream of what they *will* be, seldom of what *is* now; in middle age, still of what *will* be, and little of what *has* been; in old age, mostly, indeed I might almost say, solely, of what *has* been, of the lost past. Their present can be but short, their future shorter and more uncertain. The past is so, and almost perforce, an old man's dreamland. Most old men are dreamers, though they love sneeringly to smile at the golden delusions of eager youth. But, as I have said, the old man dwells in the past. It is a common thing to pity those octogenarians who have outlived early friends, and dearer kith and kin; who seem to stand alone in the world, like the evergreen in a wintry day in what, a while ago, was a pleasant garden, but now little better than a heap of withered

leaves. Yet these men are *not* so lonely as poets or striplings would have us believe. Let me try, with weak hand, to paint a word-picture for you. *Ex uno disce omnes*; though that, by the by, is by no means a safe rule of conduct everywhere, or at all times.

There is an old man now sitting in view as I write, in the long, stiff-looking plot of ground which we (dear country reader, within sight of lilacs and all manner of balmy green leaves!) are obliged to call by courtesy a garden. His hair is white as snow, his face is wrinkled from the chin to the forehead with the furrows Time has plowed there; his eyes are blue, deep clear blue, as the eyes of a child, and children are playing round him, neighbors' children, not his own, and he is lovingly watching them at their play. And now, floating on the warm sunny air come the notes of a band afar off; the tune is an old one, old and familiar to that old man's ears. He heard it in childhood; the sounds carry him back into the past, and he feels lonely no more, though he has neither child nor wife to bless him, nor to close his eyes when his walk through the world is done, and he "goeth to his long home." He is a boy, young, strong, and happy now. He sees "the old house at home" rising up, like a dream-built mansion, dimly before him; he sees the old trees, planted years ago by his ancestors, with the young rooks cawing cheerily in the top branches. He looks on the river winding through the green meadows like a thread of silver; and then he remembers a by-gone time, when he used to ramble by that river's bank with some dear cousin, some bright-eyed girlish playmate; there are the very same water-lilies that Undine would have loved, if Fouqué tells us truly. He watches once more the rings made by the plashing pike in the still, deep, black water under the shadow of the bending bullrushes, and the long-lost fire of youth for a moment flies through his time-chilled pulses, and he is a boy once more.

But the scene changes; slowly, mistily, dreamily, like a dissolving view. He has told his tale of love, is an accepted lover, and certain village bells are ringing, for the squire's daughter is to be married, and her bridegroom is waiting for her at the porch. Is it fancy? It must be; for there I see the old man sitting under the trees of yonder garden, but what *he* sees

and hears, if he would but tell us truly, would be much like this:

And now before God's altar they are standing; and then—"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, etc., till death you do part?" And he sees once more his blushing bride's eyes upturned to his in loving trustfulness, and she murmurs solemnly, "I will!" Then they leave the church, the bells clash forth merrily from the ivy-clad tower, and the bride enters her husband's home. The years of wedded life pass before that ancient dreamer in long array; now pleasantly, like some gay dance, and now solemnly, painfully, slowly as a funeral procession. And the man is a father; he sees his children prattling round his knee, and forgets that they are dead long ago, those children of so many hopes and prayers. He forgets that one lies in a soldier's grave, thousands of miles away; that another went down in a foundering bark at sea, long years ago, ere Time had sprinkled the moaning father's locks with grey; and he forgets, also, that he is himself nothing better than a poor, feeble, lonely old man, dallying with phantasies of the past.

And now that greybeard's eyes grow dim, and a big, round tear is rolling slowly down his pale, withered cheek; for he is still far away in the past, and a house of mourning is his home. His wife has just died; the faithful, tender, true-hearted partner of so many joys and sorrows has entered into that "rest which remaineth for the people of God." And he is sitting alone in the darkened nuptial chamber, gazing once more in imagination upon that dear, dead face, so pale, so cold, so still. And then a sound of mournful melody, the heavy clang of the funeral bell, borne by memory over the long track of many departed years, falls heavily upon his heart, and then, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and the soul to the God who gave it!

And then nothing more belonging to her remains to earthly eyes, but a little mound of clay, the two white stones at the head and foot, a few flowers planted by his mindful hand over his lost darling; and there she lies till resurrection's morn!

O! but often will that lonely one go to that quiet grave, when twilight has hushed the world to silence, when the beetle is

circling round the old church tower with droning hum, and the thrush is singing his last even-song from the boughs of the church-yard cypress.

And now a bright smile steals over that graybeard dreamer's face, even as the sunshine over a room's darkest corner; and his lips move, as he murmurs solemnly, "Not dead, but gone before; we shall meet again in heaven;" and the old man, whom the short-sighted worldlings might call lonely, is not alone, dear reader; and God grant that, when you and I are graybeards, and seem, like that old man, to stand isolated in our lives, we may have some such sweet dreams as his to preach peace unto our souls!

This present age, however far it may deserve the laureat's adjective "wondrous," however much farther we have receded from barbarism and progressed toward the light of knowledge in things present, is, nevertheless, undoubtedly an age abounding in dreams, good and evil, of all kinds. Philosophers refine and refine; theologians stir up the troubled waters of half-forgotten schisms, and lead their listeners into darkness by rendering their subject obscure, even as the ingenious cuttle-fish, which, when pursued, emits an inky fluid, thereby discoloring the water, and so escaping in the universal blackness; poets grow spasmodic and irreverent simultaneously, speaking of "soul's agonies," like the poet Briggs, immortalized by Charles Kingsley in "Two Years Ago;" running after the deepest mysteries of our being in the spirit of madmen running after shadows on a wall; murmuring against Providence as though, had they created themselves, they could have managed things better than the Omniscient! And these foolish people lead others, well-nigh as foolish, to sneer at all dreamland fancies whatsoever. The poet Briggs is a pragmatist jackanapes, and therefore (say the very practical sneerers at all our fanciful framework) every man who occasionally sits down to commune with his thoughts, or to dream, if you like the word better, is a jackanapes too! Is that fair reasoning? I trow not.

Do those people who utterly abhor all self-commune, all pilgrimage into dreamland, know that, based on such dreams as ours, can be raised a presumptive argu-

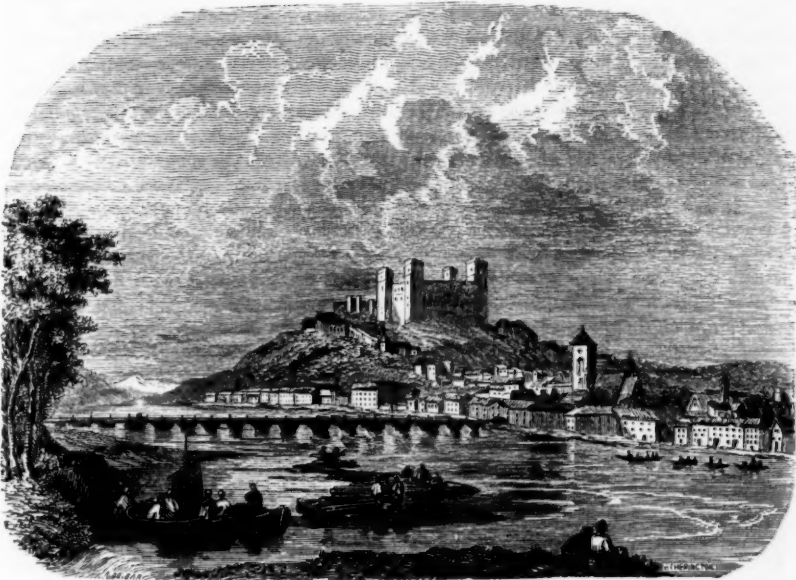
ment for the immortality of the soul? The sequence is not inevitable, perhaps, but, at any rate, plausible. "A desire," says Young, in his "Night Thoughts," "is an earnest of a fulfilment." If that be granted, as it may be, readily, the inference we draw is easy. Have we not all had, sometime or other, in the purer, less worldly state of our minds, glorious aspirations after perfectibility, earnest wishes to be something better than mere mammon-grubbers? Have not these aspirations died away like overblown roses, leaving us but their memories to sweeten life thereafter? And have we not all, in some quiet season of our heart-history, taken comfort from the thought that there must be some place *beyond* this present life of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, where all earth's crooked things shall be made straight, where the heart-vexing anomalies that perplex us in our wanderings here will be all cleared up in God's "better land," the golden future to which, we trust, our steps are tending?

All the dreams of boyhood, youth, manhood, will in turn die away; is not that thought suggestive, even to the mind of a doubter of revelation, (if he believes in the goodness of his Maker,) that "earth is not our rest," and that there must be a place of "fulfilment" beyond the realm of time, for the "desire," which is, in Young's idea, the "earnest" of such better land?

NOMADIC LIFE IN EUROPE.

FROM the moment I set foot in Hungary, near Presburg, formerly the capital of the kingdom, I became greatly interested in the study of the many nationalities on her soil. One of her poets affirms that the representatives of no less than sixteen different peoples have found refuge in his native land. But I became especially interested in the Hungarian gipsies, of whom there are said to be forty thousand, and who are scattered over the country, leading a nomadic life, settled in villages, or making a temporary dwelling-place of the ruined castles found here and there in Hungary.

Seven cities contended for the honor of being the birth-place of Homer. No country has yet contended for the honor of being the native land of the gipsies. They have been regarded as the primitive inhabitants of the earth, and



PRESBURG.

as a medley of races. Africa, Asia, Europe, and even America, have in turn been considered their mother country. A theorist hazards the conjecture that the Titans and giants of antiquity, having emigrated to the Western Continent along with the shepherd kings of Egypt, built the ruined cities of Central America, erected the mysterious works found upon our continent, and finally returned to the Old World as gipsies. One author supposes the gipsies to be descendants of Cain, condemned to roam over the earth like the wandering Jew; another contends that they are the children of the Canaanites expelled thence by Joshua. Zanguebar, Thrace, Asia Minor, the Caucasus, Mesopotamia, and many other countries, have in turn been assigned the gipsies as a birth-place. They have been conjectured to be an ancient nomadic people mentioned by Herodotus, Scythians, descendants of the ancient Dacians, Helots, and Saracens. The Chaldeans studied the stars, therefore the gipsies were Chaldeans. Faquirs and Dervishes are wandering vagabonds, therefore the gipsies were Faquirs and Dervishes. The Satyrs and Bacchantes danced and drank to intoxication, therefore the gipsies were Satyrs and Bacchantes.

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The gipsies of Spain, where they exist in great numbers, call themselves, in general, Chal, or Chabos, and say that their original country was Chal, or Egypt.

The region of Chal was our dear native soil,
Where in fullness of pleasure we lived without
toil;

Till dispersed through all lands 'twas our pleasure
to be—

Our steeds, Guadiana, must now drink of thee.

Once kings came from far to kneel down at our
gate,

And princes rejoiced on our meanest to wait;
But now who so mean but would scorn our de-
gree—

Our steeds, Guadiana, must now drink of thee.

For the Undebel saw, from his throne in the
cloud,

That our deeds they were foolish, our hearts
they were proud;

And in anger he bade us his presence to flee—
Our steeds, Guadiana, must now drink of thee.

Our horses should drink of no river but one;
It sparkles through Chal, 'neath the smile of
the sun;

But they taste of all streams save that one, and
see—

A pilyele gras chal la panee Lucalee.

The gipsies, however, are an ancient people of India, expelled from the country at the time of Tamerlane's conquest. They appeared in Europe in the year 1417.

Possibly the abundant progeny usually

seen in the hovels of the very poor is to be regarded in some degree as a compensation for their poverty. A wise Providence may thus equalize the amount of happiness to be enjoyed by the high and the low, it being granted to the former in material blessings and surroundings, to the latter in the treasures of parental and filial love. Should this view be correct the gipsies are twice blessed, being prolific beyond comparison. Neither will any one accuse them of investing their capital of human happiness in the perishable goods of this world, in anything, indeed, beyond the charms of their nomadic life and the social pleasures of the family and the tribe, which are heightened by the complete isolation of the gipsies from the rest of mankind. The gipsy lives for himself and his race.

It is related of the gipsy bands of Claude Thibert, which formerly wandered through France, that when one of their women was about to be confined, she stopped for that purpose in the nearest village. The infant was dressed, baptized, and left in the care of a nurse, three or four month's expense being provided for, and the remainder promised. The mother then rejoined her band, not to be seen again, perhaps, for years. The child, however, was watched by the gipsies, and when arrived at an age to be serviceable to them was sure to be demanded back or stolen.

In Hungary and Transylvania the gipsy women bring forth in a tent, in the forest, or wherever they may happen to be when seized with the pains of labor. As they are well formed, and affected by none of the enervating influences of civilized life, the process of parturition is both easy and natural. For want of a proper vessel a hole is dug in the ground and filled with cold water, in which the new-born child is washed. This done, it is wrapped in the old rags which maternal foresight has taken care to provide. In the course of a week the mother is able to resume the active duties of life.

The gipsies of India habituate their children from the earliest infancy to the hard existence for which nature seems to have intended them. The day after her confinement the mother is obliged to scour the forest in search of provisions. Before setting out she suckles the new-born infant, digs a little trench in the ground for a cradle, wherein she deposits the little one

naked upon the bare earth, and then goes with her husband and the rest of the family in quest of food to supply the wants of the day. This is not quickly obtained, and it is evening before they return. From three days' age the child is accustomed to solid nutriment. In order to inure it early to the rigor of the seasons, it is washed every day in dew collected from the plants. Until the infant is able to accompany the mother it remains exposed in this manner from morning to night, perhaps, in the recesses of the forests, to the rain, the sun, and all the inclemency of the weather, stretched out uncovered in the little tomb which is its only cradle.*

A peculiar, almost an individual interest, attaches itself to wandering nations. With our love of the family fireside, the spot that gave us birth, and the immoveable comforts of civilization, we cannot appreciate their wayward, nomadic life. How many of our pleasures are unknown to the dwellers in tents! How many of their enjoyments are equally unknown to us! The feeling of personal independence is more strongly developed in them; that sentiment which with us embraces home, country, and the world, being in their fluctuating society confined to the family and the tribe.

I remember a story which the peasants of Lower Hungary often relate at their winter evening firesides. A young nobleman happened to meet in a band of gipsies a girl of fifteen years, for whom he at once conceived a romantic attachment. The parents, with little of the affection for their daughter characteristic of their people, or flattered by the splendid opportunity, parted with the fair child of Roma in consideration of an old horse and a few sheep. But what was at first a caprice of the imagination, perhaps an instinct of passion, became a more serious matter. The lover sought to become the husband, and the beautiful mistress consented to be the bride. How fabulous the good fortune she had experienced in the course of a few weeks! How great the transition from the smoky tent of her father to the castle of her husband, where she was cherished with tenderest care!

Yet the beautiful gipsy was not happy. She sought in vain to repress the deep melancholy manifesting itself in her languid

* Abbe Dubois.

expression. When the devoted husband anxiously asked her why she no longer sang as on the day when he first saw her, and why her eyes had so lost their brilliancy, and her lips their freshness, she looked away toward the fields and forests and smiled, but the smile was as sad as it could be. In her great castle, in the midst of her gardens and flowers, her mind was agitated by the remembrance of other scenes and other times. She sighed for the gipsy court, for the lowly hearth around which the children of Roma gather in the evening after their adventurous wanderings, for the songs and recitals that make joyous their humble meal, for the vicissitudes of to-day and the untried chances of to-morrow.

When her husband went to the chase, or was occupied with his affairs, the unhappy wife sat long hours in silence by the window, her eyes wandering toward the dusty paths she had trodden so gaily with naked feet, and the villages whence she had brought with pride the fruit of her gipsy arts. Now and then she thought she could hear one of those wild and weird songs which had been the lullaby of her infancy, the sound of the bow gliding sweetly over the cords of the *scheltra*, or the melodious breathings of the *noia*; then her bosom swelled, her eyes sparkled. She would open the window with a cry of joy, and fall back in her seat, silent and depressed. What had charmed her ear was not the music of her people; it was only the cry of a bird, or the murmur of the wind through the gently-moving tree-tops.

One day, when seated thus alone and lost in melancholy reveries, she suddenly arose and ran to the balcony. This time her senses had not deceived her; she recognized distinctly the tones and accents that she could never forget. A band of gipsies was passing by at no great distance from the castle. An old woman who resembled her mother was seated on a cart, and another cart followed, loaded with sacks and baskets; a child led along a patient donkey by the bridle; men of the tawny figure and burning eye, peculiar to the race of Roma, escorted the picturesque convoy. One of the latter, gayer and younger than his companions, held in his hand the joyous *schetra*, touched its strings, and sang as he went one of the popular romances of his nation:

The wind whistles over the heath,
The moon dances upon the waves,
The gipsy lights his fire in the shade of the forest.

Yuchza! yuchza!

Free is the eagle in the air,
Free the salmon in the river,
Free the deer in the forest,
Freer the gipsy where'er he wanders.

Yuchza! yuchza!

Maiden, wilt thou live in my dwelling?
I'll give thee garments of zibeline,
And necklaces of golden ducats.

The untamed horse leaves not the green prairie
for a glittering harness,
The eagle leaves not the rocks of the mountain
for a gilded cage,
The child of Roma leaves not the liberty of the
fields for garments of zibeline and neck-
laces of golden ducats.

Maiden, wilt thou go with me?
I'll give thee pearls and diamonds,
I'll give thee a couch of purple,
I'll give thee a royal palace.

My pearls are my white teeth,
My diamonds are my black eyes that shine like
lightning,
My couch is the green earth,
My palace the world.

Yuchza! yuchza!

Free is the eagle in the air,
Free the salmon in the river,
Free the deer in the forest,
Freer the gipsy wher'er he wanders.

Yuchza! yuchza!

With the first words of this weird song the gipsy experienced a kind of electrical emotion, and burst into tears. At the wild, sonorous cry which terminated the last refrain she darted forth from the castle, and ran to join the wandering troop.

When her husband returned he sought in vain for her in the castle and alleys of the park; no one had seen her depart; no one knew what had become of her. The instinct of the heart revealed to him the resolution she had taken. He set out in pursuit of the gipsies, whom a peasant had seen pass by.

At last, after three days of anxious suspense, he arrived in the evening, worn out with fatigue, at the border of a lawn where the gipsies had encamped. By the light of a fire which a child now and then stirred, he observed a man and woman seated, apart from the others, side by side. Gliding carefully through the underbrush so as not to be observed, he approached within a few steps of the solitary couple. It was his own wife, whom the wandering



RUINED FORTRESS IN UPPER HUNGARY.

violinist held folded in his arms, and who, while receiving the kisses of her tawny lover, related to him how sad and lonely she had been in the splendid castle. The husband returned silent and broken-hearted to his desolate home. From that time no one of his servants has seen him smile; no female has been suffered to enter his lonely apartments; and when a band of gipsies happen to pass by he locks himself up in his chamber, and remains there until they are far away.

In addition to singular tastes and epicurean tendencies, the charge of cannibalism has often been brought against the gipsies. It was formerly said of them that they had a particular relish for the delicate tissues of youths and maidens, from the ages of twelve to eighteen; and that there were those among them who did not hesitate to eat their own fathers and mothers. During the last century gipsies were, in numerous instances, hung, beheaded, and quartered for this offense. I should notice, however, that the same charge had previously been brought against the Jews, between whose history and that of the gipsies there are many traits of resemblance. Quinones states that "he learned (he does not say from whom, but probably from Trajardo) that there was a shepherd of the city of Guadix, in Spain, who once lost his way in the wild sierra

of Godol; night came on, and the wind blew cold; he wandered about until he descried a light in the distance, toward which he bent his way, supposing it to be a fire kindled by shepherds. On arriving at the spot, however, he found a whole tribe of gipsies, who were roasting the half of a man, the other half being hung on a cork tree. The gipsies welcomed him very heartily, and requested him to be seated at the fire and to sup with them; but he presently heard them whisper to each other, 'This is a fine fat fellow,' from which he suspected they were meditating a design upon his body; whereupon, feigning himself sleepy, he made as if he was seeking a spot where to lie, and suddenly darted headlong down the mountain side, and escaped from their hands without breaking his neck."

The persecution of the zigeuner of Hungary, during the last century, was not unlike that of the witches of New England. Executions took place at Frauenmark, Kamzer, and Esaburg in the year 1782, and many were imprisoned. An old record states: "Her majesty, Maria Theresa, not thinking it possible that the people in confinement could have been guilty of such enormous crimes, sent a commissioner thither from the court, to examine minutely into the affair. On his return it was confirmed that they were really man-eaters,

and that there are actually among them some who have killed and eaten their own fathers." Notwithstanding these relations, and the startling accounts to the same effect given by Griseleni, the gipsies were probably never cannibals, except in cases of necessity. The persons executed in Hungary were arrested on suspicion of theft. It was inferred, from the proceedings, that they had been guilty of murder. When questioned in this respect, they confessed the act, from an idea of heroism, as was afterward determined. They promised even to show the bodies; but on arriving on the ground not a trace of them could be found, which fact clearly proved, in the minds of the judges, that the gipsy culprits had eaten them, and they were executed forthwith for cannibalism.

I have already alluded to the Bedouin affection of the gipsies for life in the open air, but they prefer to have their tents or cabins near some large town; for, according to one of their maxims, "money is in the city, not in the country."

On the approach of cold weather the gipsies withdraw to their nomadic winter-quarters, or, like hibernating animals, retire to their holes in the earth. In Hungary they usually make an excavation in some sunny hillside, and complete their wretched abode by laying a few sticks across the top, or setting up a few boards, so as to meet above, which are covered with earth or straw, leaving merely a hole in the roof, through which the smoke can escape. In the Danubian principalities the houses of the tsigans, or gipsies, are subterranean, as are also the *kolibes* of the Wallachian peasants. The gipsies who have adopted stationary life live in more comfortable dwellings. The idea of separate apartments rarely enters the minds of those wandering architects, who, for the most part, build only for a single season. But when such is the case, it is merely the partitioning off, in a rude manner, of part of the chamber for the antiquated jade whose business it is to carry from place to place the personal effects and household gods of the family. Their articles of fur-



ANCIENT DACIANS.



GIPSY EXECUTIONER.

niture are of the most primitive character. A spoon, a pan, and a rude kettle for cooking the frugal meal, occupy but little room, and are easily transported from place to place. Chairs and tables are articles of luxury not often found in their humble dwellings. The use of knives and forks does not belong to their politeness, or supersede the purpose of the fingers and teeth; and these simple children of nature, in whom want appears to be productive of happiness, and vicissitude merriness of heart, sleep sweetly upon the naked bosom of their mother earth. To these must be added the few implements with which the gipsy pursues his particular craft: the bungling apparatus of the gold-washer; the miniature anvil and bellows of the smith; and the rude musical instruments of the wandering minstrel. The pipe is, however, the principal household god, as their love of tobacco is exceeded only by their love of alcohol and idleness.

The gipsy pipe is made of wood, short, for the more complete enjoyment, and is passed from mouth to mouth, like the

calumet of the American Indians. It is valued according to its age and *strength*, and is ultimately broken up and eaten as the greatest of delicacies. The gipsies also consume their own smoke, without the compulsion of municipal regulations.

Bread is not often baked among them, since that which is stolen, or begged, is considered superior to the home manufacture. The gipsy wife has a love of oriental ease; she winds her rags around her after the manner of the Orientals; when she bakes bread it is done upon expiring embers, as in the remote East; and, although it be her only article of furniture, she retains the eastern custom of preserving a single cup, which is not unfrequently of silver. This descends from family to family, and when not in use is generally buried for greater security. I have also frequently seen gold ducats dangling upon the naked breasts of these half-clothed barbarians.

The gipsies have their music, their songs, and dances. The wandering minstrels, for they are known as such, possess

a marvelous flexibility of spirit, united frequently with astonishing power of imitation and richness of voice. Discordant sounds intermingling with gushes of melody, halting measures, wild and original variations—these are the elements of gipsy music, and produce astonishing effects. There is something in the music of the gipsies expressive of the melancholy temperament peculiar to the race. But under excitement there is an incoherence of manner and wildness of expression equally characteristic. Music is to the gipsies a source both of pleasure and of profit.

He is a born virtuoso. Without the slightest comprehension of musical notes, he can execute a sonet of Mozart, or a symphony of Beethoven, with wonderful tact and precision after having heard the same but once.

A single gipsy performer is able to set an entire village in motion with his fiddle bow. In the Orient bands of gipseys wander from village to village, visiting even the camps of the roving Bedouins for the purpose of making music.

The great simplicity and flexibility of gipsy music render it peculiarly applica-



ENLISTMENT IN HUNGARY.

ble to the dance. This is especially the case in Hungary and Poland. The rustic gipsy band is called in requisition at every festival, and enlivens the pleasures of every holiday. One often sees the tears coursing down their sunburnt cheeks during the execution of some favorite air. "Call the gipsies," is a common saying in Russia, when society is becoming tedious, and entertainment is wanted. Russian officers are quite as distinguished for their achievements in the ball-room as in the fortress and the camp. During their nu-

merous visits to Wallachia and Moldavia they have always preferred, for the dance, the music of the gipsy bands of Bucharest and Jassy to that of the superior bands connected with the Russian army. The appearance of a corps of these wandering minstrels at a Wallachian village is the signal for a dance and general oblivion of business and pleasure, save that connected with tripping "the light fantastic toe." In Bucharest one is constantly beset by naked gipsy children crying, "Give me, O give me a para, and I will sing you a tiaña."

The gipsies, like the Hindoos, prefer stringed instruments. In the Danubian Principalities they use the cobza, which has nine strings, and resembles the mandolin, the nain, and the tamborine.

They are also masters of the violin, and perform with great excellence upon the moskolu, the syrinx of the ancients. This instrument consists of seven reeds arranged side by side, and is of great compass in the hands of a skillful performer. The brother of the Shah of Persia was sent as ambassador to Napoleon I. in 1810, and on his journey home he spent some time at Jassy, the capital of Moldavia. The instrument referred to has been in use in Persia for centuries; but the ambassador was surprised to find it infinitely more powerful in the hands of the uncultivated gipsies of Moldavia.

It is an ancient maxim that those who cross the sea change their clime, but not their character; yet the gipsies, suffering themselves to be baptized among Christians and circumcised among Mohammedans, holding themselves to be Catholics, Greeks, and Protestants, according as they live among the votaries of these sects, appear to change their religion with the same facility as their dwelling place. Though outcasts from society they cannot altogether dispense with religion, or rather with the profession thereof, it being for them a coat of many colors, to be worn as occasion may require.

While the gipsies have been thought by some to acknowledge the authority of a king, whose court is unknown, but whose dominions are wider than those of spiritual Rome, others have with more reason supposed them to cherish a secret faith of their own as a bond of union. What the religion of the gipsies properly may be is hard to determine. It is most likely a species of fire worship, the most ancient religion of India.

The children of Roma do not appear to believe in the resurrection to a future life. "We have been miserable enough in this life," say they, "why should we live again." Toppelten relates that one of the more civilized gipsies in Transylvania resolved to send his son to school. Permission was granted, but the child soon after died. The relatives applied to the magistrates and the clergy to give him Christian burial, he having been a student at the time of his death. On that occa-

sion the priest asked them whether they believed the deceased would rise again at the latter day.

"Strange idea," they answered, "to believe that a carcass, a lifeless corpse, should be reanimated and rise again! In our opinion it would be no more likely to happen to him than to the horse we flayed a few days ago."

Yet the gipsies do not believe that death is an absolute destruction. They maintain that the body will again enrich the earth, and the spirit vivify the air. An idea of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, also prevails among the gipsies in many parts of the world. How far this shadowy belief is to be regarded as a relie of their ancient religion we cannot determine, but the Zind-Cales unquestionably brought the doctrine with them in their migration from India, and are now the only people among whom it is to be found in Europe. Gipsies have been heard to declare that it was useless to execute them, as they could not die; and however the souls of the race may wander, they will be sure to join each other at last.

Though careless of life, the gipsies cling to it with excessive, unbounded love, with the tenacity that can result only from having no ray of hope beyond the grave. Infanticide is unknown among them, and no gipsy ever committed suicide on account of anxiety or despair incident to his manner of life. He never thinks of death until the grim monster stands before him, and at the last moment his terror is as dreadful as his previous existence has been gay and thoughtless. A Hungarian gipsy requested, as a particular act of grace, that he might not be hanged with his face toward the high road, saying: "Many of my acquaintances passed that way, and I should be very much ashamed to be seen by them hanging on a gallows." The relatives of a gipsy on his way to execution, perceiving how reluctantly he advanced, remonstrated thus with the magistrates: "Gentlemen, pray do not compel a man to a thing for which you see he has no desire or inclination."

In the morning of the day on which young Charlie Graham, a gipsy chief of Fife, was to be executed for horse-stealing, he sent a message to one of the magistrates of Perth requesting a razor, and at the same time, in a calm, cool manner,

desired the person to tell the magistrate "that unless his head was shaven he could neither appear before God nor man." This extraordinary expression almost warrants the opinion that the culprit imagined he would appear in his mortal frame before the great Judge of the universe, and that the Almighty himself was a being composed of flesh and blood like an earthly judge. A short time before he was led to the gallows he was observed to be very pensive and thoughtful. All at once he started up and exclaimed in a mournful tone of voice, "O! can any one of ye read, sirs; will some of ye read a psalm to me?" at the same time regretting much that he had lived without instruction. The fifty-first psalm was accordingly read to him by a gentleman present, and somewhat soothed his feelings. He was greatly agitated when ascending the platform, his limbs trembling with terror; but just before being cast off the inveterate gipsy feelings returned. In the sight of the spectators he kicked from his feet both his shoes. It was understood by all present that the object of this strange proceeding was to set at naught some prophecy that he would die with his shoes on.

Many of the Hungarian gipsies have been raised to a state of semi-civilization, no longer pursuing the nomadic life of their ancestors.

But yet there is always something to betray the gipsy nature. First, there is the copper color of the countenance, which the greatest care at the toilet cannot remove; and then if you enter his dwelling you soon see further evidence of his origin. He sits himself, most likely, with his feet stuck out of the window, fiddling. His finest clothes are thrown in a heap with his old ones, all lying together on the floor, or on the bed, covered with feathers. The candle is stuck into a champagne bottle, his pocket-book with cigars is lying in the spit-box, and in everything within there are marks of the same Russo-elegant indolence which the gipsy never shakes off.

Exposed to the salutary influences of the earth and air, the gipsies, though the creatures of so many vicissitudes, enjoy much more health than is usual with people who are civilized. Plague and pestilence appear to sweep by them in search of other victims. They are exceedingly well-

formed, and the enormous adipose developments, the distorted limbs and worthless members which pertain to the dwellings of civilization, are rarely seen in the tents of the gipsies. There are no dwarfs among them and no giants. Their bodies are supple, combining strength with activity. As among barbarians everywhere, a smaller proportion of their children reach the age of adults than in civilized society; but such of them as survive the terrible ordeal of childhood acquire thereby a hardness of constitution upon which the elements appear to have no material influence. When a naked gipsy boy complained that he was hungry and freezing, his mother told him to tie a string around his body and go out and steal something to eat. Such are the gipsies.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE THIRD CENTURY.

FABIOLA STRUGGLING.

IN the midst of all these questionings, sometimes turned from with an impatient pride, and again sought with irresistible desire, Fabiola was summoned to an interview with the young Tribune whose superiority had so attracted her, and excited an admiration not easily awakened in her aspiring mind. He called to inform her of a plot among her slaves, which might affect her safety, and, true to his Christian principles, turned the conversation to death and its necessary preparation. After a lengthened discussion, he remarked: "Let it come in any form, it comes from a hand I love."

"And do you really mean that death, so contemplated, would be welcome to you?" asked Fabiola.

"As joyful as is the epicure when the doors of the banqueting-hall are thrown wide open, as blythe as is the bride when the bridegroom is announced coming with rich gifts to conduct her to her new home, will my exulting heart be when death, under any form, throws back the gates, iron on this side but golden on the other, which lead to a new and perennial life. And I care not how grim the messenger may be that proclaims the approach of Him who is celestially beautiful."

"And who is He?" asked Fabiola, breathlessly. "Can he not be seen save through the fleshless orbs of death?"

"No," replied the Tribune; "for it is He who must reward us, not only for our lives, but for our death also. Happy they whose inmost hearts, which he ever reads, have been kept pure and innocent, as well as their deeds have been virtuous. For them is this bright vision of Him whose true rewards only then begin."

How very like Lyra's doctrines she thought; but before she could speak again to ask whence they came a slave entered, stood on the threshold, and respectfully said: "A courier, madam, has just arrived from Bajæ."

"Pardon me," she exclaimed to her visitor. "Let him enter immediately."

The messenger came in, covered with dust and jaded, having left his tired horse at the gate, and offered her a sealed packet. Her hand trembled as she took it; and while she was unloosing its bands, she hesitatingly asked: "From my father?" "About him, at least," was the ominous reply. She opened the sheet, glanced over it, shrieked, and fell. One glance had told her all: her father was dead.

A HEATHEN'S SORROW.

Her father's death not only grieved her heart, but deepened the struggles of her wounded mind. Unconsciousness was succeeded by violent paroxysms of grief; and while the attendant who had authority administered all known remedies for the body, her Christian maid could only pray and hope—hope that a new grace was folded up, like a flower, in this tribulation; that a bright angel was riding on the dark cloud that overshadowed her humbled lady.

As grief receded it left some room for thought; this came to Fabiola in a gloomy, oppressive shape. What was become of her father? whither was he gone? had he melted into unexistence? or had he been crushed into annihilation? had his life been searched through by that unseen eye which sees the invisible? had he stood the proof of that scrutiny which Lyra and the young Tribune had described? Impossible! Then what had become of him? She shuddered at the thought, and put it from her. O for a ray of light that would dart into the grave and show her what it was! Science, philosophy, poetry could not. Glorious light was shining in Lyra's mind, and prayer and faith were strong within her; but in this hour of grief but little could be spoken, for no

Christian could hope in that heathen death, and it seemed cruel in the hour of bitter bereavement to deepen the daughter's anguish by depicting her father's certain doom in the clear light of Christian truth.

LIGHT INCREASING.

The edict was promulgated which consigned every faithful Christian to prison and to violent death. Old age, mature manhood, young, buoyant life, yea, even childhood, contributed their willing offering to the dungeon, the rack, the fire, and the amphitheater. Fabiola heard and wondered. The evidence grew clearer, and approached nearer. Her dear young cousin and the noble Tribune stood forth among the persecuted host; and her last interviews with these faithful martyrs, their firm trust, their joyful hopes, their earnest entreaties that she would examine the ground of their confidence, and yield fully to her convictions, irrespective of the consequences, destroyed all prejudice, and prepared her for the full reception of Christian truth, for she was not yet a Christian. She had never heard of a God one in Trinity; she had never been told of the marvelous history of the Redemption by God's sufferings and death; she had not heard of Nazareth, or Bethlehem, or Calvary. She returned home, exhausted by the scenes of suffering she had witnessed, and retired to her apartment, no longer, perhaps, even a philosopher, yet not a Christian. She desired all her servants to keep away from the court she occupied, that she might not be disturbed by the smallest noise. There she sat in loneliness and silence for several hours. The past, in its connections, rose plainly before her, and she exclaimed: "How strange that every one whom I have known, endowed with superior excellence—men like the Tribune, women like Agnes, should turn out to have belonged to the scorned race of Christians! One only remains, and to-morrow I will interrogate her."

While thus alone and desolate she was disturbed by the entrance of a stranger, introduced under the ominous title of a "messenger from the emperor." The porter had at first denied admittance; but upon his being assured that he bore an important embassy from the sovereign, he was obliged to inquire from the steward what to do, when he was informed that no one with such a claim could be denied entrance. Fabiola

was amazed and displeased, for it proved to be a rejected suitor, who, mad with rage and hate, came yet to urge his plea, because of the immense fortune which her father's and cousin's death had placed at her disposal. Through an interview protracted on his part, he was again rejected with decision and scorn, when, drawing a dagger from his robe, he seized her by the hair. She made no resistance, but felt a sickening sensation come over her. Just as she closed her eyes she saw something like lightning above her; in another moment she felt oppressed and suffocated, as if a great weight had fallen upon her, and a hot stream was flowing over her bosom. The weight increased, she struggled and relieved herself; another body was lying in her place, apparently dead, and covered with blood. It was the faithful Lyra, who had thrown herself between her mistress's life and the murderer's dagger.

Not venturing to intrude upon Fabiola's desired solitude, yet drawn to her by love and grief, Lyra had taken a position in an adjoining room. She had remained in deeper privacy than her strong desire for martyrdom (so generally cherished by the devoted of those times) would have allowed, because her *life-work* was not yet accomplished in the conversion of her mistress. By faith she saw the hour of deliverance drawing nigh, and stood ready for any, every opening which the providence and the Spirit of God would open. Though public martyrdom was denied, the spirit's offering was accepted.

THE PRAYER ANSWERED.

"My life for her soul!" was Lyra's fervent exclamation when she refused to be transferred from Fabiola's service to that of her cousin. She was now placed in Fabiola's own room, and nursed by her with the tenderest care. The physician gave much hope that careful nursing would restore her to health; and as she lay faint from loss of blood, and unable to speak a word, her once haughty mistress sat in love and gratitude by her side. Though herself exhausted and feverish, Fabiola would not leave Lyra's couch; and now what were her thoughts, when, in the dim light of a sick room, she opened her heart and mind to them? They were simple and earnest. She saw at once the reality and truth of all that her servant had ever spoken to her. When she had

conversed with her, the principles which she heard with delight had appeared to her wholly beyond practice; beautiful theories, which could not be brought into action. Now disinterested love, self-sacrifice for another's good, were here exemplified. Lyra was no dreamer then, no theorist; but a serious, real practitioner of all she taught. Could this be philosophy? O no; it must be a religion, the religion of her cousin, of the Tribune. How she longed to converse with her again! Lyra's countenance denoted joy and hope, and ever and anon she gazed on Fabiola with the utmost tenderness, who watched her with a sister's utmost love. After a few days conversation was permitted, and Fabiola attempted to express her thanks, and her high appreciation of the act which had saved her life. Lyra insisted that she had but done her duty. "But," Fabiola exclaimed, "I have been reflecting on it night and day since I witnessed it, and my heart has yearned to speak of it. It was noble, it was grand, it was beyond all reach of praise, and I know you do not want it. I do not see any way in which the sublimeness of the act could have been enhanced, or *human virtue* rise one step higher."

Lyra, who was now raised to a reclining position, took Fabiola's hand between both hers, and turning round toward her, in a soft and mild, but most earnest tone, thus addressed her:

"Dear and gentle lady, for one moment listen to me. Not to depreciate what you are good enough to value, since it pains you to hear it, but to show you how far we are from what might have been done, let me trace for you a parallel scene, but where all shall be reversed. Let it be a slave, a slave brutish, ungrateful, rebellious to the most benign and generous of masters; and let the stroke, not of an assassin, but of the minister of justice, impend over his head. What would you call the act? how would you characterize the virtue of that master, if, out of pure love, that he might reclaim that wretched man, he should rush beneath the ax's blow, aye, and its preceding ignominious stripes, and leave written in his will that he made that slave heir to his titles and his wealth, and desired him to be considered as his brother?"

"O Lyra, Lyra, you have drawn a picture too sublime to be believed of man.

You have not eclipsed your own act, for I spoke of *human* virtue. To act as you have now described would require that, if possible, *of God*."

Lyra pressed the folded hand to her bosom, fixed on Fabiola's wondering eyes a look of heavenly inspiration, as she sweetly and solemnly replied:

"*And Jesus Christ, who did all this for man, was truly God.*"

Fabiola covered her face with both her hands, and for a long time was silent. Lyra prayed fervently in her own calm heart.

"Lyra, I thank you from my heart," at last said Fabiola; "you have fulfilled your promise of guiding me. But now tell me, are those awful, but sweet words which you just now uttered, which have sunk in my heart as deeply, as silently, and as irrevocably as a piece of gold dropped upon the surface of the still ocean goes down into its depths; are those words a mere part of the Christian system, or are they its essential principle?"

"From a simple allegory, dear lady, your powerful mind has, in one bound, reached and grasped the master-key of our whole teaching; the alembic of your refined understanding has extracted and condensed into one thought the most vital and prominent doctrines of Christianity. That man, God's creature and bondsman, rebelled against his Lord; that justice irresistible had doomed and pursued him; that this very Lord 'took the form of a servant,' and in habit was found like a man; that in this form he suffered stripes, buffets, mockery, and shameful death, became the 'crucified one,' as men here call him, and thereby rescued man from his fate, and gave him part in his own riches and kingdom; all this is comprised in the words that I have spoken."

"I every moment see," replied Fabiola, "how all that you have ever spoken to me coheres and fits together like the parts of one plant, all springing one from another. But, Lyra, there is a deep and unseen root whence springs all this, possibly dark beyond contemplation, deep beyond reach, complex beyond man's power to unravel, yet perhaps simple to a confiding mind. I mean your idea of that God whom you made me fear when you spoke to me as a philosopher of Him, and taught me to know as the ever present watchman and judge, but whom I am sure you will make me love, when, as a Christian, you exhibit

Him to me as the root and origin of such heavenly tenderness and mercy. Without some deep mystery in His nature, as yet unknown to me, I cannot fully apprehend that wonderful doctrine of man's purchase."

"Fabiola," responded Lyra, "more learned teachers than I should endeavor to instruct one so gifted and so acute. But will you believe me if I attempt to give you some explanation?"

"Lyra," replied Fabiola, with strong emphasis, "one who is ready to die for another will not deceive him."

"And now," rejoined the patient, smiling, "you have again seized a great principle—that of Faith. I will, therefore, be only the narrator of what Jesus Christ, who truly died for us, has taught us. You will believe my words only as a faithful witness. You will accept his as that of an unerring God."

Fabiola bowed her head, and listened with reverential mind to her whom she had long honored as a teacher of marvelous wisdom, but whom she now almost worshiped as an angel, who could open to her the flood-gates of the eternal ocean, whose waters are the unfathomable wisdom, overflowing on earth. Lyra expounded the sublime doctrine of the Trinity, then, after relating the fall of man, unfolded the mystery of the Incarnation, giving, in the very words of St. John, the history of the Eternal Word, till He was made flesh, and dwelt among men. Often was she interrupted by the expressions of admiration or assent which her pupil uttered, never by cavil or doubt. Philosophy had given place to religion, captiousness to docility, incredulity to faith.

After a pause, Lyra proceeded briefly to detail the history of our Saviour's birth, his active but suffering life, and then his ignominious passion. Often was the narrative interrupted by the tears and sobs of the willing listener and ready learner. At last the time for rest had come, when Fabiola humbly asked, "Are you too fatigued to answer one question more?" "No," was the cheerful reply.

"What hope," said Fabiola, "can there be for one who cannot say she was ignorant, for she pretended to know everything; nor that she neglected to learn, for she affected eagerness after every form of knowledge, but can only confess that she scorned the true wisdom, and blasphemed

its giver; who has scoffed at the very torments which proved the love, and sneered at the death, which was the ransoming, of Him whom she has mocked at as the "Crucified!" A flood of tears stopped her speech. The heathen Fabiola was a humbled, repentant sinner at the foot of the cross. With few words Lyra comforted her; no more was said that night. Lyra, fatigued with her exertion, sank into a placid slumber. Fabiola sat by her side, filled to her heart's brim with this tale of love. She pondered over it again and again, and she now saw how every part of this wonderful system was consistent. For, if Lyra had been ready to die for her, in imitation of her Saviour's love, so had she been as ready to forgive her when she had thoughtlessly injured her. Every Christian, she now felt, ought to be a copy, a representative of his Master; but the one who slumbered so tranquilly beside her was surely true to her model, and might well represent Him to her. When after some time Lyra awoke, she found her mistress (her patent of freedom was not yet completed) lying at her feet, over which she had sobbed herself to sleep. She understood full well the meaning and merits of this self-humiliation; she did not stir, but thanked God with a full heart that her sacrifice had been accepted. Fabiola, on waking, crept back to her own couch, as she thought, unobserved; a secret, sharp effort it had required, but she had thoroughly humbled the pride of her own heart. She felt for the first time her heart was Christian.

FABIOLA, THE CHRISTIAN.

To promote Lyra's recovery, Fabiola had removed her, with a small part of her household, to a spot dear to both, the Nomentan villa. The spring had set in, and Lyra could have her couch brought to the window, or, in the warmest part of the day could be carried down to the garden in front of the house, where, with Fabiola on one side and Emerentiana (Agnes's foster-sister) on the other, they would talk of friends lost, and especially of her with whom every object around was associated in their memories. They would also frequently discourse on Christian subjects, and Lyra would follow up humbly and unpretendingly, but with the warm glow which had first charmed Fabiola, the instructions given by their pastor Dionysius.

But it was observed with pain by all but Fabiola that the patient, though the wound had healed, did not gain strength. There was a hectic flush on her cheek, she was emaciated and weak, and a slight cough was heard from time to time. But every opportunity was improved for spiritual conversation, as Fabiola was now preparing for the full avowal of her Christianity. The baptism of herself and household had nothing to cheer it but purely spiritual joy. The churches were all closed, for persecution still raged.

When the time for the administration of baptism arrived (it was night) it was indeed but a dreary celebration that it introduced. Deep in the bowels of the earth the waters of a subterranean stream had been gathered into a square well, or cistern, about four or five feet deep. They were clear indeed, but cold and bleak, if we may use the expression, in their deep bath, formed out of the volcanic rock. A long flight of steps led down to this rude baptistery; a small ledge at the side sufficed for the minister and the candidate, who was thrice immersed in the purifying waters. It was not until late on Easter day that Fabiola returned to her villa, and a long and silent embrace was her first greeting of Lyra. Both were so happy, so blissful, so fully repaid for all that they had been to each other for months that no words could give expression to their feelings.

Fabiola's grand idea was, that now she had risen to the level of her former slave; not in virtue, not in beauty of character, not in greatness of mind, O no, in all these she felt herself greatly her inferior; but as a child of God, as heiress to an eternal kingdom, as a living member of the body of Christ, as admitted to a share of all His mercies, to all the price of His redemption, as a new creature in Him, she felt that she was equal to Lyra, and with happy glee she told her so. Never had she been so proud of splendid garments as she was of the white robe which she had received as she came out of the font, and which she had to wear for eight days.

But a merciful Father knows how to blend our joys and sorrows, and sends us the latter when he has best prepared us for them. In that warm embrace which we have mentioned Fabiola for the first time noticed the shortened breath and heaving chest of her dear sister. She was

startled, and sent to beg the pastor Dionysius to come on the morrow. That evening they all kept the Easter banquet together, and Fabiola felt happy to preside at Lyra's side, over a table at which reclined, or sat, her own converted slaves and those of Agnes's household, all of whom she had retained. She never remembered having enjoyed so delightful a supper. Dionysius came and saw a great change in his patient. (He was physician also.) It was as he feared it might be. The insidious point of the dagger had curled round the bone and injured the pleura, and phthisis had rapidly set in. He confirmed Lyra's most serious apprehensions; she mourned only for Fabiola, who had a long and bitter struggle ere she could say, "Thy will be done." On the following Sabbath that Christian band received the sacrament together from the pastor. Lyra looked serene, nay joyful; a smile passed over her face, and she expired, as thousands of Christ's children have expired since.

Fabiola, in the providence of God, escaped the effects of that persecution, and but a few years elapsed ere Constantine's decree made the Christian religion that of the empire. Fabiola spent her time in visiting the sick; she established a hospital in her own house, and lavished her wealth in aiding the cause of Christ in every form, and after many years of charity and holiness, withdrew to rest in peace, in company with Agnes and Lyra.

BALZAC.

FEW romance writers of modern times have been more fertile and popular than Balzac; and yet there have been few whose literary history presents so much that is melancholy and painful. Endowed with a prodigious memory, an almost miraculous faculty of observation, a subtle power of analysis, and an exuberant imagination, these great gifts were unusually slow in attaining maturity, and their possessor had written no less than thirty romances before they were fully developed. "*Les Chouans*," written in La Vendée, close to the theater of the events which it describes, was the first work which revealed to the public the mine of wealth stored up in the mind of its author, who was then in his twenty-ninth year. From that period, however, his success was

rapid, and his reputation steadily increased with the publication of "*La Physiologie du Mariage*," "*La Peau de Chagrin*," "*Eugénie Grandet*," and a crowd of other tales and romances. He was a bold and true painter of the manners of modern society, laying bare its vices and corruptions with an unsparing hand; in his most elaborate work, "*La Comédie Humaine*," which is divided into eight series, and contains upward of three thousand characters, he has aspired to place at once upon the stage the whole circle of modern society, in all its varied and complicated aspects. In point of fertility, Sir Walter Scott and the elder Dumas are the only modern novelists who can be compared to Balzac. The splendid Houssiaure edition of his works contains ninety novels and romances, and represents more than a hundred and twenty volumes of ordinary size. Balzac had much of that eccentricity of character and conduct which seems so often to be combined with remarkable literary or artistic genius, and presents one of the most animated and irregular literary physiognomies of his day, full of originality and contrast.

Balzac was born at Tours, on the 16th of May, 1799, the fête day of St. Honoré, after whom he was named by his father. His sister describes him as an engaging child, with a smiling and finely chiseled mouth, large brown eyes, a lofty forehead, and thick black locks. His father had been an advocate during the reign of Louis XVI. and the stormy scenes of the great French Revolution. Later in life, he retired to Tours, where he lived for nineteen years on a property which he had bought in the immediate neighborhood of the town. He was highly respected by all who knew him for his wisdom and kindness of heart. Withal he was a great original; his favorite hobby was the preservation of health; and he entertained an idea, which has been advanced by a recent writer, that human life, if properly arranged, ought to extend to a hundred years and more. To attain this more he took extraordinary pains, and was unceasingly on the watch to establish what he termed "the equilibrium of the vital forces." His care was in some degree successful; for he had attained the age of eighty-three, when he died from the effects of an accident in 1829. At one time in affluent circumstances, he was in

later life, from failures and other misfortunes, reduced to comparative indigence. His memory, spirit of observation, and readiness of repartee, were very remarkable, and his wise and varied conversation, and curious anecdotes, not only instructed his celebrated son in the science of life, but also furnished him with the subject of more than one of his books. The mother of Balzac was the daughter of the director of hospitals in Paris. She was handsome and rich, and much younger than her husband; and was distinguished for great vivacity of spirit and imagination, indefatigable activity, a rare firmness of decision, and unlimited devotion to her family. It thus appears that, if talent be hereditary, the great qualities of Balzac were the natural and logical consequence of those of his parents. He inherited the originality, the memory, and the faculty of observation of his father, the fertile imagination and activity of his mother, and the energy and kindness of heart of both. When still very young he gave proof, in the childish games in which he engaged with his brothers and sisters, of that rich fancy which was afterward to produce such abundant fruit, by improvising little comedies for their amusement. At seven years old he was sent to the college of Vendôme, then a very celebrated seminary, where he remained for seven years, without in any way distinguishing himself. To his professors he appeared an idle and careless boy; but, nevertheless, during these seven years he had read, unknown to them, a great part of the books in the rich library of the college. His health and spirits, however, suffered so much from this vast and miscellaneous reading, that he was obliged to leave college and return to his family, when the country air and their society soon restored him to his usual health and vivacity.

In 1814 Balzac's father was called to Paris to undertake the direction of the commissariat of the first military division, and his son accompanied him in order to complete his studies; in doing which he was not more successful or distinguished than he had formerly been at the college of Vendôme. Afterward he attended the eloquent prelections of Villemain, Guizot, and Cousin, and studied in the public libraries, in order the better to profit by their instructions. Even at this early age, he had a great love for books; and by

picking up rare and curious works at the book-stalls on the quays, commenced the foundation of that splendid library which, in after years, he succeeded in rendering so complete. At this period the parents and friends of Balzac seem to have regarded him as rather a dull, stupid lad, and to have had no idea whatever of the hidden genius that lay slumbering within him; and their astonishment and incredulity would probably have been excessive had any one then told them that he would yet be so celebrated that the street in which he lived would afterward bear his name. Balzac's father destined him for the profession of a notary, in order that he might be able to enter into an advantageous partnership which had been offered to him, and which would speedily secure ease and independence. Honoré, accordingly, went through a complete course of legal studies, and at the age of twenty-one had finished his law course and passed all the necessary examinations. His father then, for the first time, announced to him his intentions with regard to his future career, which were entirely distasteful to the son, who had fixed his mind on obtaining distinction in the world of letters, and who saw in the proposed partnership an end to all his visions of literary fame. A warm discussion ensued between the father and son, which ended in the partnership scheme being abandoned, and in Balzac's receiving two years during which to vindicate his vocation for literature. This dislike to the law, and choice of a literary career, gave great distress to the family and friends of Balzac, and one of the latter declared that the young man was good for nothing but to be put into some bureau as a copying clerk, as the only accomplishment he possessed was that of a fine hand. Balzac exclaimed, on hearing this harsh sentence, "*Je donnerai un démenti à cet homme;*" and when his future celebrity had effectually done so, he further revenged himself by dedicating to him one of his best works.

Balzac's mother naturally enough imagined that a little experience of the misery and poverty of the life which he had selected, would soon bring him to acquiesce in the wishes of his family; and accordingly, upon their departure from Paris, she installed him in the garret near the library of the arsenal. This apart-

ment was furnished in the most meager manner, with only a few chairs and a table; while the allowance given to the young *littérateur*, was barely sufficient to provide him with the necessaries of life. An old servant, for twenty years attached to the service of the Balzac family, was, however, left in Paris by his mother, and charged to keep an eye upon him. The transition from the abundance and variety of his paternal home to a miserable solitary chamber, destitute of every comfort, was trying enough; but Balzac, at length at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclinations, and buoyed up by hopes of future success, never complained. At this time he meditated a vast number of works, chiefly dramatic; he had not yet discovered where lay the true strength of his genius. After much hesitation, he at length determined to make his literary *début* by writing a tragedy upon the history of Cromwell; and the letters in which he details his doubts and difficulties, his aspirations and trials, to his favorite sister, are full of interest. They are perfectly unaffected, and contain an evident outpouring of his whole mind to one who loved him truly and sympathized in all his hopes and anxieties. Most of his letters at this period are full of the gaiety of youth, but sometimes graver thoughts mingle with his juvenile spirits. In one he thus writes: "I have left the Jardin des Plantes for the Père la Chaise. The former is too sad. In my walks through the latter I find many an inspiration, many a reflection on sorrow useful for Cromwell. True grief is so difficult to depict—it requires so much simplicity! Decidedly there are no epigraphs so beautiful as those here—La Fontaine, Masséna, Molière. A single name, which says everything, and sets one dreaming!"

In April, 1820, the tragedy of "Cromwell" was finished, and Balzac repaired to his father's house full of joy, and counting upon a certain triumph. It was read before the assembled family and their friends, an ancient professor of the Ecole Polytechnique acting as judge. On the close of the reading, the professor solemnly declared that the young author might excel in anything except literature. Balzac received this severe sentence unflinchingly, with the remark, "Tragedies are not my *forte*, that is all," and then resumed his literary labors; but he was so emaciated

by fifteen months of his garret life, that his mother would not permit him to return, but retained him at home in order to watch over his health. During the next five years he composed more than forty volumes, which he, however, considered as imperfect attempts, so that those which were published appeared anonymously, in order that they might not bring discredit upon the family name, and he could never afterward be persuaded to avow them.

Although Balzac was successful in getting some of his early romances printed, he yet made nothing by them. He was unknown in the literary world, and had no powerful protectors or friends, so that the road to fame and fortune was to him steep and difficult of ascent. Longing to escape from the trammels in which he was held in his father's house, and from the constant pain of hearing his abilities undervalued, and his career disparaged, he looked around him for some rapid means of acquiring that wealth which would enable him to carry on his literary projects in ease and freedom. Hence arose the embarrassments which embittered the whole of his future existence, and weighed him down with a burden of debt, which hung like a millstone about his neck; so that, like Scotland's greatest novelist, the latter part of his career presents a melancholy and painful picture of life worn out, and the very heart and spirit exhausted, in efforts to pay off manfully and fully the debts in which he had become involved by unfortunate pecuniary speculations.

Balzac was twenty-five years old when, induced by the counsels of a friend who also furnished him with the necessary funds, he commenced his search after fortune. His first speculation was as a publisher, and his first publication was the complete works of La Fontaine and Molière in a single volume. The jealousy and opposition of rival publishers rendered this enterprise unsuccessful, and Balzac gained by it nothing but debt. He next became the owner of a printing establishment to which he subsequently added a type foundry, acquired partly with borrowed money and partly by the assistance of his family; but the expense of carrying on these joint undertakings was great, and they failed for want of the requisite funds, at the very moment when their possession might have secured success. Balzac was consequently obliged to sell them much

below their value, and the lucky purchaser afterward realized from them a handsome fortune. The result was, that at twenty-nine he possessed nothing but his debts and his pen—a pen whose powers were then unknown.

In 1827 appeared his romance of "Les Chouans," which at length attracted some favorable notice from the press and the public. It was speedily followed by "Catherine de Médicis," one of his best, though not best known, works, which shows to what a height its author might have risen as an historical novelist. Balzac was an enthusiastic admirer of Sir Walter Scott, not only on account of the ability which he had displayed in obtaining the public favor, but also for the fertility and power which he had exhibited in maintaining his claims to it. Among his works he particularly admired "Quentin Durward," although he thought that Sir Walter had there misrepresented Louis XI., a monarch whose character he considered imperfectly understood, and whom he afterwards brought upon the stage in his romance of "Maître Cornelius." At one time Balzac entertained the idea of illustrating the manners and progress of his native country by a series of historical romances; but soon abandoned this project, and determined rather to depict the manners of his own time. He entitled his works "Études de Mœurs," and divided them into series: "Scènes de la Vie Privée," "de la Vie de Campagne," "de la Vie de Province," "de la Parisienne," etc.; but it was not till 1833, about the time of the publication of his "Médecin de Campagne," that he conceived the idea of combining all his characters in order to form a complete whole. His ambition was to depict the entire range of modern society, and construct with his own hands a work which should correspond to, and embrace every phase of human existence.

It was not until the publication of the compact edition of his works that Balzac determined upon giving to it the title of "La Comédie Humaine," a name which he adopted after much hesitation, lest he might be censured for presumption. To this edition he prefixed a beautiful preface, in which he expresses a fear, destined to be prophetic, that he would not live to finish his cherished work. He also associates his chief friends by dedicating to each of them one of the works composing

"La Comédie Humaine," which dedications show that he was valued and beloved by a number of his most illustrious contemporaries.

Between 1827 and 1848, Balzac composed and published no less than ninety-seven works, and this, too, without either secretary or corrector of the press. His method of writing his romances was a very strange one. His first sketch, even of his longest works, seldom exceeded thirty or forty pages, and each sheet was thrown aside as it was written without being revised or corrected. Next day a proof of the MSS. was sent him by the printer, with enormous margins. On the second proof the forty pages expanded to a hundred, and these to two hundred on the third, and so on until the work had received the finishing touches of the master. He was the terror of compositors, who dreaded his interminable additions and corrections, and it has been said that they used to stipulate in their engagements that they should not have on each working day more than two hours of Balzac. The love which he had for perfection, and his profound respect for his own talent and for the public, made him, perhaps, labor his style too much. Except some works written under so happy an inspiration that he retouched them but little, it was only after having corrected successively eleven or twelve proofs of the same sheet, that he gave the *bon à tirer* so much longed for by the poor typographers, so fatigued by his corrections, that they could not each get through above a page at a time of Balzac.

The hours of labor to which Balzac accustomed himself were most unnatural, and must have seriously injured his constitution. He thus describes them in a letter to his sister, written in 1833: "I have resumed my life of labor. I go to bed at six o'clock, immediately after dinner. The animal digests and sleeps until midnight. Auguste then brings me a cup of coffee, by the help of which the mind goes on working until midday. I then rush to the printing office with my copy, and get my proofs, in order to give exercise to the animal, who is full of thought even while walking. One puts a great deal of ink upon paper in twelve hours, little sister, and at the end of a month of that existence there is a good deal of work done. Poor pen! thou must be of diamond not

to be worn out by so much labor! To increase the reputation of thy master, to acquit him toward all, then to give him a day's repose on the summit of the mountain, that is thy task!"

During the last twenty-seven years of his life Balzac traveled extensively, visiting Savoy, Sardinia, Corsica, Germany, Italy, St. Petersburg, and Southern Russia, and making, besides, a number of journeys into the interior of France, in order to enable him to describe faithfully and forcibly the scenes in which he placed his characters; and to this happy choice of locality, and vividness and accuracy of description in portraying many of the towns and districts of France, may be attributed a part of his success. He thus succeeded in ministering to the national vanity and to the nobler feeling of patriotism, and he is even more popular in the provinces than in Paris. In spite, however, of his increasing fame and popularity, his life was a series of struggles and shifts. From 1827 to 1836 he was obliged to live by granting bills, and was in perpetual anxiety as to the means of meeting of them when they became due, or of getting them renewed when he was unable to meet them. He used to say that his burden of debt, with its accumulating interest, was like a snowball, which gathered size in rolling. At times, in order to appease the most urgent and menacing of his creditors, he achieved prodigies of labor which astounded the printers and booksellers, and ultimately shortened his life.

Balzac was a day-dreamer, and was fond of building castles in the air, fancying some rich millionaire paying all his debts out of admiration for his genius, and he thus, perhaps, prevented himself from dwelling too much on the sombre realities of his position. He was constantly, however on the watch for some means of retrieving his affairs: He had heard certain learned members of the French Institute maintain that the ancient Romans, but imperfectly acquainted with the science of metallurgy, had left much neglected wealth in the scoræ of the Sardinian mines. The sanguine spirit of the novelist at once adopted this idea, and he lost no time in starting for Sardinia, where he procured specimens from the scoræ of the mines, and on his return submitted them to the analysis of skilful chemists. Their report was favorable; but it was necessary to

proceed to Piedmont in order to obtain from the Sardinian government a concession of the scoræ of the mines. Balzac's literary engagements, however, delayed him for nearly a year; and at length, on reaching Piedmont, he had the mortification to find himself too late. Always communicative, he had mentioned the motive of his voyage to the Genoese captain who had conveyed him to Sardinia, who lost no time in obtaining for himself a grant of the scoræ from the Sardinian government, by which he succeeded in realizing a handsome fortune, for it was really rich in silver, and Balzac, but for his indiscreet revelation and subsequent enforced delays, might have secured that liberty and competence for which he had so long and vainly striven.

THE ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

THIS secret military order of religious persons was founded by an association of knights in the beginning of the twelfth century. The order originated during the Crusades, and its object was to protect, as well as to furnish all the needful facilities to those pilgrim warriors whose courage, constancy, humility, and fidelity were so vigorously displayed in rescuing Palestine from the possession of the infidel, and displacing the crescent by the erection of the cross.

After Jerusalem had become a desolation, and the temple and holy places had been trodden down and desecrated by infidels, and Jews and Christians alike were banished from the Holy Land, it became an object of universal interest among the latter particularly to revisit those scenes, and if possible to recover Palestine from the hands of the ruthless invaders. The eleventh century was marked by extensive pilgrimages. A strange misconception of the meaning of Scripture prophecy, which led persons to suppose that the second advent of the Messiah would take place in the year 1000, induced vast multitudes to travel to Palestine, inasmuch as the Valley of Jehoshaphat was to be the spot where the judgment of the world was to take place. Notwithstanding the disappointment which attended the result, the tide of pilgrimage was not checked, but it seemed that an additional impulse was given to it, and during this century the caravans of pilgrims attained to such a magnitude and strength as to be denomin-

ated the armies of the Lord. Such was the belief at that time in the merit of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, that it was firmly impressed on the mind of every Christian, whatever might be his rank or standing, that a pilgrimage would remove all sin and secure a certain passport to heaven. Hence the vilest sinners, guilty of the most atrocious crimes, sought this method of making an atonement and thus meriting the rewards of the righteous.

An instance of this kind is given, during the ninth century, in the case a nobleman of Brittany who had murdered his uncle and his youngest brother. Having begun to feel remorse for his crimes he presented himself before the monarch of Lothaire, son of Louis the Debonaire, and an assembly of his prelates, and made confession of his guilty deeds. The king and bishops ordered him to be immediately bound in chains of iron, and commanded him, in expiation of his guilt, to set out on pilgrimage to the East, and visit all the holy places, clad in hair cloth and his forehead marked with ashes. Accompanied by his servants and accomplices in crime, the Breton lord directed his course to Palestine, which he reached after tedious travel. Having, in obedience to the mandates of his sovereign and the Church, visited all the holy places, he crossed the Arabian desert, which had been the scene of the wanderings of the children of Israel, and entered Egypt, the place of their bondage. He then traversed a part of Africa, and went as far as Carthage, whence he sailed for Rome. Here the Pope, on being consulted, advised him to make a second pilgrimage, in order to complete his penance and obtain the perfect remission of his sins.

The guilty lord, accordingly, set out once more, and having performed the requisite duties at the holy city, he proceeded to the shores of the Red Sea, where he took up his abode in the wilderness of Mount Sinai. After finishing the time of his penance here he made a journey to Armenia, and visited Mount Ararat, on which the ark of Noah had rested after the subsidence of the waters of the deluge. His crimes being, according to the notions of those times, now fully expiated, he returned to his native country after an exile of many years, where he was received as a saint, and taking up his abode in the convent of Redon, he there passed the remainder of

his days and died deeply regretted by all his brethren.

Another instance is recorded of the Count of Anjou, who had become a monster in cruelty. He had his first wife burned alive, and forced his second wife by his cruelty to seek refuge in the Holy Land. For these crimes, with many others of which he was guilty, public odium pursued him, and conscience, asserting her rights, presented to his disturbed imagination the forms of those who had perished by his hand issuing from their tombs and reproaching him with his crimes. Goaded and tormented, and anxious to escape from his invisible tormentors, the count invested himself with the habit of a pilgrim and started for Palestine. The tempests which he encountered in the Syrian seas seemed to his guilty soul the instruments of Divine vengeance, and had a tendency to augment the intensity of his anguish. Having at length reached Jerusalem in safety he immediately set about the work of penitence. He traversed the streets of the Holy City with a cord about his neck, and was beaten with rods by his servants, while he repeated these words, "Lord have mercy on a faithless and perjured Christian, on a sinner wandering far from his home." During his abode in Jerusalem he gave abundant alms, relieving the wants of the pilgrims, and leaving numerous monuments of his piety and munificence.

Deep, however, as was the penitence of the Count of Anjou, it did not prevent the exercise of a little pious fraud. By an ingenious device he deceived the impious malignity of the infidel Saracens who would have made him defile the holy sepulcher; and history informs us that while he lay prostrate before the sacred tomb he contrived to detach from it a precious stone which he carried back with him to the West. On his return to his duchy he built at the Castle of Loches a church after the model of that of the Resurrection at Jerusalem, and here every day he implored with tears the divine forgiveness. His mind, however, could not yet find peace; the stain of guilt still rested on his soul, and the mark of Cain was on his brow. To wash out that stain and remove that mark he once more visited the Holy Land and edified the faithful by the austerity of his penance. Returning home by the way of Italy he delivered the Roman pontiff from a formidable enemy who was

ravaging his territory, and the grateful pope granted him a full absolution from all his sins. He returned home with many relics with which he adorned churches, and spent his time in building towns and monasteries, in which work he engaged to such an extent as to acquire the name of *The Great Builder*. The people blessed heaven for his conversion, and loved and honored him, but, alas, all this was nought to his still troubled conscience, notwithstanding the absolution of the pope, and again he sought the Holy Land and watered the sepulcher of Christ with his tears.

In consequence of the resort of pilgrims and traders from the West to Jerusalem it had been found necessary, with the consent of the Saracens, to build *Hospitia*, or places of entertainment, for them during their abode in the Holy City. Accordingly the monk Bernard, who visited Jerusalem in the ninth century, found in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, near the Church of the Holy Virgin, a hospital, consisting of twelve mansions, for Western pilgrims, which was in the possession of some gardens, vineyards, and cornfields. Subsequently in the twelfth century a hospital was erected, by Italians, within the walls of Jerusalem, for the use of the Latin pilgrims. Near this hospital, and within a short distance of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, they erected, with the permission of the Egyptian caliph, a church, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, which was called *Sta. Maria de Latina*.

At the time when the army of the Crusaders appeared before the walls of Jerusalem the Hospital of St. John, which had been erected by all the monks, close by the Church of the Holy Virgin, was presided over by Gerard, a native of Provence, whose benevolence was manifested in behalf of the schismatic Greek and even the infidel Moslem. Such was the universal favor bestowed upon the hospital by the numbers of wounded pilgrims who there found aid, that Gerard and his associates expressed their wish to separate themselves from the monastery of Sta. Maria de Latina and pursue their works of charity alone and independently. Their desire being granted, they drew up a set of rules for their government, to which they made a vow of obedience, in presence of the patriarch, and assumed as their dress a black mantle with a white cross on the breast. The humility of these hospitalers

was extreme. They styled the poor and sick as their lords and themselves their servants, to whom they were liberal and compassionate. So popular became the brotherhood that Christian princes bestowed upon them great wealth.

After the death of the worthy Gerard, Raymond Dupuy, a Knight of Dauphine, who had become a brother of the order, was unanimously elected to succeed him in his office. The order of St. John, under his direction, was somewhat remodeled, and the clergy as well as laity were admitted to membership; both alike, however, were bound to yield the most implicit obedience to the commands of the superior. Just as the new regulations of Raymond were completed a new order sprang into existence with different maxims, and such was its influence that the order of St. John found it afterward necessary to adopt those maxims. The Holy Land was at that time in a very disturbed and unquiet state; the Egyptian power pressed it on the south, the Turkish on the north and east; the Arab tribes indulged in their usual predatory habits and made hostile incursions. The Mussleman inhabitants were still numerous, and the Syrian Christians were ill-affected toward the Latins. Hence the pilgrim was exposed to numerous dangers. Peril beset him on his way from the port at which he landed to the holy city, and new perils awaited him when he visited the banks of the Jordan, or went to pluck his branch of consecrated palm in the gardens of Jericho. On such occasions many pilgrims lost their lives.

Seeing these evils and dangers attendant upon a visit to the Holy Land, nine valiant, magnanimous, and pious knights resolved to form themselves into an association which should unite the characters of the monk and the knight, by devoting themselves to a life of chastity and piety at the tomb of the Saviour, and by employing their swords in the protection of the pilgrims on their visits to the holy places. They selected as their patroness *La douce Merc de Dieu*, and their resolution according so perfectly with the spirit of the Crusades, which combined piety and valor, gained at once the approbation of the king and the patriarch. In the presence of the latter they took the three ordinary vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, to which they added a fourth, namely, that

of fighting incessantly in the cause of the pilgrims and the Holy Land against the infidel. They bound themselves to live according to the rule of the canons of St. Augustine, and elected as their first master Hugh De Payens. King Baldwin II. assigned them a portion of his palace for their abode, and he and his barons contributed to their support. As the palace stood close by the church and convent of the Temple, the abbot and canons gave them a street leading from it to the palace for keeping their magazines and equipments, and hence they styled themselves the soldiery of the Temple (Militia Templi) and Templars. Thus originated the order of the Knights Templars. They attracted such immediate consideration, owing, doubtless, in a great part to the novelty of their plan, that the very year after their establishment Fulk, Count of Anjou, in one of his pilgrimages to Jerusalem, joined their society as a married brother, and on his return home annually remitted them thirty pounds of silver in furtherance of their pious objects, and his example was followed by several other princes and nobles of the West.

During the first nine years which elapsed after the organization of their order, the Knights of the Temple lived in poverty, religiously devoting all the money which was sent to them from Europe to the advantage of the Holy Land and the service of the pilgrims. On the 31st of January, 1128, Hugh de Payens, the master, appeared before the Council of Troyes, consisting of the archbishops of Rheims and Sens, ten bishops, and a number of abbots, among whom was St. Bernard, who had given the order the highest commendation, and obtained the approbation thereof. At this time the order assumed a peculiar banner, formed of cloth, striped black and white, called in old French *Bauseant*, (signifying a piebald horse, or a horse marked with white and black,) which word became the battle cry of the Templars, and often struck terror into the hearts of the infidels. This banner bore on it the ruddy cross of the order, and the pious and humble inscription *Non nobis Domine, non nobis sed nomini tuo da gloriam*. The master would admit no knight into the order who did not terminate all his feuds and enmities and amend his life. Honor and respect awaited the Templars wherever they appeared, and persons of all

ranks vied with each other in conferring upon them honors and rewards. Emperors and kings, princes and noblemen, settled upon the order large estates, and it grew mightily in wealth and power.

To narrate the various exploits of this valorous order would be to write the history of the Crusades, for from the time that the order acquired strength and consistency no action with the infidels ever was fought in which the chivalry of the Temple did not bear a distinguished part. Their war cry was ever heard in the thickest of the battle, and rarely was Bauseant seen to waver or give back in the conflict. The Templars, however, as they increased in wealth and power, flushed with successive victories, became, as is usually the case, corrupt and oppressive at times, and many of their acts were marked with a cruelty entirely incompatible with the character of Christian knights.

The year 1162 is conspicuous in the annals of the Templars as the date of the bull *Omne Datum Optimum*, the Magna Charta of the order, and the great keystone of their power. By this bull the Templars were released from all spiritual obedience except to the Holy See; they were allowed to have peculiar burial grounds at their houses, and to have chaplains of their own; they were freed from the obligation to pay tithes, and could, with the consent of the bishop, receive them. These advantages awakened the opposition of the clergy and other rival orders, and in process of time hastened the fall of the last remnant of the Christian dominion in the East.

ONE OF ASBURY'S CONVERTS.

IN one of the cities of the West, where Bishop Asbury was spending a few weeks of relaxation by way of preaching two or three times a week, he was refreshed in spirit by witnessing the conversion of a number of souls. Among them was a young lady. She had just returned from a fashionable boarding-school, having finished the course of study, and having received a diploma setting forth her attainments and accomplishments. Special attention had been bestowed upon her musical education. She had a voice of great power and melody, and her performance on the piano exhibited rare attainments in the art. Her father was a gen-

tleman of wealth, and took great pride in his daughter. At fashionable parties she was a star of general attraction, and her musical power, as well as prepossessing appearance and manners, made her society extremely desirable.

This gifted and accomplished young lady was induced to go one evening to hear Asbury. His voice and manner rivited her attention, and ere she was aware, as the man of God presented the claims of religion upon the young, her heart was touched. She yielded to the persuasive power of the Gospel, and in penitence sought and found the blessings of religion. Her conversion was as sudden as it was unexpected by her friends, but it was, nevertheless, clear and genuine. No place to her was now so attractive as the house of God, and thither she wended her steps from evening to evening, enjoying the rapturous bliss

"Of a soul in its earliest love."

Of course, it was not long until the change wrought upon her by the power of the Gospel was known to her parents, who, strange to say, felt grieved and indignant at the result. They were worldly and thoughtless, not only neglecting the claims of religion themselves, but wholly careless in regard to their children. Their only object was to fit them for moving in fashionable circles, and no pains or expense were spared to effect it.

To win her back to the world was now the design of the father. He was too much of a gentleman, and had too much respect for himself and the proprieties of life to resort to any coercive measures. He accordingly brought around her the thoughtless and the gay of her companions, and threw her as often as possible into their society. Naturally amiable, and loving her parents with all the devotion of an affectionate child, she yielded to her father's requests to visit different places of mirth and gayety, and though she did not put on the morose look of cloistered piety, yet she was serenely quiet and affable in her manners, preserving the true dignity of the Christian. She had a heartfelt joy to which the worldly are strangers, and while she felt sympathy for the pursuers of shadows, she allowed not her anxiety for their spiritual welfare to destroy their brief uncertain joy. She preferred holding up the light of a Christ-

ian example in a calm, quiet, unobtrusive manner, rather than to resort to any effort to convince them of the error of their way. All the efforts of her father were, however, of no avail to lure her from the purpose she had formed to lead a religious life.

As a last resort he gave a large party, and sent out invitations to the most worldly and fashionable of the city. The evening at length arrived; the company came together; all was a scene of gayety and mirth, for the pleasure-loving throng were there. In the midst of this scene it was arranged that she should be invited to sing and play on the piano one of those fashionable airs to which they had been wont to listen with so much interest previous to her conversion. She made no objection as she was led by her father to the piano. Taking her seat, she commenced in a strain the most touching, because it came from her heart, and sang, with a full clear voice, that beautiful hymn of Charles Wesley:

No room for mirth or trifling here,
Of worldly thought or worldly care,
If life so soon be gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne.

No matter which my thoughts employ
A moment's misery or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

Nothing is worth a thought beneath
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies.
How make my own election sure,
And when I fail on earth secure
A mansion in the skies.

She had not sung through one verse before her father, who stood by her side, was seen to drop his head. Every whisper ceased, and the most intense feeling was evidently pervading the entire company. Every word was distinctly heard, and each seemed an arrow from the Spirit's quiver going directly to the hearts of the hearers. When she ceased her father was gone. His feelings were too great to be suppressed, and he sought another room, where he gave vent to his tears. Mary had conquered, and from that hour she was free from the allurements of the world. For many years she lived to adorn her profession, and then went up to join the song of the redeemed in heaven.

Editorial Notes and Gleanings.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

AMERICAN CHAPEL IN PARIS — A correspondent of the *Evangelist*, writing from Paris, says, in relation to the American chapel:

Architecturally it is a very handsome edifice, and will seat, perhaps, five hundred people. There is comfort and neatness, perhaps severe simplicity, in everything. The American families resident in Paris are most of them absent, and yet the chapel was well filled. It was pleasant, indeed, in this far-off land, to see such a gathering of our countrymen, and to hear the Gospel preached and hymns sung in language and in strains so familiar.

Rev. Mr. Lampson, of New York, a young Episcopalian clergyman, was present and read that portion of the service which, by mutual agreement, is used in the morning service; he also delivered a well-arranged and instructive sermon. In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Kempshall, of Rochester, N. Y., preached, and as is usual, the services were wholly congregational. It would seem difficult, if not impossible, to engraft upon one church, so that it would be satisfactory, the Episcopal and Presbyterian forms of worship, yet, with a large spirit of conciliation, and desire for Christian union, it has thus far been done, and with success. Lord Cowley, the British Minister, and family, and Hon. Mr. Mason, the American Minister, and family, were all present to-day. Every state in the Union probably was represented on Sunday, in the audience in the chapel.

It is gratifying to be able to state what New Yorkers have done for the enterprise, independent of their subscriptions. Mr. Woolsey has given them an organ, which, although not complete, is in use, and Mr. Aspinwall has presented the church with a beautiful communion service. The communion table and two handsome arm-chairs, are the gift of Mrs. Woolsey. The previous Sabbath, Rev. Dr. Prentiss, of the Mercers-street Church, on his way to Switzerland, with improved health, occupied the pulpit with Rev. Mr. Seeley. He was gratified with the success of the whole enterprise. Mr. William E. Dodge, of New York, who was also present last Sabbath, can make a favorable report of the encouraging prospects of the chapel, on his return, and, it is to be hoped, secure for it further contributions.

I learn that Mr. Lampson has just made a formal written request of Mr. Seeley, that a portion of the Sabbath be set apart for the exclusive use of the chapel for Episcopal worship. Mr. Seeley, not feeling authorized to grant such a request, gave a decided negative answer; consequently Mr. Lampson is seeking another place, where he designs to establish a new Episcopal church for the Americans. He assures me he comes to Paris exclusively on his own responsibility, and yet, with the written application of three American bishops, Williams,

of Connecticut, Doane of New Jersey, and Potter, of New York. This movement is deeply to be regretted, as it is but the beginning of denominational division, when thus far a union of all evangelical Christians has promised such eminent success, in connection with the American chapel.

The Episcopal Church is content with nothing that does not fall down and worship all her dogmas and forms. Not satisfied with the use of the service of the Episcopal Church mutually agreed upon during the most important part of the day, Mr. Lampson, backed up by three American bishops, demands an exclusive use of the chapel for Episcopal service another portion of the day. We never saw any good come out of this amalgamation of sects. A union in worship where there is no sympathy in doctrines and forms is generally fraught with evil. If these Protestant Christians profess to be laboring in an unsectarian way for the evangelization of France we advise them to unite with the Wesleyan Methodists, who have a regularly organized church in France. We commend them to the Rev. Dr. Gallienne, the president of the French Conference, who will cheerfully extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and afford them all the facilities they may wish for preaching the gospel in Paris and elsewhere.

UNITARIANISM ON THE DECLINE IN BOSTON.—The Unitarians and Universalists are the most active advocates of reforms in Boston. Some of the Orthodox Congregationalists and Baptists follow them with unequal steps. But the signs of the times indicate some degree of reaction in the state of public opinion, in religion, politics, and reforms. The single Congregational Church of thirty years ago has expanded to thirteen. Unitarianism seems to be losing ground. Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, of the Thirteenth Unitarian Church, has recently published his farewell discourse to his church and people. He alleges as a reason for his separation from his flock, that "his faith has undergone great and essential changes since he commenced his labors among them." He says of his opinions when first settled in the ministry: "I was a Unitarian by education, by social relations, and so far as my faith concerning Christ had taken form." Now he affirms that he no longer

holds to the faith in which he was educated. He adds as a reason: "In my entire conception of the whole system of salvation, as I read it in the Scriptures and the necessities of the human heart, I differ from the Unitarian creed. It is too evident to be denied or longer concealed, that in the denomination called Unitarian, there are at present two very opposite and determined movements, both of which will compel the absolute abandonment of the form of faith which, in the religious world, is known by that name. The one is leading, with great force and attractiveness, to the extreme of Rationalism; the other to greater nearness to, and closer sympathy with, the broad evangelical body of the Christian Church." This is a significant statement from one who knows whereof he affirms. Dr. Lowell and his colleague are not classed with Unitarians in their calendar. Dr. Huntington is also overlooked by liberal divines.

The theological school is separated from Harvard College, and many Unitarians look with jealousy upon the doctrines now preached in the chapel. These facts indicate the decline of the reign of "liberal Christianity," as it has been boastfully named by its advocates. A careful scrutiny shows that the dominant opinions of the past generation have been incorporated in the school books used in the city. The educators of the rising generation in Boston have adopted the policy of the Tract Society with reference to slavery. They exclude orthodoxy from their text books.

Rev. Dr. Pierpont, at the time a Unitarian clergyman in Boston, some years since prepared a series of School Readers which were for a long time used as text-books in the public schools, and from which were carefully excluded all sentiments or principles which distinctively belong to any of the evangelical sects. And now more recently a Unitarian lawyer of Boston, George S. Hillard, Esq., comes out with a series of School Readers, which are published by Unitarians, and have been voted into the Boston schools by a committee on which there is a large per centage of leading Unitarians.

From an examination of Mr. Hillard's First Class Reader, now in use in Boston schools, six American-Unitarian clergymen, namely, Buckminster, Follen, Channing, Dewey, Greenwood, and Newell, are represented in eight pieces, containing upward of twenty pages, while only one piece by an American clergyman of *any other denomination whatever is given!* This piece is by President Wayland, and occupies just two pages and a quarter.

The theological complexion of these school books may not have been the result of design; still they show what influences are at work. The criticisms called forth by these facts also indicate a growing opposition to such usurpation. In fact, amid all the conflict of opinions, there is a manifest tendency both to orthodoxy and conservatism.

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MODERN INFIDELITY.—Since the days of Gibbon, Hume, Voltaire, and others of that class, infidelity has lost its philosophical cast, having been successfully overthrown by the weapons of truth. Thus driven from its strongholds it has sought refuge among low and vulgar pretenders who follow in the wake of Paine and others of that school. But few, however, who have any respect for themselves or their opinions are found openly to advocate infidelity. In the language of a writer in the *Congregationalist*, we should be led to infer that infidelity has assumed even the Christian garb. He says:

The infidelity of the present day has become pious and goes to meeting; but its teeth are just as sharp, and its malice just as deep as when imported from France. Formerly the infidel wolf was wont to growl and snap in open daylight, but now it puts on sheep's clothing, and appears religious, uses honied words, smiles blandly, and even prays with some apparent fervor, finding this to be the best way to oppose the *Orthodox*. Mr. Thomas Paine was a green hand at the work. He was too out-spoken. He showed his hoofs, horns, and tail, and supposed he could accomplish his end. Poor, mistaken man! if he had become a Doctor of Divinity he would have shown more tact, and had more prospect of ultimate success. Whatever may be the other attributes of the devil, he certainly is not omniscient, for he has learned something during the last hundred years. He is not the same coarse, uncouth, homely creature he used to be. He has sawed off his horns, he wears as nice boots as anybody, covering his cloven feet, and his tail is rolled up under a neat *sheep-skin*, and he bows and scrapes, and smiles, and prays just like other folks. Formerly he was frightful, hideous; now he is quite attractive, winning by his smiles the young and unsuspecting.

This description probably has reference to a species of infidelity lurking in the Churches; but we are assured that organized bands of infidels exist in our midst, and hold their midnight carousals. Recent disclosures in England of infidel clubs, and the following account, which we take from an English paper, will show a gratifying result of the labors of the friends of Christianity for the reclamation of such as had been drawn into infidel meshes:

A lecture, which excited peculiar interest, was delivered to the St. Mary's Workingmen's

Association, in the school-room, Barker-gate, Nottingham, by the Rev. J. W. Brooks, the vicar. The subject was "The Testimony of Infidels to the Fulfillment of Prophecy;" but an additional attraction was an announcement in the handbills that Mr. Jonathan Barber (a framework-knitter, so well known as the leader of the infidel party in Nottingham) would, at the end of the lecture, offer a few observations. Several infidels, who were associated with this party, have, from time to time, of late years seceded from its ranks; but the rumor that their leader had at length changed his opinions, drew together a large auditory. Though it was the first evening of the races, the spacious school-room was densely crowded. The company consisted chiefly of the working classes, with a small sprinkling of females, and a considerable number of infidels.

After the lecture, which consisted of a variety of passages drawn from the pages of Gibbon, Volney, and other infidel writers, in which they unwittingly illustrate the truth of various prophecies regarding Jerusalem and various countries and cities of the East, and which were strikingly brought out and listened to with the deepest attention, Mr. Barber got up, and avowed clearly his renunciation of infidelity. He stated that it was about fourteen years since he, with other infidels, first met in that room, on the invitation of their much-esteemed vicar, the Rev. Mr. Brooks, for the purpose of holding discussions on infidelity; that is, he had then for the first time come forward in public as the champion of infidelity, and he thought it right to make the first public acknowledgment of his errors in the same room. That throughout these discussions, and those in which he had been publicly engaged, he had had misgivings with regard to the being of a God; but that for the last five years he had been uneasy in his mind with regard to Christianity. That this uneasiness increased when he found himself upon a sick bed, and that he had consequently been led to review his creed, and had found it worthless in the prospect of death. He now, therefore, after a considerable struggle with his pride, had determined publicly to avow his entire renunciation of his infidel sentiments, and his belief in Divine revelation. He concluded with some pungent remarks against his former opinions, and those of infidels in general.

Several instances of a similar character have recently been brought to light, not only in England, but in this country. We find the following among the incidents of a prayer-meeting recently held in New York:

The meeting was addressed by a member of the New York bar, a man distinguished by his legal acumen and erudition, his eminent abilities, and his infidelity. For many years he had been a skeptic on every point in religion, except the existence of a God. He was not a scoffer in the common acceptation of the word. He professed and meant to be a gentleman. But his prevailing opinion was, that Christians generally did not know enough to be infidels; that it required a man to have some brains to be able to be a thorough-going, consistent infidel, well

able by good arguments to maintain his position. Such he was.

But how changed now! He arose and said, with great modesty of manner: "I am young in Christian experience. Not many months ago I would have scorned to have been in this place. Now it is my greatest delight. I looked upon Christ as setting an example of benevolence unexampled in the history of the race. I had no fault to find with his character. He was a *good man*, a man of spotless character, who gave utterance to some of the most beautiful precepts and maxims of human conduct the world has ever seen. So I regarded him *once*."

But O how different *now*! I did not think of Him as the Crucified, as bearing *my sins* in his own body on the tree, as suffering, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, as wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, and the chastisement of our peace being upon him. I am here a sinner, hoping I have been pardoned through him as my Saviour. The Holy Spirit brought arguments to my heart that made me feel my need of him. And when I was almost in despair, the same Holy Spirit revealed to me his Divine and glorious nature, and his ability to save to the uttermost. O what a sinner I have been, and what a miracle of grace I am! I have no words to express my thankfulness and gratitude, no tongue to tell the preciousness of Christ to me. Ages hence I can tell it better."

All this time there was not the slightest attempt at display, though he knew well how easily he could sway that audience just as he pleased.

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSIES.—At a meeting of ministers of the Congregational Church in Connecticut, for the purpose of taking into consideration the tone of the controversies of the religious press, the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, 1. That we view with disapprobation and pain the character of a large portion of the religious press of this country, as exhibited in the conduct of controversy.

2. That in our judgment the amount of space devoted to controversy might, in many cases, be reduced with decided advantage; but that we except with still stronger emphasis to that asperity of spirit, that uncalled for imputation of motives, that want of strict candor and honesty in stating the position and describing the spirit and conduct of opponents, which are too often exhibited.

3. We desire to commend to the conductors of our religious papers the rule, that opponents should be treated through the press with the same candor, courtesy, and charity which are due between Christian gentlemen in personal intercourse.

4. That it is our conviction that the open and faithful advocacy of truth, instead of becoming tame, would be rendered far more effective, were the evil complained of corrected.

5. That a committee of three be appointed to transmit these resolutions to the papers indicated, accompanied in each case by a private letter, more fully expressive of the views of this Association.

This is a beginning in the right direction to correct an evil which, to a lamentable extent, has existed in the papers of that Church. That controversies should exist, and will continue so long as all cannot think alike, is a necessity arising from that fact, and not to be regretted; but that these controversies demand, or are favored by a spirit which misrepresents before it answers, and slanders where it cannot refute, no candid person can believe. That the cause of religion has suffered, if it has not been dishonored by such a course in a portion of the religious press, at least, does not admit of a doubt. It is a great misfortune that some of our more prominent religious editors are restless, if not hasty and bitter spirit, self-conceited and opinionated, and whom, it seems, grace has not sufficient control over to mellow them down to a Christian tone. Truth never was, and never will be, advanced by an acerbity of manner; and for those who have, to a great extent, the formation of the religious mind, to indulge in such a spirit, is wholly at variance with their vocation, and they should be reprov'd and corrected. The religious press should confine itself mainly to subjects of practical godliness; at least, these should constitute the staple of its productions. It should seek to inspire its readers with a manly Christian spirit, and holding up its light to the world, serve as a guide to all in relation to the great questions affecting man's happiness in this life, and his destiny in that which is to come.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN CHURCH EDIFICES.—A free-spoken writer in the *Independent*, makes the following appropriate remarks in relation to an undue extravagance in Church edifices: The notice, he says, of the Broadway Tabernacle Festival in your paper of July 1, furnishes the occasion, if it does not create the demand, for some suggestions on the subject of extravagance in the erection and internal finish of church edifices. The notice referred to states, that the suite of spacious parlors in the second story of the building (the new chapel of the Tabernacle) "were well filled with members of the church and others. . . . The parlors are finely adapted for social gatherings of the church," etc. The idea of fitting up spacious suites of parlors in connection with a church or chapel for social gatherings, is evidently a departure from the plain teachings of Christ and the Apostles, and the practice of the early Christians, as to the uses of money.

Church edifices in our large cities are not regarded as suitable for the worship of God, or fit for *gentlemen* to occupy, unless they cost from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars; and the persons, with few exceptions, who build and occupy these expensive churches (if not previously truly converted) are more likely, in their pride and independence of God, to live and die in their sins, than almost any other class in the community who hear the Gospel at all. These rich men not only control the church edifice and membership in too many instances, but the pulpit, and impose restraints on the preacher which render all his efforts for their salvation powerless.

The application of large sums of money in a single church building is a sin, because it cultivates extravagance, pride, and selfishness in matters of religion, and more especially, because it practically shuts out from the house of God the great mass of the people in our large cities, and is a waste of means for doing good in the world. A large portion of the money thus expended could be much better appropriated in aiding the erection of cheap churches in the new settlements of the West, and in the support of missionaries among them. You may ask, Has not a man a right to do what he chooses with his own? We answer no; except as he *chooses* to employ it in the best manner for God's glory and man's good.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism, considered in its different Denominational Forms, and its Relation to British and American Protestantism. By ABEL STEVENS, L.L.D. *Carlton & Porter, New York.* The first volume of this work has just been issued, and embraces the history of Methodism from its origin to the death of Whitefield. The volume is divided into four books, the first of which contains the following chapter heads: 1. Standpoint of Methodism in the History of Christianity. 2. The Wesley Family. 3. John and Charles Wesley. 4. George Whitefield. 5. Wesley and the Moravians. The second book contains the following: 1. The Wesleys and Whitefield Itinerating. 2. The Wesleys Itinerating in England, Whitefield in America. 3. Separation of Whitefield from Wesley. 4. Calvinistic Methodism. 5. Travels and labors of the Wesleys from 1741 to 1744. 6. Events of 1744—the first Wesleyan Conference. The

third book: 1. From the Conference of 1744 to the Conference of 1745. 2. From the Conference of 1745 to the Conference of 1750. 3. Introduction of Methodism into Ireland. 4. Labors of the Calvinistic Methodists from 1744 to 1750. 5. Development of Methodist Opinions and Economy by the Conferences during the above period. Book four embraces the following: 1. Methodism in Ireland. 2. Methodism in England and Scotland from 1750 to 1760. 3. Calvinistic and Moravian Methodism from 1750 to 1760. 4. Development of Methodist Opinions and Economy. 5. Methodism from 1760 to 1770. 6. Development of Opinions and Economy during this period. 6. Calvinistic Methodism from 1760 to 1770.

The plan of the author embraces the entire history of the Church from its origin to the year 1839, which was the hundredth anniversary, and hence the subsequent volumes will include all the great facts and events of the Methodist Church both Wesleyan and Episcopal down to that date. The work is designed to be thoroughly exhaustive of all the facts connected with the development of Methodism in the period embraced. The outline which we have given of the contents of the first volume will furnish the reader a more satisfactory idea of the breadth and scope of the work than any extended critical review which we might give. Historical facts and incidents connected with the rise and progress of Methodism have been touched with new life, and come forth glowing with the richest hues of the author's fertile and brilliant imagination. We have not here the dry prosy details of a history consisting of mere citations of dates and events, and resembling a valley of dry bones, but we have the facts, dates, and events in clear consecutive order, covered with sinews and flesh, and full of symmetry and beauty as they are of spirit and life. The following graphic sketch, connected with the introduction of Methodism into Scotland, will serve as a good specimen of the style of the work:

A new champion entered the field, one who had been well tried in itinerant labors and sufferings, and who could not be intimidated by the adversities which so peculiarly beset Methodism in Scotland. Thomas Taylor was a Yorkshire man, a fact of considerable significance in the history of a Methodist preacher of those days. His parents died in his infancy, and his education was neglected. He was early of a turbulent and daring disposition. At seven years of age he was habitually profane in his language, and being of a passionate temper, ("O that I could write this in tears of blood," he says,) he frequently swore "in a most dread-

ful manner," nor did he "stick at lying." One of his brothers took him to his house and attempted to teach him the business of a clothier; but he disliked work, and ran away several times, suffering severely from cold and hunger in his wanderings. As he advanced in youth his evil habits strengthened, and his "mouth was fraught with oaths, lies, and deceit." He became a dexterous gambler, and having much pride and little money, was the more intent on furnishing himself with resources by that art. He was, in fine, one of those reckless cases of early vice which Methodism alone seemed at that day adapted to reach. Whitefield passed through his neighborhood about his seventeenth year; there was an immense multitude of hearers; the great preacher's "voice was like a trumpet," and the discourse was attended with "an amazing power" to the conscience of young Taylor. "I made the best resolutions; but they soon failed, and left him in such wretchedness that he sought relief by attempting to enlist in the army, but fortunately he was half an inch too short for the standard of the recruiting service.

He afterward heard a sermon from an earnest Independent preacher, which revived and sealed upon his conscience the impressions of Whitefield's discourse. While under deep religious convictions he met with a Methodist layman, who maintained a public meeting in his own house every Sunday evening, and who instructed him in his religious duties. His reformation was at once visible to all, but he had many inward conflicts before his awakened conscience found rest. While in retirement, reading his Bible and praying, one evening, he was enabled to apprehend by faith the atonement. "I saw," he says, "the Lord hanging upon the cross, and the sight caused such love to flow into my soul that I believed that moment, and have never since given up my confidence. I was enabled to cast myself upon that atoning sacrifice which I saw was made for my offenses."

Thus introduced into the Christian life, Thomas Taylor soon began to travel about Yorkshire, preaching the Gospel to rustic assemblies, as John Nelson had done before him. He heard Thomas Hanby, a veteran of the early Methodist ministry, and was so impressed by the evangelical character of his preaching and the heroism of the "Itinerancy," that he resolved to join it. Walking to London, he was received at the Conference in 1761, and sent to Wales. Two years he traversed the mountains of the Principality, enduring hardships from hunger and cold, from journeyings among bleak and almost trackless hills in winter, and at times from mobs; but his success was great; he formed numerous societies, and proved himself one of the best of the Methodist itinerant host.

In 1763 he was sent to Ireland, where he labored two years, suffering a little from Papists, whose tenets his Yorkshire hardihood led him to attack imprudently, as he confesses. He preached abroad in towns and villages, sometimes depending upon the troops for protection. His fare was often very hard, and he

lost for a time his speech and hearing, and came near losing his life through sickness occasioned by sleeping in damp beds. At Cork he was especially successful; he preached abroad in every part of the city, and the society was greatly enlarged.

During his laborious ministry thus far he had, by his diligence and that systematic improvement of time which Wesley continually enjoined upon his preachers, gathered a large amount of valuable knowledge, and acquired the use of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages.

It was in 1765 that he entered Scotland. Wesley sent him to introduce Methodism into Glasgow. Thoroughly tried as he had been by the hardships of the itinerant ministry in Wales and Ireland, he says that his new field in Scotland presented tests severer than any he had yet known. The winter was at hand; he was in a strange land; there was no society, no place for the preacher's entertainment, no place even to preach in, and no friend to consult. He took a private lodging, and gave out that he would preach on the Green, a public resort hard by the city. A table was carried to the place, and at the appointed time he found two baker's boys and two old women waiting. His soul sunk within him. He had traveled by land and by water, near six hundred miles, to this city, and such was his congregation! At length, however, he mounted his table and began the singing, which he had entirely to himself. A few more hearers crept together, all seemingly very poor people, till at length he had about two hundred around him. His natural energy, as well as his Christian zeal, was not to be defeated, and the night following he had a more promising congregation. The third night it rained violently; this quite cast him down. "The enemy," he says, "assaulted me sorely, so that I was ready to cry out, 'It is better for me to die than to live.' But God pitied my weakness." The next day the sky cleared up, and he took the field again and kept it steadily every day for about three months. He soon rallied large congregations, and on one occasion the largest assembly he had ever seen gathered to hear him. He mounted his table, but found it too low; a chair was then set upon it, but even this did not enable him to command the vast multitude. He then ascended a high stone wall and cried aloud, "The hour is coming, and now is when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live." He conceived great hopes from the effects of this appeal, as the multitude stood rapt in silence and attention; but when he concluded he was astonished to see them quietly open a lane for him through their midst, and stand calmly staring at him as he walked through it, no one inquiring, "Where dwellest thou?" "I walked home," he says, "much dejected." His ardent Yorkshire nature could not at first interpret this Scotch apathy. He solved the problem afterward, however, for he discovered that the most important part of a Scotchman's religion is his creed, and the popular creed was thoroughly Calvinistic, notwithstanding Socinianism prevailed among the upper classes. The Scotch wept aloud and fell like dead men un-

der Whitefield's preaching, for Whitefield was a good Calvinist, though he cared little about the "League and Covenant." But Wesley, whose preaching was attended in England with more such phenomena than Whitefield's, was powerless among them except to command their phlegmatic attention.

Hervey's Eleven Letters, garbled by Cudworth, met Taylor at Glasgow. They carried gall and wormwood wherever they went. Arminianism was a fatal heresy, and the best disposed of his hearers seemed perplexed with the difficult problem that so much zeal and devotion as he and his fellow-itinerants showed could co-exist with such amazing heterodoxy.

A generous instance of ministerial conduct involved the persevering Yorkshireman in still greater difficulties. A Scotchman was condemned for murder; Taylor visited him in prison, and attended him to the gallows, where, according to the barbarous law of that day, the unfortunate man's right hand was struck off with an ax, and attached on the gibbet before he himself was suspended; Taylor had reason to believe that "the Lord had plucked him as a brand from the burning," and published an account of his case. The popular theology revolted at this charity for a penitent malefactor. "It is amazing," says the itinerant, "what a cry was raised against me for saying that God had mercy on such a sinner." Scurrilous papers were cried up and down the streets against him, and a zealous Scot commenced a weekly publication to oppose him. His case, he says, was now deplorable, for he had famine within doors and plenty of reproach without. He was compelled to practise the closest economy to save himself from extreme want. He sold his horse to pay for his lodging, yet he shared his little stock of funds with a poor brother preacher, who, passing through Glasgow for Ireland, had lamed his own horse, and had not money enough left to bear him forward. Taylor confesses that he never kept so many fast days either before or afterward. It was important, but next to impossible, for him to keep up his credit. He resorted to a little artifice to do so: frequently requesting his landlady not to prepare his humble dinner, he would dress himself before noon and walk out till after dinner time, and then return to his "hungry room with a hungry stomach," his hostess supposing he had dined elsewhere.

For some time it seemed, indeed, that he was attempting a hopeless task. The severe weather was approaching, and his funds were diminishing. He was beset also with characteristic examples of Scotch economy, which confounded his own frugal experiments. Though his voice was poor he had to do his singing mostly alone, as the Scotch did not know the Methodist hymns or tunes. One of his hearers proposed to become his precentor, after the Kirk custom, and "lead the psalms." Taylor supposed it was an act of Christian compassion, and the experiment proceeded very well for a time, but he was surprised at last by a bill from his precentor for "thirteen shillings fourpence, which was just fourpence a time." Taylor dismissed him and the Scotch Psalms together, and began again to sing the Methodist melodies, "the people liking them right well." They soon be-

came familiar, and have never since ceased to be heard in Glasgow.

A few stout mobs and downright persecutions would have suited the evangelist better than these vexatious trials; but though he was perplexed he could not be discouraged. He continued to preach in the streets night and morning till the November weather rendered it impossible. Throngs gathered to hear him, to scent out his heresy if for no other purpose; but some were awakened and converted, and at last the obstinate opposition gave way so far that when no longer able to preach abroad a room was provided for his meetings, and furnished by his hearers with seats and a pulpit. His labors now began to yield fruit; his friends continually increased; the Methodist Society of Glasgow was formed, and Methodism founded there, never, he trusted, to be overthrown, however feebly it had to struggle against the formidable odds which still encompassed it. It is a curious fact, however, that not till the society had increased to forty or fifty members did any one inquire how he was maintained. They then asked him if he had an estate, or supplies from England. "I told them," he says, "I had neither; but having sold my horse, I had made what little I had go as far as I could. I then explained our custom to them. I told them of the little matter we usually received from our people. The poor souls were much affected, and they very liberally supplied my wants, as also those that came after me." He labored mightily with them during the ensuing winter, and left them in the spring with seventy members. He had fought a good fight, and he had also kept his faith, for during the severest period of his sufferings a new kirk was opened in Glasgow, an influential member of which had appreciated his fine talents, and offered to settle him as its pastor, with a good salary. "It was," he says, "honor and credit on the one hand, and hunger and contempt on the other;" but to accept it appeared a "betrayal of the trust which was reposed in him" by his brethren. The sentiment of honor was higher among these noble men than honor itself.

The Household Book of Poetry. Collected and edited by CHARLES A. DANA. D. Appleton & Co., New York. We are indebted to the editor for a superb copy of this work. It is a large octavo of seven hundred and ninety-eight pages, printed on beautiful paper and in clear type. Here is the choicest collection of the different forms of poetry, embracing poems of nature, childhood, friendship, love, ambition, comedy, tragedy, and sorrow, imagination, sentiment, reflection, and religion. Comprised within this volume may be found whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language. What is especially valuable as a feature of this work, the editor has given every poem entire and un mutilated, as well as in the most authentic form, constant reference being had to the earliest editions of the works from whence they were

drawn. In the department devoted to religious poetry, we find several of Charles Wesley's hymns, among which are "Jesus Lover of my Soul," "Listed into the cause of Sin," "O Love Divine, how sweet thou art," "Friend of all who seek thy face." We have often admired the exceeding beauty of one of the verses of this hymn, which runs thus:

Drink of life's exhaustless river,
Take of thee
Life's fair tree,
Eat and live forever.

We were surprised somewhat in not finding among this selection that inimitable hymn, "Come, O thou traveler unknown;" but the selections are admirable, and display great taste and judgment. The reader will not fail to find a large number of favorite pieces of spiritual poetry from the finest poets. From the large collection we can only note a few: Newton's beautiful hymn, "How tedious and tasteless the hours;" Montgomery's "Gesthemane;" Bowring's "Watchman, tell us of the night;" Gerhard's "Jesus thy boundless love to me;" Watts's "When I can read my title clear;" and "I sing the Almighty power of God;" Luther's "A safe stronghold our God is still," etc.

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Harper & Brothers make the following announcement of books as nearly ready: *The History of France*, from the Earliest Times to the French Revolution of 1789. By PARKE GODWIN. *History of the French Revolution*. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. DR. BARTH'S *North and Central Africa*. Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa.

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TRENCH on the *Revision of the English Scriptures*. This is a timely work on a subject which is now attracting great attention both in England and America. The success of this author in several departments of Biblical literature eminently qualifies him for the investigation of this subject, and entitle his opinion to great weight. Admitting as he does the many excellences of the version of King James, he is decidedly in favor of its improvement by a careful revision, and thinks the time is at hand for such a work. Had the American Bible Society consented to abide by its work, which was a healthful and hopeful advance toward correcting the grammatical inaccuracies and obsoleteisms of King James's version, there would have been so much gained, and the high authority of that society would have furnished solid ground for future progress. As it is we may look for independent revis-

ions which will, to a greater or less extent, bear the stamp of sectarian peculiarity. *Redfield, New-York.*

History of Civilization in England, by HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. D. Appleton & Co., New-York. This is a reprint from the second English edition. Some months since the Methodists of this country were startled by the assertion of an English correspondent of an exchange paper, in relation to the illiteracy and bigotry of the Wesleysans.

It seems that, bad as was the taste of the writer, and egregiously erroneous as was his statement, that it was borrowed to a great extent from Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilization*. In his general introduction, on page 303, after remarking that the Wesleysans in the eighteenth century were to the bishops what the Reformers were to the Pope in the sixteenth century, he says: "It is indeed true that the Dissenters from the Church of England, unlike the Dissenters from the Church of Rome, soon lost that vital vigor for which at first they were remarkable. Since the death of the great leaders they have not produced one man of original genius, and since the time of Adam Clarke they have not had among them even a single scholar who has enjoyed a European reputation." In assigning a cause for what Mr. Buckle denominates "a mental penury," he very charitably suggests that it is not to be attributed to any circumstance peculiar to the sect, but merely to the general decline of the theological spirit, by which their adversaries have been weakened as well as themselves. The author feels certain, notwithstanding the mental poverty and want of theological spirit, that the Methodists have inflicted on the English Church a far greater injury than is generally supposed, and he is inclined to think that this injury is hardly inferior to that which Protestantism inflicted on Popery in the sixteenth century. As he does not inform his readers how far he sympathizes either with Popery on the one hand or the English Church on the other, we are at a loss to know how much of a calamity he considers this injury.

The author seems to be of the Hobbes and Voltaire school on the subject of religion. "Religion," he says, "is not acquired by the teaching of others, but is to be worked out by ourselves; it is not borrowed from antiquity, but it is to be discovered by each one's mind; it is not traditional but personal. If each man were to content himself with the idea which is suggested by his own mind, he

would attain to a true knowledge of the divine nature." Thus this man, to whom it has been reserved to begin the true work of history, enters upon his great task by annihilating the Supreme Intelligence as a controlling agency in the matter; by making God and religion the outworking of causes still more ultimate than themselves; by removing as rubbish divine revelation and the doings of ecclesiastics; and by brushing away politics and literature as foreign to his design.

He would have us believe that man is a mere mental and moral automaton. Human actions, he says, are the result of motives, and motives the result of antecedents; and that therefore if we are acquainted with the whole of the antecedents, and with all the laws of their movements, "we could with unerring certainty predict the whole of their immediate results." That is, in plain language, men are made what they are in morals, in religion, government, literature, art, and in everything, not by "chance," nor by "Divine superintendence," nor by "moral" considerations of any kind, but by physical causes acting with absolute uniformity, so that did we know them "we could predict with unerring certainty the whole of their immediate results." We could tell how many murders would be committed in a given period, how many suicides, what weapons would be used in committing these crimes, how much praying would be engaged in, how much preaching, what sort of religious and moral convictions would exist among a people, the character of their books, government, and social institutions, and everything that goes to make up human life and society. Mr. Buckle thinks that all these things may be determined by carefully prepared statistical tables. He thinks that specific actors in crime are not so much at fault as society, that the man who murders does it from motive, and that motive is the fixed and invariable product of fixed and invariable antecedents, and that the antecedents being given the murder must follow of course.

Moral reasoning Mr. Buckle excludes from a controlling position in history. "The New Testament," he says, "contains no maxim which had not been previously enunciated, and some of the most beautiful passages in the apostolic writings are quotations from Pagan authors." He utterly denies to the Gospel the merit of originating anything in morals. "To do good to others," he says, "to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes; to love your neighbor as yourself; to forgive your enemies; to restrain your

passions; to honor your parents; to respect those who are set over you—these, and a few others, are the sole essentials of morals; but they have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text books which moralists and theologians have been able to produce."

We have received from *D. Appleton & Co.*, *Electron; or, The Pranks of the Modern Puck*, a telegraph epic for the times, in which the origin, progress, and marvelous developments of the sciences of electricity and magnetism are set forth poetically and practically for two thousand five hundred years, from the time of Thales to the submarine telegraph, embracing every broad field of electrical discovery and achievement, and especially the last great FIELD of the Atlantic Ocean. Also, *Legends and Lyrics*, by ANNE ADELAIDE PROCTOR, daughter of the late poet, Barry Cornwall. This is a charming volume of fresh and tender poems, by the daughter of one of England's most honored and popular poets, which has lately been received with so hearty a welcome in England and America. Choice portions of it, copied by the press with lively praises, have found their way to the firesides of both lands.

Robert Carter & Brothers have added to the list of their valuable publications, *The Voice of Christian Life in Song, in Many Lands and Ages; or, Sketches of Hymns and Hymn Writers*. This is a beautiful little volume, and must find many admirers. Also, *Christian Hope*, by JOHN ANGELL JAMES. The name of the author is sufficient indication of the merit of this work.

During the financial crisis, and amid all the reverses which befel the publishing interest in this country, the Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church has pursued the even, uninterrupted tenor of its way. Within the past two or three years it has issued some very popular works, the sale of which has resulted in handsome profits. *Cartwright's Autobiography* has reached its thirty-fifth thousand, the *New Hymn and Tune Book* its twenty-fifth thousand, besides several other works, some of which have had an extensive sale, such as *Dr. Porter's Compendium of Methodism, Tales and Takings, Pioneers of the West, Heroes of Methodism, City of Sin, Seven Years Street Preaching in California, California Life Illustrated, Porter on Revivals*, etc. The publishers

are making great preparations for the fall trade, which has already opened with encouraging prospects. Their bulletin opens with a superior assortment of Bibles, among which is an edition of the *Quarto Bible*, illustrated by several new and beautiful steel engravings. They also announce as forthcoming a *Pronouncing Bible*, which, in its orthoepical arrangement, will be in accordance with Webster. In this the reader will find every proper name of Scripture duly accented. Each book will be prefaced by a short introduction. It will also have double column references, and marginal readings, in the center of each page. It will contain other illustrative matter, and will prove of great value to families and Bible students. Besides these, they have just issued the first volume of a *History of Methodism*, by Dr. STEVENS, a notice of which will be found in our columns. A work for which the Church has long been anxiously waiting is also announced, entitled, "*The Pioneer Bishop; or, Life and Times of Francis Asbury*," by Dr. STRICKLAND. They have also an interesting work, entitled, "*Reasons for becoming a Methodist*," by the Rev. ISAAC SMITH, a reprint of a very popular book, and one which will, doubtless, meet with a large sale.

Among the works published by the Book Concern within the past few years, are. *Dr. Strong's Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels*, a critical and elaborate work, got up in the most attractive style, with numerous and beautiful illustrations. *Hibbard on the Psalms*, with Historical Introductions. The whole is arranged in Chronological order. This work has met with general favor, and is worthy of a place in every library. *Dr. Smith's Harmony of the Divine Dispensation*, an admirable accompaniment of that author's works on the *Patriarchal Age, Hebrew People, Gentile Nations*, etc., forming a series of volumes of great value in the department of sacred literature.

They have recently issued a number of new and interesting volumes for the Sunday-school Library, among which of the more recent we notice: *Nellie Russell; or, the Timid Girl; Whispers for Boys; Arnold Leslie; Frank Elston; An Hour and a Half in a Country Sunday School; The Temperance Boys*.

The Publishers have recently made arrangements for extending the sale of their books outside of the ordinary channel of their trade, and we anticipate a more extensive circulation of the valuable books issued by them.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

ANCIENT RECENSION OF THE FOUR GOSPELS IN SYRIAC.—The following is an account of the discovery of this wonderful volume :

In 1842 Archdeacon Tattam paid a visit to a Syrian monastery in the valley of the Natron Lakes, and obtained from the library certain quaint volumes, which, on his return to England, were placed in Mr. Cureton's hands. One of the volumes thus obtained consisted of eighty leaves of vellum of different hues and thickness, covered with Syriac writing of different dates and in different hands. The volume on examination proved to be a Syriac version of the four Gospels, incomplete, but of a very early date. The monk who had arranged these fragments seemed to "have had no idea of selecting the scattered parts of the same original volume which had fallen to pieces, but merely to have taken the first leaves that came to his hand which would serve to complete a copy of the Gospels, and then to have bound them together." Hence, the volume was a jumble of several manuscripts bound together without regard to date, and not always with regard to size. The first eight leaves were apparently of the date of the sixth or seventh century, transcribed in a large bold hand. Numeral letters in red ink on the margin marked the sections and canons of Ammonius and Eusebius. At the bottom of the page the canons were written in the same color. An inscription in a very ancient hand on the first page of the volume announced that the book "belonged to the monk Habibai, who presented it to the holy Convent of the Church of Deipara belonging to the Syrians in the desert of Sete." After a prayer for pardon and forgiveness of his deficiencies, the scribe finished his long solitary writing with this fine apostrophe : "Son of the living God, at the hour of thy judgment spare the sinner who wrote this !"

A note at the end of the book indicated the actual date of the binding. "In the year 1533 of the Greeks (A.D. 1221) the books belonging to the Convent of the Church of Deipara of the Syrians were repaired, in the days of the Presidency of the Count our lord John, and Basil, the head of the Convent, and our lord Joseph the steward. May God in his mercy grant to them and to all the brethren a good reward !" A prayer followed, which might be put up with advantage by readers in general : "Whoso readeth in this book, let him pray for the sinner who wrote this." The leaves of this volume, which arrived in England in 1842, contained only incomplete chapters of the latter and a few earlier chapters of the four Gospels. In the binding of another volume a leaf was discovered containing a portion of St. Luke. In 1847 a further portion of that Gospel was obtained from M. Pachio, and further search among some fragments brought by that gentleman yielded part of a leaf of St. John. This increased the bulk of the MS. to eighty-two leaves and a half.

Among the new names added to the Literary Pension List in England, between June, 1857, and June, 1858, we notice the following :

Mrs. Harriet Wright Williamson, November 14, 1857, £30, in consideration of the literary merits of her son, the late Hugh Miller, and the reduced circumstances in which she is placed. Mrs. Charlotte Rowcroft, Feb. 15, 1858, £50, in consideration of the civil services of her husband, the late Charles Rowcroft, Her Majesty's Consul at Cincinnati, who died while in the discharge of his duty. Mrs. Mary A. Jerrold, February 15, £100, in consideration of the eminent acquirements of her husband, the late Douglas Jerrold, Esq. Dr. Robert Archibald Armstrong, February 15, £40, in consideration of his philological labors as Gaelic lexicographer. Stephen Henry Bradbury, February 15, £50, in consideration of his contributions to literature. Louisa Catherine Paris, Fanny Cresswell Paris, Jane Gregor Paris, Rosa Caroline Paris, and Sarah Eleanor Paris, February 15, £150, in consideration of the scientific acquirements of their father, the late Dr. Paris, the benefits he conferred by his addition to the knowledge of geology, and their present scanty means. Mrs. Rachel Catherine Andrew Montgomery, February 15, £50, in consideration of the contributions to theology and poetical literature by her husband, the late Rev. Robert Montgomery. Francis Davis, February 15, £50, in consideration of his contributions to Irish literature. Miss Jessie P. Hogg, February 15, £40, in consideration of the literary merits of her father, the late James Hogg, the Scottish poet, familiarly known as the "Ettrick Shepherd." Mrs. Elizabeth Dick, February 15, £50, in consideration of the merits of her husband, the late Dr. Dick, as a moral and theological writer, and of the straightened circumstances in which she is now placed.

BECHUANA NEWSPAPER.—The *Cape Town Advertiser* has the following :

By the northern post of Wednesday was received a very interesting publication from Kuruman, the well-known station of Rev. Messrs. Moffat and Ashton. It consists of the first three numbers of the first newspaper published in the Bechuana language. It is issued monthly, is got up and printed by Mr. Ashton, at the mission press on the station, in the first style of typographic art, and, if not very intelligible to the English reader, promises in its large type to be both legible enough and intelligible enough to its Bechuana subscribers. The motto under which it appears is "Kico Kinunoco," and the title of the publication is "Mokaeri on Bechuana, le Muleri oa Mahuku," the meaning of which is, of course, obvious to the educated reader, and therefore needs no translation here.

DUMAS IN RUSSIA.—A Russian correspondent of the *London Times* says :

Dumas is with us ; but here conjecture seems to be at fault. Nobody knows what brings him to St. Petersburg. Some say : "Merely a *voyage d'agrement* ;" others, that the great novelist has exhausted other fields, and comes to obtain the materials for a Russian *Monte Cristo*, or *Trois Monopatries*. Others, again, declare that Dumas intends to wind up his long literary career by writing a solid and

substantial work, the History of Russia, in fifty volumes, for example. We hear whispers, too, that all this is gammon, pure and unadulterated, and that he comes to the capital merely to make a fortune by undertaking the direction or management of the French Theater; entirely relinquishing literature to the younger hands of his son, Alexander, Jr., the gentleman who has so greatly elevated (?) the character of French fiction in the "*Dame aux Camelias*," "*La Vie a Vingt Ans*," "*Le Demi-Monde*," and kindred moral romances and dramas, "founded upon fact." M. Dumas is sojourning here with a Russian nobleman, whom he accompanied from Paris.

A PETRIFIED FOREST.—The sandstone rocks Adersbach, in Bohemia, have been visited by persons from all parts of the globe, on account of their grotesque and fantastic forms. Ten years ago another defile of sandstone rocks was discovered near Weckelsdorf. To this is now to be added the discovery of a grand layer of petrified trees. It stretches to the extent of two and a half miles in length, and half a mile in breadth, and there is one point where twenty or thirty thousand stems of petrified wood may be seen at one glance. All the museums in the world could be supplied from them with splendid specimens. They appertain all to the family of *Conifers Araucarias*.

The thirtieth annual fair of the American Institute will be held at the Crystal Palace, in this city, commencing on Wednesday, the 15th of September, and ending on Friday, October 29th. This noble institution, so long the nursery of the monuments of American genius and labor, requires its annual fairs to give life to its members, as well as a new and lasting stimulus to inventors and exhibitors. It is understood that the coming exhibition will present increased facilities to the agriculturist, pomologist, and florist, as well as to the mechanic and the inventor.

BOOK PUFFING.—The book-puffing advertisers in Paris have tried a fall with an independent paper, and have got grievously bruised. It appears that Lebigre & Co. recently published "*Les Conspirateurs en Angleterre*," by C. de Bussy, and committed the care of advertising the same to the house of Bigot & Co., which undertakes this species of work. The book was advertised in several papers, and these papers also inserted a *reclame*, or puff, in another column, of which the following, printed in the *Constitutionnel*, is a very nice specimen: "The Conspirators in England, 1848 and 1858," by C. de Bussy. Such is the title of

a strange and mysterious work, the singular revelations in which are now producing the most lively sensation throughout Europe." This, of course, was perfectly untrue, and the *Presse* refused to insert a similar, and even a modified paragraph. Thereupon Lebigre & Co., deeming that they had a right, on payment, to compel the insertion of the puff in question, and declaring that the work was injured by the refusal, brought the *Presse* into court and claimed ten thousand francs damages! The award, however, was adverse to the puffers, who were also condemned in costs of suit.

HUMBOLDT.—The *Spencer'sche Zeitung* contains the following communication from the pen of Alexander von Humboldt:

The friendship of many years' standing, with which I am honored by Sir Woodbine Parish, (the excellent author of the description of the provinces of Rio de la Plata) has just transmitted to me the sad news of the death of my dear American fellow-traveler. Aimé Bonpland, according to the newspapers of Buenos Ayres, died on the 4th of May, in the province of Corrientes. The inhabitants of that province, as well as the British community of Buenos Ayres, announce their intention to erect a monument to the gifted, industrious, and bold naturalist.

GRAPES IN THE WILDERNESS.—In Hosea ix. 10, the Lord says, "*I found Israel like grapes in the wilderness.*" He is telling of his gladness in finding these lost sheep, his delight in taking them up when they were wayward, sinful, wandering souls. It gave him great joy to save them. It was as refreshing to him as is a cluster of grapes to a traveler in the weary wilderness, whose lips are parched, and whose eyes have long rested on barrenness, and who hails with satisfaction and delight the sight of a vine and its juicy grapes. Dr. Livingstone gives an instance of this feeling: "In latitude 18 deg. we were rewarded with a sight which we had not enjoyed for a year before, large patches of grape-bearing vines. There they stood before my eyes." The traveler thus gives utterance to his delight: "The sight was so entirely unexpected that I stood for some time gazing at the clusters of grapes with which they were loaded, with no more thought of plucking than if I had been beholding them in a dream." Be sure, young reader, that the Lord Jesus will welcome your return to him. No fear of his casting you out. No: your coming will be to him as pleasant as are grapes in the wilderness to a traveler; the very sight of your first arising to go will be as when the eye of the

traveler is gladdened by the green leaves and hanging branches of the vine. And surely you cannot do anything more really satisfying to the Lord than bringing others, as Philip brought Nathaniel to Jesus. You are bringing, as it were, grapes to the lips; you are giving joy to God, who waiteth to be gracious. He has infinite pleasure in souls that return to him and live.

COLOR OF WINE.—We learn from the "Housewife's Reason Why," that the color of wine is owing to the following causes:

If the skins of the grape, or marc, are entirely excluded from the fermenting vat, a white wine is always obtained, the juice of almost all grapes, black and red, as well as green, being colorless. Champagne is made from a red grape, so deep in color as to approach to black; and sherry is made from a mixture of white and colored grapes. The color of red wine is derived from permitting the wine to ferment in contact with some of the marc, the coloring matter of the grape residing altogether in the skin, with the exception of the grape called tintilla, from which tint-wine is made, in which the juice is colored. This coloring principle is soluble in alcohol; therefore, when the alcohol is developed by the fermentative process, the must become colored in consequence of the action of the alcohol upon the marc. The wine is also more deeply colored from a higher degree of pressure given to the husks of the grapes. The color of red wine varies from a light pink to a deep purple tint, approaching to black; the claret holds the intermediate rank between these two extremes. Dr. Henderson observes that "on exposing red wine in bottles to the action of the sun's rays, the coloring matter is separated in large flakes without altering the flavor of the wine. The color derived from the skins of the grapes alone is not generally very deep; the high-colored wines of France and Portugal are often rendered so by coloring ingredients, particularly by mixture with an intensely deep red wine, called *vino tinto*, and sometimes by elderberries and coloring drugs."

REFORM CONVENTION.—The convention recently held at Utica seems to have been more discordant in its views than any that has been held for a long time. All the leading delegates admitted that the world was in a very bad state. Mrs. Branch thought it was owing to marriage; Mr. S. S. Foster that it was owing to slavery; Mr. Parker Pillsbury that it was owing to the press and the pulpit; Mr. H. C. Wright that it was owing to the Bible; and Mr. A. J. Davis that it was owing to "that mysterious essence which locks the innermost to the outermost." Each one had his or her remedy. Mrs. Branch's remedy was divorce and Free Love; Mr. Foster's abolition; Mr. Pillsbury's the

overthrow of press and pulpit; Mr. Wright's infidelity; and Mr. Davis's a key to unlock the innermost from the outermost; or the soul from the body. The last would be a decided and efficient remedy for individual cases, without doubt. But no one seemed disposed to adopt it practically, and the convention adjourned without settling on a remedy for the evils of the world.

SLAVERY IN ETHIOPIA.—A letter from a Roman Catholic missionary in Abyssinia says:

The number of slaves carried off from Ethiopia annually is seven thousand; three-fourths of them are young girls, aged from seven to twelve, and are of Christian parents. The principal ports from whence they are sent are Souakim, from which about two thousand depart; Massonah, two thousand five hundred; Adules, five hundred; and Toujorra and Zella, two thousand. The children are conveyed to Arabia, where they are sold for about one thousand francs each; and from Arabia they are despatched to all parts of the Mussulman empire, for the great men's harems.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.—A collection of autograph letters, and some important manuscripts, were recently sold in England. The *Literary Gazette* says:

The first offered for sale was a letter of John Dryden to his cousin, Mrs. Stewart, 1698, printed in his *Prose Works*, £10. Another, not printed, containing a remonstrance to Dr. Busby respecting his conduct to Dryden's son, £7. Oliver Goldsmith's letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, £8 5s. Dr. Johnson's letter of condolence to Lady Southwell, £5 15s. Mary Queen of Scots to the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise, 1559, £11 15s. A Conveyance from John Milton of the City of Westminster of a bond for £400 from the Commissioners of Excise to Cyriack Skinner of Lincoln's Inn, with the autograph signature of the poet, and his seal attached, £19 19s. A most interesting, and probably unique letter, from "Pretty Nelly Gwynne" to Mr. Laurence Hyde, the second son of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. Nelly was no scribe, and could with difficulty scrawl her initials; she, therefore, here employs the pen of one of her merry companions, but evidently insists upon her very words being written down, although she cannot make her write all she wishes. It sold for £13. **POTIANA:** Notes and Collections respecting Pope and his Works, consisting of Remarks on Ruffhead's Life; notes of various inquiries made by Warton, Malone, Isaac Reid, and others, £7 2s. 6d. **CHAUCER, *Troilus and Creseid***, written in five Books by the most famous Prince of Poets, Geoffrey Chaucer, done into Latine, with 3^d Comments by Sir Fra. Kynaston, knt., fol. 1639. This MS. formerly belonged to Dean Aldrich; £27 10s. **Promptorium Parvulorum**, on vellum, a MS. of the 14th century, £12. ***Speculum Vitæ***: the Mirror of Life, a translation from the Latin of John of

Wally, by William of Nassyngton, on vellum, of the 14th century, £84.

BEARDS.—Titcomb gives the following advice in relation to beards:

I should be unjust to the age were I to omit the mention of a special point of "physical culture" which has been long neglected. You find, as you come into man's estate, that hair has a tendency to grow upon your face. It is the mark by which God meant that men and women should be distinguished from each other in the crowd. The hair was placed there in infinite wisdom, but your fathers have been cutting it off from off their chins in small crops from thirty to fifty years, thus impugning nature's policy, wasting precious time, drawing a great deal of good blood, creating a great deal of bad, and trying to erase from their faces the difference which was intended to be maintained between them and those of women. If you are a man, and have beard, wear it. You know it was made to wear. It is enough to make a man with a decent complement of information and a common degree of sensibility (and a handsome beard) deny his kind, to see these smooth-faced men around the streets, and actually showing themselves in female society! *Let us have one generation of beards.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND.—The sewing machine has proved itself a most valuable aid to the wife and mother having the care and education of sons and daughters, and is too important a subject to be lightly dismissed, without its real value to the sex being fully set forth. There has heretofore been considerable said on the subject in these pages, and it is quite possible that we might have felt satisfied with what has been said, had the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine Company been content with their previous achievements in manufacturing a very excellent machine. They have recently, however, introduced a *new* machine for family sewing, which excels anything previously brought to public notice. Its merits are too great to be slightly overlooked, and we think that no lady will censure us for setting forth the claims of the new Grover & Baker machine to the favorable consideration of the sex.

The Grover & Baker machine makes a new and entirely distinct stitch from any other made by machine—a patented stitch—which is much preferred for family sewing, on account of its great beauty, strength, and elasticity. It is without a rival in these particulars, because fabrics that are sewed by it can be washed and ironed without injury to the seam. If a thread should break from any cause, the seam *cannot* rip, for each

stitch is so securely locked as to be independent of the remaining stitches for strength. We here give drawings, some with the threads loose (Figure 1), to enable the reader to form an idea of the merits of the stitch. It will be seen that the upper thread is passed

Figure 1.



through the fabric, and that the lower thread is passed both through and around the loop of the upper. Figure 2 exhibits the threads more tightly drawn, and will enable the reader to judge of the strength of the seam,

Figure 2.



when told that each stitch is twice tied. Figure 3 shows a small winding thread, lying flat and close on the under surface of the cloth. The whole duty of this under thread is to securely fasten the upper, and

Figure 3.



give elasticity to the seam. In stretching it the strain is divided between all the stitches, and as each stitch gives or yields to the strain, there can be little danger of breaking the threads from washing or ironing. Figure 4 shows the seam as it appears when drawn up and finished. The machine itself finishes the seam, without any recourse to the hand-needle to fasten the ends; and if, as above represented, there be an at-

Figure 4.



tempt to pull the two pieces of fabric apart, it will be found impossible to do it, without breaking either the threads or the fabric. Another great merit of this machine is that it will sew either silk, linen, or cotton thread, direct from the spools, as purchased from the stores, without any re-winding. In other words the two spools may be put upon the machine, and sewed from them direct, and a lady may readily learn to make an entire garment without unthreading either needle. We do not see why she might not exhaust the threads from both spools without re-threading the needles.

We will attempt a short description of the process of making this stitch, with a mere mention of the mechanism employed to do it. The upper thread, carried by a vertical needle, is passed through the cloth where it throws out a loop, which is caught by a circular needle carrying a thread one half the size of the upper thread, which is passed through it and held open until the upper or vertical needle is again passed down through both the fabric and the loop of the under thread. This process is repeated until the seam is finished, the lower thread passing through the upper, and the upper thread passing through the lower. We marvel at the ingenuity and simplicity of the mechanism. It is so simple that a child of ten years can understand and manage it, while its durability will bear any test, except *intentional* violence.

An inspection of the stitch cannot fail to impress the examiner with its striking resemblance to the "back stitch," so popular among ladies. Figure 5 shows that in the back stitch the thread is single on the upper side, while it is double on the under.

Figure 5.



is no need of describing this stitch, for it is too well known and appreciated. Figure 6 exhibits the two threads as they appear in the under surface of the cloth—showing that they run in straight lines parallel with each

Figure 6.



other, and not winding, as in the Grover & Baker stitch. Figure 7 shows the appearance (a side view) of the seam after it is finished. While it is equally strong, it has neither the beauty nor the elasticity of the Grover & Baker stitch.

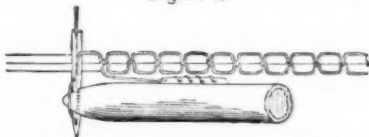
Figure 7.



For a better appreciation of the excellence of the Grover & Baker machine, we will show what progress had been made in sewing machines prior to their invention. The nearest approach to making a two-threaded seam by machinery was the crossing of two threads, one on the upper surface of the cloth, and the other on the under surface. Figure 8 will show the upper thread carried

through the fabric, as before described, while the under thread is contained on a bobbin inside of the shuttle, which passes through the loop, and, to complete the seam, it is

Figure 8.



drawn into the center of the fabric. It requires many conditions to enable an operator to do this in all cases, for the thread on the under side of the seam will assume the appearance of the "mail bag" stitch, (Figure 9;) and when this is the case, the lower threads may be pulled out without much trouble. Even when the machine sews

Figure 9.



perfectly the sewing will, from many causes, grow worse and worse, as represented in Figure 10. On thick cloths there is less difficulty in making a perfect stitch, with

Figure 10.



the appearance of the seam alike upon both sides, as shown in Figure 11. On such material, where the seam is not tested by washing and ironing, it may be durable enough

Figure 11.



for most purposes; but if the thread breaks, and the cloth be pulled, as in Figure 12, the loops must, of necessity, draw out as far as the ends of the threads will permit them.

Figure 12.



On thin materials there is not body enough to permit the crossing point to be drawn into the center, and there is no other way of making the seam than to allow the under thread to lie flat on the surface of the cloth, as shown in Figure 9. The threads will shrink in washing, and when the material is stretched in ironing, this under thread must break, and when it breaks there is no

security against ripping. The utmost care is required to be used in washing and ironing garments made with the shuttle stitch seam, and great care may make it quite serviceable on thin fabrics. Every shuttle seam, whether upon thick or upon thin fabrics, requires to have the ends carefully fastened with a hand needle, that it may be prevented from ripping.

There are various ways of making this stitch, which is sometimes, for effect, called the "Lock Stitch;" but it is still a shuttle stitch, whether made by a reciprocating shuttle or a bobbin and a rotating hook; the thread in either case must be carefully taken from the original spools and wound upon the bobbin. These bobbins contain very limited quantities of thread, and, as the reader must readily perceive, the coarser the thread the fewer number of yards the bobbin will contain.

This shuttle stitch, which we have just described and illustrated, was as great an advance upon Tambour stitch (which preceded it) as the Grover & Baker stitch was upon the shuttle stitch. The Tambour stitch (shown in Figure 13) has been much used in ornamental sewing. It is a mere series of loopings on the under surface of

Figure 13.



the cloth, after the manner of the knitting stitch, and not one particle more secure; for if the thread breaks, and there be any strain upon the two pieces of cloth (as shown in Figure 14) the loops will ravel or rip the entire length of the seam. We learn that most of the low-priced machines make this

Figure 14.



stitch, which we regard as almost useless for family sewing, and would hesitate long before recommending our readers to invest money in one of them.

WOMEN AND WATCHWORK.—In a lecture on this subject, recently delivered by Mr. Bennett to the watchmakers of London, he remarked that in Switzerland no less than twenty thousand women derive an honorable and fair livelihood from watchmaking. And what is the consequence to the Swiss themselves? that the male part of the popula-

tion engaged in the trade are thereby driven out of employment? By no means; but, on the contrary, that watches are so delicately, so correctly, and yet so cheaply made in Switzerland, that one million five hundred thousand are yearly produced there, besides movements for the American market; while in England one hundred and eighty-six thousand are turned out! One consequence of this state of things has been, that at a time when the American market was closed both to London and Swiss watchmakers, the English market was deluged with watches made in Switzerland! Mr. Bennett thinks, however, that were the watchmaking operatives to see the advantage of employing women and girls, the trade might still be preserved for Great Britain.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE LIBRARY AND DRAWING-ROOM OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The library is a very fine room, and contains about twenty thousand volumes, many of them very rare and valuable. This is the largest of the apartments, fifty feet in width by sixty in length. The roof is of carved oak, and is very rich in ornament and design. The furniture is equally worthy of notice from the elaborate art with which it is constructed. The library was evidently Sir Walter's favorite room, and in its arrangement and decoration there are abundant evidences of his skill and taste.

The drawing-room is a lofty saloon, with carved ceilings, and panel work of cedar. It contains, among other objects of interest, a complete set of antique ebony parlor furniture, of most exquisite workmanship, a present to the poet from George IV. In the center of the room stands a circular glass case, in which is preserved a number of relics and keepsakes that Sir Walter received during his life from various individuals. Among other things Napoleon's last Album, presented by the Duke of Wellington; a jewel-box that belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots; a gold snuff-box presented by George IV.; drinking cups that belonged to James V. and Robert Bruce, and a variety of other interesting mementoes, which the poet acquired by gift or purchase. A fine collection of pictures adorns the walls, the most interesting of which are, the head of Queen Mary in a charger the day after her execution; full length portraits of Cromwell, Essex, Charles II., Charles XII. of Sweden, and several family pictures, one of Sir Walter's youngest daughter, who has a very lovely face, and must have been a beauty in her day. In this room also stands the marble bust of the poet himself by Chantry. The hall, which leads from the main entrance to the interior of the house is one of the most interesting of the apartments. The walls are paneled with richly carved oak from the palace of Dunfermline; and the roof consists of pointed arches of the same material.

Around the cornice are displayed the coats of arms of the principal border families: the Douglasses, Scots, Elliotts, Maxwell, and others. The floor is of black and white marble, and the walls are hung with ancient armor and various specimens of military implements used in the border conflicts. The porchway is adorned with stags' horns, and huge antlers of the elk and deer.

Abbotsford is now occupied by a Mr. Hope, who married Sir Walter Scott's grand-daughter; and strangers are admitted to his house and grounds with a commendable liberality.

HUMBOLDT.—This great traveler and writer, it is reported, has predicted that his own death will take place in 1859, and suggests that a proposed publication of his works should be postponed until after that event occurs.

DEATH OF GEORGE COMBE.—George Combe, the great champion of philosophical phrenology, and author of the "Constitution of Man," a work exceeded in circulation, it is said, by only three others in the language, the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe," died at a hydro-pathic institution at Surrey, England, on the 14th ult. From the obituary notices published in the English papers we learn that he was born in Edinburgh in 1788, where he has always resided. He was educated for the law, became a writer to the signet, as the Scotch attorneys are called, and practised for twenty years. The opinions of Gall and Spurzheim attracted his notice; he studied them, and being convinced that they had a basis in nature, he pursued the subject, and in 1819 published his observations in "Essays on Phrenology," under the title of "A System of Phrenology, in two volumes. He and others founded the *Phrenological Journal*, which was afterward conducted by his relative, Mr. Cox. In 1828 he published "The Constitution of Man, Considered in Relation to External Objects." This attracted great attention, and a Mr. Henderson thought so highly of it that he subsequently bequeathed a sum of money to be expended in the production of a very cheap edition of the book. The novelty of the circumstance drew to the subject an additional amount of attention; the cheap edition sold almost without precedent, ninety thousand five hundred copies of it having been printed in Great Britain, besides large sales in the United States. Translations have also been made into German, French, and Swedish.

In 1833 George Combe married Miss Cecilia Siddons. Four or five years after he quitted the practice of his profession, and in 1838 came, accompanied by Mrs. Combe, to the United States; here he remained, lecturing and preparing his journal, till 1840. Dr. Spurzheim visited the United States in 1832, and died here in a few months; and the disciples he had obtained wishing for another master, invited George Combe to visit and lecture to them. Ten years after his return were varied by continental jour-

neys, too often rendered necessary by failing health. The latter period of his life was one of very infirm health, the result, as he believed, of the early adverse influences which turned his own and his brother's attention so strongly to sanitary subjects.

MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—A monument is to be erected to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth; cost, from three hundred to four hundred thousand dollars. It will be built of granite, one hundred and fifty-three feet high, eighty feet at the base. It is to be completed in twelve years from August, 1856. Thirty-six thousand dollars have been subscribed, principally in Massachusetts. The society for building the monument have purchased all the estates immediately around the veritable rock, and also a site for the monument, embracing ten acres of land, commanding a fine view of the harbor and the locality of the rock.

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.—We extract the following particulars from a private letter:

About five weeks since, Mr. Lewis S. Munger, of Topeka, Kansas Territory, formerly of Buffalo, while riding on horseback, not far from that place, was terribly injured by his horse becoming enraged. The first intimation he had of it the animal commenced rearing and plunging, but as he did not succeed in throwing his rider, the brute actually laid down and rolled over, thereby bringing Mr. Munger to the ground. Quicker than thought, the horse sprang upon the rider, planting his knees upon his prostrate victim, and commenced tearing his arm and shoulder in a shocking manner. Mr. Munger says he had no idea of getting away from him alive. He, however, succeeded in getting the horse by the tongue, and thus conquered the tiger. He then mounted the animal, and succeeded in reaching home. The left arm was laid bare to the bone, half way to the elbow. It was only by the best care and skill that his life was saved, as the arm mortified the next day. We are now happy to state that Mr. M. is now out of danger. The horse is one he took with him from Buffalo, ten months since.

SOME OAKS IN ENGLAND.—The Parliament Oak, in Clipston Park, is said to be fifteen hundred years old. This park existed before the Conquest, and belongs to the Duke of Portland. The tallest oak was the same nobleman's property; it was called the Duke's Walking-stick, and was higher than Westminster Abbey. The largest oak in England is the Calthorpe Oak, Yorkshire; it measures seventy-eight feet in circumference at the ground. The Three Shires Oak, at Worksep, is called so from forming parts of the counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby. This tree had the greatest expanse of any recorded in England, dropping over seven hundred and seventy-seven square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelsenos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810; the bark brought £200, and its timber £670. In the mansion of Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire, there is said to be a room, forty-two feet long and twenty-seven feet broad, the floor and wainscot of which were the produce of a single tree, an oak, grown on the estate.

THE SULTAN'S EXTRAVAGANCE.—The murmurs of the Turks at the extravagance of Abdul Medjid are growing louder and more general. The Sultan receives, out of a revenue of less than £8,000,000, a civil list of £1,200,000; but, not content with that, he has contracted debts to the amount of £40,000,000, and such is his mania for building palaces for himself and the different members of the family, that he has now in the course of construction eight palaces, and five kiosks, or smaller buildings, which are estimated to cost from £8,000,000 to £10,000,000. The present ministry seem desirous to bring about a financial reform in the palace. They first asked for the reduction of the pay of divers functionaries, and for the abolition of certain offices which are absolutely unnecessary. A gracious answer was returned, but the hint was not taken; the extravagance of his Imperial Highness continued, so that the ministers, finding more direct measures necessary, at last found courage to send in a new representation, signed by them all, giving a deplorable picture of the financial condition of the country, and pointing out the impossibility of going on any longer at the present rate. What the effect will be remains to be seen. If, as is feared, some self-seeking members of the ministry try to gain favor by pleading that they were secretly opposed to such a bold and irreverent proceeding, there will be a change, not of the system, but of the ministry.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—One of the most interesting incidents connected with the completion of the Atlantic telegraph is, that its first news dispatch was a peace message, and much more than this. It reported the settlement of the *Chinese War*, the *throwing open of the whole empire* to foreigners, and its *universal toleration of the Christian religion*; thus, in a moral sense, the Wall of China has fallen! and the Atlantic cable bears the first intelligence of it, in its first news dispatch, to the New World! This news is of great importance, also, in a commercial point of view, and the greatest results may be expected from the opening of the empire to foreign commerce. The practical recognition of this right now cannot fail to confer immense advantages on the commercial interests of the two nations, and, as a matter of course, to the trade of the United States.

ANTIQUITY OF CHEESE.—Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the book of Job. David was sent by his father Jesse to carry ten cheeses to the camp, and to look how his brother fared. "Cheese of kine" formed part of the supplies of David's army at Mahanaim, during the rebellion of Absalom. Homer says that cheese formed part of the ample stores found by Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclop Polyphemus. Euripides, Theocritus, and other early poets mention cheese. Ludolphus says that excellent cheese and butter were made by the ancient Ethiopians; and Strabo states that some of the ancient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had abundance of milk, they did not

understand the art of making cheese. There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of rennet in making cheese; they appear to have merely allowed the milk to sour, and subsequently to have formed the cheese from the caseous part of the milk, after expelling the serum or whey. As David, when too young to carry arms, was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses, ten loaves, and an ephah of parched corn, the cheeses must have been very small.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVES.—The first locomotives in the United States, says the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, were brought over from England by Horatio Allen, of New York, in the fall of 1829, or the spring of 1830; and one of them was set up on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, at Carbondale, Penn., but being found too heavy for the track, its use was abandoned. The first locomotive constructed in this country was built by the West Point foundry, at New York, in 1830, for the South Carolina Railroad, and named the Phoenix. A second engine was built the same year, by the same establishment and for the same road, and named the West Point. In the spring of 1831 a third engine was built by the same establishment for the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, from Albany to Schenectady, and called the De Witt Clinton; this was the first locomotive run in the State of New York. The first Stephenson locomotive ever imported into this country was the Robert Fulton. This engine was brought out in the summer of 1831, for the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad; it was subsequently rebuilt and named the John Bull.

CROMWELL'S HEAD.—The embalmed head of Cromwell, it is said, is in the possession of a daughter of Hon. Mr. Wilkinson, at that gentleman's residence, in England. It is carefully preserved, wrapped in costly envelopes, in a strong antique box. Cromwell was buried in Westminster Abbey. At the Restoration his embalmed body was taken and hung up at Tyburn. Afterward his head was cut off, a pike driven up through the neck and skull, and exposed at Westminster Hall. The pike was broken and thrown down. A soldier picked it up, and it has descended to its present owner. The head is almost entire, the flesh black and sunken, the hair remaining, and even a large wart over the eye. The splintered piece of a pike and the rusted iron are still attached to the head. It is a curious relic.

The remains of such vagabonds as Charles Second, George Fourth, etc., are carefully preserved, and are allowed to rest in peace in their ill-merited graves in Westminster Abbey, while those of one of the greatest men that England ever knew were treated with the ignominy above recited. England owes it to justice, that the monument to this patriot and able ruler should at once be restored, or else that the monuments to sundry of her crowned reprobates should be removed or covered up.

ALLEGORICAL LITERATURE.—The late Mr. Hill, of the Royal Society of Literature, had long busied himself with collecting materials for a history of those works which, resembling in their character the world-renowned masterpiece of John Bunyan, had anticipated, and, as he seemed inclined to believe, had suggested, "The Pilgrim's Progress." The papers which he left behind him at his death have fallen into most conscientious and painstaking hands: the result is a volume full of deep interest to the admirers of John Bunyan, and of no small value in illustrating the history of religious allegories. The Ancient Poem of Guillaume de Guileville, entitled "Le Pelerinage de l'Homme" compared with the Pilgrim's Progress of John Bunyan, edited from Notes collected by the late Mr. Nathaniel Hill of the Royal Society of Literature, with illustrations and an Appendix," is a literary curiosity, produced with all the elegance of the Chiswick Press; and containing much information not only respecting De Guileville and his curious poem, but also respecting his early translators, Chaucer and Lidgate. The book, indeed, is a pleasant discourse touching the prevalence of allegorical literature in the Middle Ages; the popularity of De Guileville in England; the parallelisms between De Guileville and Bunyan; and contains notices also of other early predecessors of our great allegorist. The work, let us add, is illustrated with facsimiles of old woodcuts and illuminations; and is altogether a quaint, pleasant, and instructive volume.

THE DEPOSIT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—A party of engineers have been making experiments on the Mississippi, opposite Columbus, Ky., for the past six months, and having nearly concluded them at that point, are about to make similar ones opposite Cape Girardeau. A letter dated September 4, addressed to the *Cairo Gazette* says:

The amount of sediment carried down the Mississippi is daily ascertained by the following method: Four beer quarts of water are taken from four points of the river; the water is filtered through filtering papers which have been previously weighed, and the difference in weight gives the amount of deposit. From the amount of sediment collected from a beer gallon of water thus obtained, it is easy to calculate the amount which passes down the river in a day. Captain Philibrown says that the sediment which passes Columbus in one day would be sufficient to form a dam across the river, provided the water could remain motionless. The last flood deposited from eight to fourteen inches of sediment on the Missouri side, which will in some degree compensate for the great losses which the farmers of the river counties have sustained.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.—Mr. Redding, in his *Literary Recollections*, tells us that he was dandled on the knee of Howard the philanthropist, and that he saw Lord North, although unable now to recollect either. John Wesley he both saw and heard in childhood. "A servant taking me out to walk, I saw him in a black gown, his long white hair over his shoulders, as in his portraits, at which I

stared as at something wonderful. Children were clambering on the timbers, close to where I stood. On a sudden he stopped in his discourse, turned round toward them, and called out in a clear, loud tone: 'Come down, you boys, or be quiet.'" Another divine of eminence in America, called Murray, he likewise remembers; the same who received from his countrymen the sobriquet of Salvation Murray, to distinguish him from another of the same name styled Damnation Murray. Franklin preferred the doctrine of the former, remarking that "it was more natural than otherwise that God should reconcile a lapsed world to himself."

THE LOVER AND THE ECHO.—We clip the following from the *New York Observer*:

Lover. Echo! mysterious nymph, declare
Of what you're made, and what you are—
Echo. Air!
Lover. Mid air, cliff, and places high,
Sweet Echo! listening love you lie—
Echo. You lie!
Lover. Thou dost resuscitate dead sounds—
Hark! how my voice revives, resounds!
Echo. Sounds!
Lover. I'll question thee before I go—
Come, answer me more apropos!
Echo. Poh!
Lover. Tell me, fair nymph, if e'er you saw
So sweet a girl as Phebe Shaw!
Echo. Phaw!
Lover. Say, what will turn that frisking coney
Into the toils of matrimony?
Echo. Money!
Lover. Has Phebe not a heavenly brow?
Is it not white as pearl—as snow?
Echo. As!
Lover. Her eyes! Was ever such a pair?
Are the stars brighter than they are?
Echo. They are!
Lover. Echo, thou liest, but can't deceive me;
Her eyes eclipse the stars, believe me—
Echo. Leave me!
Lover. But come, thou saucy, pert romancer,
Who is as fair as Phebe? Answer
Echo. Ann, sir!

SUNDAY IN FRANCE.—Proudhon says that Sunday in France is an "occasion of display for women and children, of consumption in restaurants and wine shops, of degrading idleness, of surfeit and debauchery." "The tradesman alone is busy." The Abbe Gaume asks where the great mass of the people resort to on the Sabbath, and replies:

Ask the *barrieres*, the theaters, the taverns, the places of debauchery. For them the tables of surfeit and excess have displaced the holy table; licentious songs are their sacred hymns. The theater is their church, dances and shows engage them instead of instruction and prayers. The night brings no end to this fearful scandal. At this evil hour innocence is most frequently seduced; and, under the shade of evening, the mysteries of iniquity are finished. On the morrow they return to labor with bodies worn out by the intemperance of the night, with spirits fatigued by dissipation and intrigue, with hearts corrupted, with consciences stung by remorse, and the week begun with the curse of God. Thus, by a disorder which cries for vengeance to heaven, the holy day is the day of the week most profaned.